Edward Page Gaston, John Kendrick Bangs, Lilian Bell, Josiah Allen's Wife, Julia Magruder, Onoto Watanna, Margaret E. Sangster, Edward A. Steiner and Mrs. Booker T. Washington contribute to this number.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

SEPTEMBER
1899

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CENTS

KARL J. ANDERSON

THE CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK CO.

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION September, 1899

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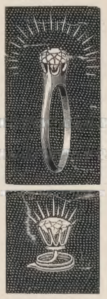

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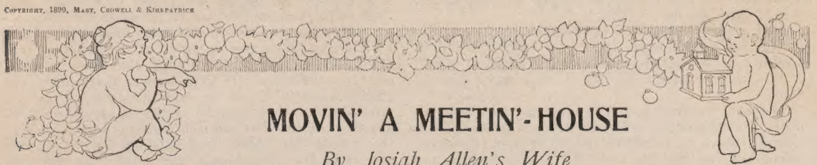


MOVIN' A MEETIN'-HOUSE

By Josiah Allen's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD

A YEAR ago last September we went down a-visitin' to John Prindleses, Junior. John's wife is own cousin to Whitfield Minkleyses mother's niece's sister-in-law. And bein' all in the family, and Josiah and me bein' invited warm to go, I told him one pleasant day in Injun summer, when he wuz feelin' kinder mauger, sez I, "S'pozen we go down to John Prindleses to-day," sez I. "It seems to be a good day for relations to git together."

Sez he, "What relation be they to us?"

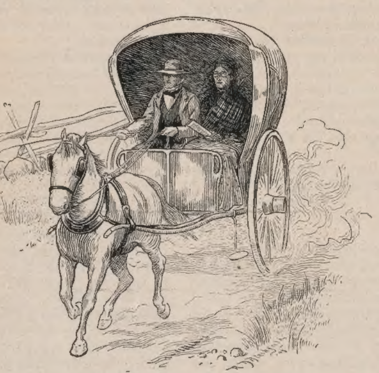
"Why," sez I, "you know well that John Prindleses wife is own cousin to my stepdaughter's husband's mother's niece's sister-in-law."

"Well," sez he, "when relationship is drawed out so thin as that you had better let it die out. I wouldn't do anything to revive it."

"Well," sez I, comin' out plainer, "I like John's wife and all the rest on 'em, and I'd love to visit 'em. And you know you promised Pa Prindle that you would come down this fall."

"On them grounds I'll go," sez Josiah. "But on relationship I wouldn't budge a step."

I can re*cog*nize common sense even in my companion. And I admitted in my own mind that the cord of consanguinity wuz drawed fine—finer than spool-thread No. 90. But I didn't care what grounds I went on so I got there. And I knew that by the firm laws of congeniality and sympathy we wuz close connected. And so, with a happy heart, and with my companion and the democrat and mair, we sot off about ten A. M., and arrove at John's about half-past eleven the same A. M., on a most beautiful day in the mild September.



"And so, with a happy heart, we sot off"

❦

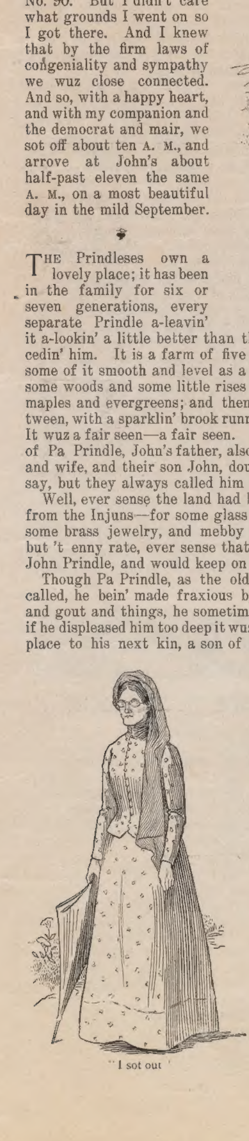
THE Prindleses own a lovely place; it has been in the family for six or seven generations, every separate Prindle a-leavin' it a-lookin' a little better than the more former one precedin' him. It is a farm of five hundred or more acres, some of it smooth and level as a dooryard, and then anon some woods and some little rises of ground covered with maples and evergreens; and then some little valleys between, with a sparklin' brook runnin' under a rustic bridge. It wuz a fair seen—a fair seen. John's family consisted of Pa Prindle, John's father, also a John, and John Junior and wife, and their son John, double junior, as you may say, but they always called him Jack.

Well, ever sense the land had been took up and bought from the Injuns—for some glass beads, for all I know, or some brass jewelry, and mebby it wuz bought honest—but 't enny rate, ever sense that it had been owned by a John Prindle, and would keep on so, so it wuz s'pozed.

Though Pa Prindle, as the old gentleman wuz always called, he bein' made fraxious by inflammatory rumatiz and gout and things, he sometimes used to tell Jack that if he displeased him too deep it wuz in his power to leave the place to his next kin, a son of his only daughter, Hank Richards by name, and a mean creeter, so John Junior's wife had always informed me, and as I believe.

This Hank Richards had been partly brung up by Pa Prindle, and wuz now a builder of housen and doin' fairly well, but a mean, deceitful creeter, so Albiny Prindle said, and I believe, a-tryin' in every way to injure Jack in his grandfather's eyes, and git hold of the property.

And what made it more curious wuz that Jack and Hank Richards had both fell in love with the same girl, sweet Violet Stone. It wuz s'pozed by John's wife that Violet wuz in love with Jack deep, but owin' to Hank's deceitful, underhanded ways Albiny said that she never felt at ease in the matter, for, as she said truly, "When snakes in the grass wuz a-wreathin' round, and pas wuz a-gittin' childish, no knowin' who or what they would git into their coils."



"I sot out"

Such wuz the state of affairs, so fur as I knew, when we made our visit to the Prindleses. So fur had John Junior's wife divulged to me in the stoop of the meetin'-house at the last conference.

❦

WELL, we journeyed along, travelin' for more'n half a mile through Pa Prindleses land, when we come in sight of the house, and Albiny rushed out to meet us. It wuz a good big brick house, built by Pa Prindleses great-grandfather, and improved upon by the follerin' generations. Why, Albiny's husband had put on a big bay-winder, besides a-fixin' the stoop beautiful on the west side, of which piazza more anon and bimeby. They wuz so tickled to see us that we'd been there probable for two minutes or two and a half before I noticed anything strange in Albiny's face, and then I see the shadder, and I sez to her up in the front bedroom, where she had asked me to lay off my things, sez I, "Albiny, what is the matter?" Sez I, "I see a change in you; what is it?"

And then she busted right into tears and the story. And a-settin' there in them two arm-chairs, she and me, and a-hearin' her tell it, I cried myself onto my new linen handkerchief in pure sympathy and madness, etc.

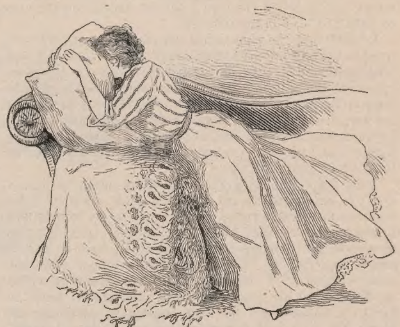
Now, this west porch that I spoke on had been Pa Prindleses ha'nt for forty years. He hadn't been able to walk a step for that length of time. He had been a very active man before that, and when he had this terrible sickness that caused him to be shet up so long he wuz most broken-hearted after his sickness, and so downcasted, that the doctor thought that he would go off into a decline. But the doctor, who wuz an old friend, knew jest what a lover of nater he wuz, and one pleasant day he persuaded him to be moved out onto the west porch—jest think on't, he a young man then—where the view was so enchantin' that it filled anybody's heart with delight, much more one who had been shut up within four walls for so long.

For you could see down over the green stretch of the meadow, clear down into the village, bordered part of the way by droopin' maples and ellums; and then comin' out ag'in into the sun by the blacksmith-shop, and then runnin' down to the store and school-house, and then way beyond that, round Balcomb's hill, milds away, he could see the blue lake and the white sails a-comin' out and disappearin' round the p'int. And on stormy days he could set there sheltered and see the whitecaps breakin' ag'inst the green sides, and nigher the villagers under their umbrellas a-goin' in and out to mill and to meetin'.

❦

FOLKS has got to have sunthin' to love, and some pursuit to foller after. And bein' shet up, with nothin' else to take up his mind, Pa Prindle got to lovin' that seen as patriots love their native land or sailors love the sea. He got so intimate with it that it took gradual the place in his heart that ambition and usefulness had held. It wuz truly his all in all. Albiny said that the Methodist meetin'-house that they all belonged to had to be moved, owin' to trouble with the deed bein' fraudelent. And what should the trustees do, led on by Hank Richards, but move that buildin' right onto the place that cut off Pa Prindleses view. The man that did the job wuz Adonirum Stone, Violet's father. And he seemed to be completely under the influence of Hank Richards. Adonirum Stone wuz a builder, too, and Hank Richards wuz his pardner, and he favored Hank through the lies and deceptions practised on by him, and partly through obstinacy. He wuz as obstinate as any old meat-ax, and jest about as dull. Violet took her sweet traits and beauty from her ma.

Well, when the buildin' wuz moved onto that very spot (done a-purpose, so Albiny said, by that serpient) John Junior and Jack both went to old Stone and begged him to move it jest a little, so to let Pa Prindle have his old view. Mr. Stone wuz one of the head ones in the church, and influentive, and when they talked to him about it he acted as if he would make the change, and they come away hopeful, and the old man brightened up. The grief that this move of their'n caused him had made him bed-sick.



"Violet's tender heart wuz broke"

But the next day, after talkin' to Hank about it, old Stone wouldn't hear a word as to movin' it. "What lies that serpient told him," sez Albiny, "I don't know. But 't enny rate they wouldn't move it a inch, and there it is a-blockin' up that old man's view, a-cuttin' off all the joy he had, and the old man that furious and wretched that he vowed that no grandchild of his should ever marry the daughter of a man who had made his life wretched; and if Jack married that girl he would leave the property all to Hank Richards." Jest the move that serpient had worked for, so Albiny said. And Pa Prindle wuz jest as obstinate as old Stone, and between both of them old men the happiness of Violet and Jack wuz a-bein' trompled and crushed and lost.

❦

I SET still a minute, and then I sez, "Albiny," sez I, "why don't you go over yourself and see that man?"

"I have," sez she. "I went right over. I felt that I would do anything to keep Jack from bein' miserable, and Pa Prindle, too. I feel dretful for pa. But of course a mother is a mother, and you can't see your only child a-goin' round pale as a cloth and not make a move to help him, and to help pa, too," sez she; "for that old man is a-dyin' by inches."

"Well," sez I, anxiously, "did he yield any?"

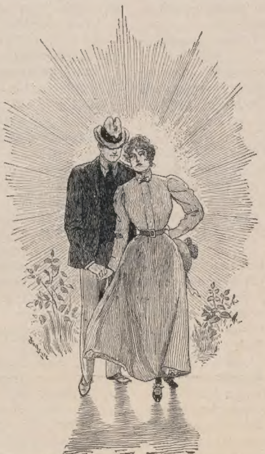
"Yield!" sez she. "Why, you might as well talk about a granite rock yieldin'; he skairt me most to death, he got so furious. Hank had jest worked him right up to the pitch to think that we wuz a-tryin' to rule him and boss him round. The last words he yelled to me," sez Albiny, "as I come down the door-steps, wuz, 'You can't boss me, and I'll let you know you can't.'"

Sez Albiny, "That seems to be all old Stone has on his mind; everybody has their weak spots, and that's his'n, and that serpient has worked on it. He seems to like Jack jest as well as ever, and don't have no hardness ag'inst us, but jest stands upon that one weak p'int, 'bossin'.' He won't move that house one inch for fear of weakly yieldin' his obstinate old will and bein' bossed. He might as well hate us all," sez Albiny, a-cryin' onto her handkerchief, "as to stand where he duz, for Pa Prindle vows by all that is good and great that no grandson and namesake of his shall ever marry the daughter of a man who has ruined all of his happiness. So there it is; if Jack don't marry Violet he will lose all of the joys of life, and if he duz marry her that serpient will git his way and the Prindle place, for pa is a man of his word, as everybody knows."

"Then," sez I, "that meetin'-house is all that stands in the way? Everything would be smooth if it wuzn't for that?"

"Why," sez Albiny, "it is jest as bad as if a impassable gulf divided 'em, for neither of 'em will budge a inch from their word."

I sithed, and sez I, "Curious that a meetin'-house, which should bring peace and good-will, should bring such trials and tribulations. But," sez I, immegiately, "it hain't the fault of the meetin'-house. That is innocent," sez I, "innocent as a infant babe."



"Right toward us, hand in hand, come Jack and Violet"

And then I sot demute; I leaned my head on my hand for a minute in deep thought, and then sez I:

"Albiny, did you eppisode any to old Stone in your talk?"

And she admitted that she didn't, bein' skairt out by his fiery acts and jesters, and sez she, "Do you think that that would do any good?"

"Well," sez I, in a guarded way, "eppisodin' will melt some men, and some it will harden. But," sez I, "in the cause of duty *I* will tackle him, if you say so, and try what eppisodin' will do to him."

"Well," sez she, "so do, and," sez she, "if you could melt him down the blessin's of a wretched family would foller you for life."

*

So after a good dinner, but partook of in gloom, I put on my bunnet, but didn't put anything round me, only my long green braize veil that fell gracefully down one side of my light lilock gingham dress, and clad in this simple but tasteful costume I sot out leanin' on the arm of duty and also on my umbrell.

I found that the place I had sot out for wuzn't fur off, and that it wuz a good-lookin', small, cream-colored house with green blinds and piazza covered with ivy. Violet opened the door, and I read in her sweet face the minute I see it the tale of sorrow. She seemed quite tickled to see me; Jack had brung her over durin' the summer; and I put my arms round her, and tried to infuse into the tender kiss I gin her pretty face some hope as well as oceans and oceans of love.

Well, I asked to see her pa, and she ushered me into a settin'-room where he sot before a desk a-writin'. He met me considerable polite, and in reply to my roundabout talk I could see that Albiny wuz in the right on't; he seemed to like Prindleses folks, and didn't seem to have a single objection to Violet's and Jack's union. But the minute I mentioned "meetin'-house" iron seemed to stiffen up his mean. He looked as obstinate and as hard as his own sirname; his liniment showed as plain as his words his invincible determination not to be "bossed." Then, pursuant to my plan, I immegiately and to once branched out into eppisodin'. I eppisoded fluent and eloquent for a time I considered sufficient to impress and change.

But in vain. Iron firmness still marked his liniment; I made no more impression on him by my eloquent metafors than if I had lavished 'em ag'inst my old iron crane and handirons in the back kitchen. And then thinkses I to myself, for I know the limitations of human nater, "Here is a man that eppisodin' won't touch, metafors are lost on him, eloquence drops offen him like floods of summer rain on the eaves of our horse-barn." Thinkses I, "Mebby reason will touch him, and common sense." I then immegiately proceeded to flood him with reasonable suggestions and words of deep common sense. In vain; my weepons, sharp and strong as only them weepons can be, fell harmless on him, and touched him no more than if they had been fine needles a-tryin' to pierce a rhinocerou's hide. I wuz at my wit's end. I swet violent and prespired, I'd worked so hard. And thinkses I, "But one weepon remains; I will try him on sympathy."

I sez, "Bein' we are all in the family, for I am related to 'em," sez I, "do you realize what onhappiness you are a-bringin' to your daughter and Jack Prindle?"

"I am doin' nothin' of the kind," sez he; "I gin my consent to their marriage months ago, and I have not changed any."

And then I proceeded to whet that last weepon I wuz a-usin', the strong weepon of sympathy, and sez I, "You know how poor Pa Prindle feels about it—about that meetin'-house standin' where it duz."

"Well," sez he, "we have been permitted by the grace of God to preserve the tabernacle we lifted up to the glory of God."

"But," sez I, "the tabernacle no need to have stood on that very inch of ground, and so take away all the happiness of a poor sick old man."

Sez he, "That old man instead of tryin' to boss his neighbors round, and settin' such store by carnal things, had better be preparin' for a view of the New Jerusalem."

Sez I, "I d'no as the view Pa Prindle loves so well is any more carnal than the New Jerusalem."

Sez he, coldly, cold as a icesuckle, "I call that blasphemy, Josiah Allen's wife."

"I don't," sez I, firmly. "New Jerusalem is proper in its proper place, and so is the view down toward the New road. The same Lord made 'em both for different spears of life, and I d'no but one is as innocent as the other, so fur as innocence is concerned."

"I call that downright arneky," spoke up the hired girl, who had come in and wuz a-wipin' up the hearth. She wuz ignorant of rhetoric; she knew more about dishcloths than she did about prosedy. But old Stone told her to "shet up," so consequently she shet, and walked out flouncin'.

*

And then havin' put the finest edge I could on that weepon I wuz handlin', I la'nched it at him, and sez I, "That old man hain't walked a step for over forty years; all of the happiness of his life has been to set there and look off down that long road into the village. He couldn't git round and visit with his friends, but he seemed to still be with 'em in a way, as he see 'em come and go along that highway to their business or their pleasure." Sez I, "He has seen weddin's and funerals go along the road. He has seen the maples and the droopin' ellums grow pale green in May, put on their thick velvet green robes in summer, and their gorgeous fall suits. He has seen the grass grow green by the wayside, the little rivulet cross the road and run down through the fields to hide in the woods. And way off over Balcomb's hill, at the fur end of the view, milds away, he has seen the sun settin' in a sea of glory, and sink down gradual into the shinin' lake below. And sometimes in the mornin', when the lake wuz blue and smooth, a white sail would dawn like a distant speck of white, and then grow and grow until it grew to be a sail, and then that would float off behind the green-wooded hill. He has jest lived on that view; it has been to him what society, business and recreation have been to you and all healthy men, and I say to shut off that sight is a shame and a disgrace."

"But," sez he, obstinate and sot as any old rock, "it is no wicked view that obstructs him; it is a meetin'-house; it is religion," sez he.

Sez I, mad as a hen, "All the religion that went into puttin' that meetin'-house there you could put into a head of a pin, and have room left," sez I, "plenty of room."

"I should be afraid to talk in that way," said old Stone.

"I should be afraid to talk in that way about meetin'-housen," said Hank Richards, who had come in onbeknown.

And I turned me round and looked at Hank Richards; looked him full into his little shifty restless eyes, and sez I:

"*You* are the one that ort to be afraid—afraid that the lightnin' out of heaven would strike that buildin' that is sot up where it is, to make a old man sorrow, and a mass of strife and wretchedness," sez I, a-glancin' at Violet's white cheeks.

Well, I see that my talk did no good, and so I almost immegiately withdrew. There it wuz, and there it wuz to remain. Hank and wickedness had triumphed. A old man wuz dyin' and homesick for his own land, for truly he had lived in that realm of beauty for forty years. Jack wuz despairin', and Violet's tender heart wuz broke right in two, like one of her own namesakes after a heavy foot has crunched down onto it. John Junior and his wife wuz full and runnin' over with pain and anger and pity and tenderness and everything.

And Pa Prindle sez to me, "There is no way out of my onhappiness, for old Stone is as sot as a granite rock, and he can't be moved."

And John Junior's wife sez, "There is no way out of it, for pa will not give a cent of property to Jack if he marries Violet, and the dear old place will have to go into the hands of one I detest," sez she, cryin'.

"There is no way out of it," sez Jack's sad eyes, each one of which wuz a deep, dark well in which hope and joy had been drownded.

"There is no way out of it," sez Violet's white cheeks and droopin' figger.

"No, there is no way out of it," sez John's wife to me for the twenty-first or twenty-second time.

And I sez, "Mebby there is," a-speakin' to keep her courage up, but not seein' myself a ray of light on the subject.

Sez she, "There hain't no way unless it would be by a mericle, and the days of mericles is past," sez she.

"How do you know they're passed?" sez I, still a-speakin' to keep her courage up. "I d'no as they're passed; the Bible don't say so."

Sez she, "Josiah Allen's wife, do you think anything could happen to smooth out this awful trouble?"

"Why, yes," sez I; "why not? It is easier than movin' a mountain."

*

And as I said that word the mericle wuz brought right in front of Albiny Prindle, and she never mistrusted it. Swift, noiseless, with folded wings that never made the least sound or rustle, the messenger come and halted right behind my right ear, and whispered into it. I hearn it, and in a minute the white, swift-footed messenger wuz gone—gone on his rounds to some other sorrowin', broke-up household, mebby, I d'no how, or where, nor Josiah don't. But havin' the message gin to me, like Paul, I wuz not disobedient to the vision.

That evenin' along about dusk, while Albiny wuz out a-wrestlin' with her hired help over a question of buckwheat cakes or rolls for breakfast, I bagoned Jack and his pa out to one side (my Josiah a-tryin' to talk to Pa Prindle, and not gittin' him started on any other livin' subject only the Book of Job), I bagoned 'em out onto that deserted stoop, and sez I, "Do you believe the Bible, John Prindle Junior, and John Prindle double Junior?" sez I, for I felt that that wuz not the hour for nicknames or any kind of persifiige.

"Yes," sez they both.

Sez I, "Do you believe the passage where it sez, 'If you had faith enough you could move a mountain?'"

And John Junior sez, "I hain't got faith enough," and Jack said so, too.

Sez I, "If the mountain wuz on rollers do you s'poze you have got faith enough to h'ist it along a little?"

Jack looked thoughtful for a minute, and then his eyes brightened up. "What do you mean?" sez he, a-movin' forward quick and a-ketchin' holt of my hand.

Sez I, "If that house wuz moved back ten feet," sez I, "that same old view would be there for your father's delight, and for all of your happinesses," sez I, lookin' full at Jack.

And sez I, comin' out plain, "Why not hunch that meetin'-house back a little," sez I, anxiously. "If your faith is weak depend on the rollers."

For I didn't know, of course, how strong their faith wuz, but I knew well the power of the rollers. Sez John, "They are to be took out before light to move a house in Shackville."

Then sez I, lookin' up into the sky, "The moon will be right to cast the shadders of the woods onto the meetin'-house about twelve P. to-night. To try your faith," sez I, and added, impartially, "also the rollers."

Before I had got the last words hardly out of my mouth Jack give my hand such a wrench that he almost crushed the little finger of my right hand—it pained me exceedingly for a hour—and John Junior said, "Heaven bless you, Josiah Allen's wife!" and he hurried away to disseminate the news to Albiny.

And when approached by her, bathed in joyful tears, I made this solemn warning: "Secrecy as of the grave must cover this night's transaction, Albiny Prindle."

Yes, *I*, Josiah Allen's wife, who had always gloried in my openness of sperit and conduct, sez them words. But new experiences truly require new conditions of the soul to meet 'em. Sometimes we turn over pages in our own life-history that we never mistrusted wuz there—pages full of words in a strange language that we have got to put on new spectacles to read. Such is life.

Well, I will set up a screen, pasted on one side with these strange characters, and on the other side with this one word, "Secrecy," writ on a sombry, dark background; I will set up that screen in front of the doin's of that night, between that and the augience that is now a-lookin' on. No, you needn't try to peek round that screen; you can't see nothin' if you do; teetotle secrecy wrops the proceedin's of that eventful night; no one see or heard anything, all the lines and measurements wuz in place in the mornin', the rollers wuz took out by the hurried movers of the meetin'-house, and nobody wuz the wiser or the onwiser for what wuz done that night; not till there wuz another little Jack on the old Prindle place, a glorified little Jack that drawed the two obstinate old grandfathers together by the strong magic of love; not till then wuz the screen lifted, no harm a-follerin'.

*

But to resoom backwards. Wall! The next evenin', so deep into strange ways will secret conspiracies lead one—but this wuz a good cause, and my conscience justified itself after a parley—*I*, Josiah Allen's wife, the champion of frankness and plain speakin', I myself led the conversation with Pa Prindle gradually away from Job and his sufferin's, and so on, to Daniel, and sez I, "Did you ever think how when he stood by the deep waters the Angel of Comfort come to him, and," sez I, "don't you believe when we stand by the deep waters of grief and trouble to-day the bright angels of consolation come to us?"

Sez he, groanin', "I wish they would move that meetin'-house."

Sez I, "Pa Prindle, come out onto the porch with me."

"No," sez he, "I can't. I can't look onto blankness and onhappiness where I've lived on beauty and comfort for forty years."

Sez I, "To please me, Pa Prindle, will you come out?"

He trusts me implicitly; mebby it's my intrinsick worth, and then ag'in mebby it's his mind a-weakenin' gradual. But anyway, after a brief argument I led him forth triumphant. John and his wife wuz there, with joy writ on their faces.

John drawed forward his father's old easy willer armchair, and he sunk down in it, and when at last he turned his eyes toward the old road of his delight the joy and wonder that blazed up into that old man's face won't never be reflected there ag'in till the gate is open and he gits his first look of the Continuing City.

Well, we dassent tell him the hull truth; we dassent, for fear he would tell on't, and I guess, though he never talked about it—he wuz a clost-mouthed man—I guess he took it as a mericle, and so it wuz in a way.

Well, that first night wuz too full of wonder and amaze for calm Happiness to have a chance to swing herself right out. But the next night at sunset, as Pa Prindle and I sot there side by side, the old saint full of gratitude to God and man, we looked fur off down the west. Balcomb's hill wuz aglow with light; soft shadders lay stretched underneath the hill, meltin' away in the glowin' radiance of the sunset on the water. A white sail wuz a-comin' round the p'int, and a-sailin' into that wake of glory. Over the lake piles of red and gold clouds wuz heaped up in a gorgeous profusion a-meltin' upwards into a pale, clear, greenish yeller, and that softenin' away in the deep blue overhead. High up the silver horn of the moon stood motionless, or so it seemed, over Balcomb's hill. A tall evergreen higher than its mates stood part in front of it. Down in the west, where the gold light lay in long waves, one big star wuz shinin'. The New road lay stretched out in its beauty. Fur off the lights of the village begun to twinkle, sort o' happy and sort o' lonesome, jest about as lonesome a feelin' as you enjoy sometimes when you are so happy that if you don't have some other feelin' to kinder set it off you don't know how happy you be. Nigher by the maples and droopin' ellums hung over the road, once in awhile breakin' up its long white line of light. And comin' down that glorified vista into the New road of their Delight, like Adam and Eve a-enterin' Paradise, right toward us, hand in hand, come Jack and Violet.

TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT

By Beatrice Harlowe

When the first flush of morn, Nature's slumbers surprising,
Uplifts the dark veil from the brow of the night;
When the day-star illumines the east at his rising,
The wakening world thrills anew with delight;
And the Spirit of Birth
O'er the quickening earth,
From the summit's bright glow
To the foot-hills below,
Stirs Nature's great heart with its light.

Though it be but a rift in the storm-clouds around you;
The gleam of a star in the darkness of night;
Or the ray from a hope which in passing has found you;
The soft after-glow of the years in their flight;
Though it be but a thought
Which a sunbeam has caught;
Or a smile, undefiled,
In the eyes of a child,
Yet turn you your face to its light.

The Idiot at Home

By John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Coffee and Repartee," "The House-Boat On the Styx," "Ghosts I Have Met," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. T. RICHARDS

VII.—Household Poetry

"Yes," said the Idiot, in response to an inquiry from the Poet, who was passing a Sunday with him at Castle Idiot, "I have found that there is a great deal of poetry in the apparently uninspiring little things of a household. There is to me as much poetry in a poker as there is in a snow-clad Alp, if you only have an eye to find it; and I am sure that to thousands of housewives the whole land over a sonnet to a clothes-pin, written by one who knows the clothes-pin's nature intimately, would be far more appealing than a similar number of lines trying to prove that we are all miserable phantoms flitting across a morass of woe."

The Poet pulled away thoughtfully at his pipe. He was a broad-minded poet, and while he had never owned a poker of his own, he was ready to admit its possibilities; but he could not follow his friend closely enough to admit that it contained as much that was inspiring as did Mont Blanc, for instance, a bright particular Alp of which he was very fond.

The Idiot continued:

"A ton of coal contains far more warmth than a woman's eyebrow; sends the mind of a thoughtful person chasing backward to the time when it lay snugly hid in the fair breast of nature; to the joys and woes of the toilers who mined it; through a variety of complexities of life, every one of them fraught with noble thoughts. Yet who ever wrote dainty verses to a ton of coal, and who hasn't at one time or another in his life written about the eyebrows of some woman?"

The Poet laughed this time. "A triolet to a ton of coal would be a glorious thing now, wouldn't it?" he observed.

"No," said the Idiot. "A triolet could never be a glorious thing under any circumstances; but to the extent that a ton of coal contains a certain amount of grandeur in the service it renders to mankind I think the form would be ennobled somewhat by the substance. Let's try it and see."

"You do it," said the Poet; "I really don't think I could do the subject justice."

The Idiot got out a pencil and a pad of paper and began.

"The joys and woes of the toilers who mined it"

"I don't think I'll make it a triolet," he said, after biting the end of his pencil for a few moments. "A whole ton is a good deal to cram into a triolet. I'll just make it a plain poem of the go-as-you-please variety instead, eh?"

"In the manner of Whitman, perhaps?" suggested the Poet, dryly.

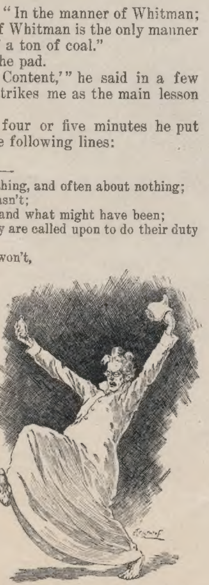
"Just so," said the Idiot. "In the manner of Whitman; in fact, I think the manner of Whitman is the only manner for the poetic description of a ton of coal."

He began to scribble on the pad.

"I'm going to call this 'Content,'" he said in a few moments. "Contentment strikes me as the main lesson a ton of coal teaches."

He scribbled on, and in four or five minutes he put down his pencil and read the following lines:

"I'm glad I'm not as men are—
Always worrying about something, and often about nothing;
About what was and what wasn't;
Fretting about what may be and what might have been;
Wondering whether when they are called upon to do their duty
They'll be able to do it,
And generally deciding they won't,
To their own discomfort.
And if so be they're
women,
Cogitating from morn
till night,
From night till morn,
Wherewithal shall they
be clothed,
And if their hats are on
straight!
Yea!
I am glad I am not like
one of these,
But am myself—
A ton of coal—jetty in
my blackness and
luminous in my bituminosity.
Lying here in the cellar
content and not
bothering a bit.
Not needing income or
clothes, and wearing no hat, and with
no complexion to
bother about.
Happy and serene about my duty,
Certain that I shall succeed when the
time for action comes;
Knowing that I shall burn,
And in the burning glow like the
polar star.
Cackling and crackling,
Hissing and smoking,
Full of heat,
A satisfaction to mankind,
And never worth less than $5.65,
delivered!
Ah, me! What bliss to be a ton of
coal!
I am content."


"For though I'm but a carpet-tack,
Afar from moil and strife,
No one can ever truly say
That mine's a pointless life."

The Poet nodded his pleasure at the effort. "It is charmingly put," he said. "I must confess, my dear Idiot, that the idea of contentment is the last one that I should ever have extracted from contemplation of a binful of anthracite, and yet the way you put it I wonder it has not occurred to every one. You have the manner of the Whitman parodist down fine, too."

"I should hesitate to try to drive a can-al boat"

"Thank you," said the Idiot. "It is entirely natural to me. I think, too, that using the Whitman lack of form carries with it the notion of the coal sliding down the chute, don't you? Coal runs into the cellar in such an irresponsible, formless way, eh?"

"Precisely," smiled the Poet. "You have the right notion about that. The form of a poem should really be adapted to the substance. It should be descriptive, always. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" has in its rhythm nothing more or less than the clatter of the horses' hoofs as they and their riders dashed through the valley of death at Balaklava. And how vividly Southey's brook comes before the mind in its mad rush downward as one reads that wonderfully lyrical poem. Why don't you write a book of household poetry? You seem to me to be eminently well qualified to undertake it."

"I intend to," said the Idiot. "In fact, I've begun it already. Written five or six. Like to see 'em?"

"Indeed I should," said the Poet. "Anything you do interests me."

The Idiot went to his desk and took from it a few pages of manuscript.

"Here is a thing on pokers I did the other night. I called it 'The Song of the Poker Bold.'" And then he read these lines:

"Warder of the grate am I,
Ever standing near;
Poking, poking all day long,
Knowing naught of fear.

"Keeping coals up to their work,
Setting them aglow,
Minding not the scorching heat,
Rather like it so.

"Knocking ashes right and left,
Flirting with the tiles;
Bossing tongs and seeing that
The brazen kettle biles.

"And the little girls and boys,
As they watch me pause,
Wishing that I'd talk and tell
'Bout old Santa Claus!

"Cracking jokes with crickets on
The merry hearth, elate;
Happy lot indeed is mine—
Warder of the grate!"

"Splendid!" cried the Poet, clapping his hands with enthusiasm. "Splendid! A good stiff pokeresque lyric, and your characterization of the poker as the 'Warder of the Grate' gives it a flavor of romance. You could almost imagine the implement going out into a medieval world in search of knightly adventure—a sort of hearthstone Quixote. Have you tackled the clothes-pin yet?"

"Yes," replied the Idiot. "Indeed, my first effort was a lyric on the clothes-pin. I started one night to do the contents of the kitchen-dresser drawer in French forms, but the first thing I took out was an egg-beater, and it wouldn't go, so I did the clothes-pin lyric. I call it

"FIDELITY

"Blow, ye winds,
I fear ye not;
Blast, ye simoon,
Sere and hot!

"Hurricane,
And cyclone, too,
Blow, I have no
Fear of you.

"Lacking beauty,
Lacking grace,
Lacking handsome
Form and face;

"Lacking soul
And intellect,
Still I stand up,
Proud, erect.

"For the Fates
Have given me
Wondrous great
Tenacity.

"And success,
Both fair and fine,
Comes to him
Who holds his line.

"Burrs can stick
And so can glue—
Mucilage,
Stratena, too;

"But there's nothing
Holds so fast
As the clothes-pin
To the last."

"And you gave up the egg-beater altogether?" asked the Poet.

"Oh, no," said the Idiot. "I knocked off a little quatrain on that. I called it 'The Speedy Egg-Beater,' and it goes like this:

"Great Maude S. can beat all steeds,
However speedy be their legs;
But I distance her with ease
When it comes to beating eggs."

"I really think that you would have done better to give up the egg-beater," said the Poet, grown critical. "I've no patience with one-rhymed quatrains. Now if you had written:

"Great Maude S. can beat all steeds,
However speedy be their legs;
But despite her doughty deeds,
I can beat her beating eggs,

I should not have objected."

"I accept the amendment," replied the Idiot, meekly. "I realized the weakness of the thing myself, and thought of changing it into a couplet, where you only need one rhyme. How's this on a 'Carpet-Tack?'

"However dull the day,
However dull the skies,
However dark the night may be,
My spirits ever rise.

"For though I'm but a carpet-tack,
Afar from moil and strife,
No one can ever truly say
That mine's a pointless life."

"That is very good," said the Poet. "I think almost any editor of any comic paper would be willing to pay you three dollars for that. It is as good as your poem on a ton of coal—simple in its expression and sweet in sentiment."

"I thought you'd think so," said the Idiot. "It struck me so. I've got one on a screw-driver, too, that is very much of the same order, and conveys a moral lesson to the reader who is always reaching out after the unattainable. It reads as follows:

"I cannot tool a tally-ho,
I cannot drive a nag;
I dare not hold the ribbons
On a hack or rumbling drag.

"I could not guide the reins upon
A simple billy-goat,
And I should hesitate to try
To drive a can-al boat.

"But I don't mind these things at all,
For I can drive a screw,
And I am happy, for that's just
What I was meant to do."

"The fourth line of the second verse is weak, but otherwise it's good," commented the Poet. "It's not a *can*-al boat; it's a can-*al* boat, and all the poetic license in the world wouldn't excuse your taking such a liberty with language."

"I appreciate that," said the Idiot. "But I don't see how I could get around it."

"There's only one way," said the Poet. "I think if you omitted that verse altogether you'd improve the poem.

"Then I should have to eliminate the billy-goat," said the Idiot. "That takes a great deal of humor out of it. I always laugh when I encounter a beast like that in poetry; he seems so helpless when incarcerated in a poem."

"That may be," observed the Poet. "But it is my belief that the goat, of all animals in the kingdom, was the last one designed to be used in poetry, anyhow. He is bad enough in prose, and in this case will butt your poem to oblivion if you insist on keeping him in it. Any more?"

"No," said the Idiot; "that's the last."

"Well, you've got a good start," said the Poet, rising to light his pipe, which had gone out. "And if I were you I'd go on and finish the book. 'The Idiot's Book of Household Poetry' would have a great sale. It has but one objection that I can see. You harp on one string too much. Every one of your poems preaches contentment, satisfaction; nothing else."

"I haven't ever had a home; I've always boarded"

"That," said the Idiot, "is not an objection, but a virtue; for what other lesson," he added, with a glance of pride at his surroundings, "what other lesson, my dear Poet, should a home try to teach, and what other sentiment can mean so much to mankind?"

"I don't know," said the Poet, with a little sigh. "I haven't ever had a home; I've always boarded."

Whereupon the Idiot rose up from his chair, and putting his arm about his friend's shoulder, said:

"How you do talk! Never had a home? Why, my dear fellow, what's this? It's yours as long as it's mine!"

[CONTINUED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE]

When Thieves Break In

By Lulu Judson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD

WHEN we began to get rich my wife and I determined that nothing should ever induce us to grow indifferent to our poor relations, of whom we had a large number.

"Let us always remember, dear," said my wife, who is an angel, "that we were once as poor as they, and that they are our own flesh and blood."

I agreed with her. "The good Lord deliver us from getting the big-head," said I.

I must say, and with no intended disrespect to our various relatives, that our patience was sorely tried at times. Take, for instance, the six-weeks' sojourn of Cousin Sarah Jennings and her three daughters. Mrs. Jennings' claim to cousinship was distant. However, she was just a simple, unobjectionable little country woman, bowed down by the weight of years and the everlasting grind of farm life. But those girls still haunt my dreams. They made an effort to be "stylish." I confess I thought they would never go home. Cousin Sarah was pathetically anxious "the girls" should make the most of this, the only "chance" they had ever had. I think we made them have a good time; we tried to.

This is a fair example of our experience with country relatives, but it is by no means the most notable. One morning at breakfast my wife looked up from the perusal of her mail with an expression of real pleasure.

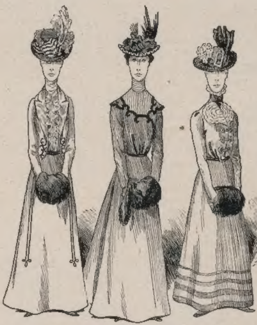
"Whom do you suppose I have received a letter from?" she demanded.

I guessed several improbable people, because that sort of thing always pleases a woman.

"You could never guess," she said. "It is from Aunt Rowena. I haven't heard from her before in months. She will pass through here on the fifteenth, on the way to visit her son at Russellville. Dear Aunt Rowena! You know she was dear mother's favorite sister," she added, with a tremulous note in her voice. My wife's mother is dead.

"Well," I said, cordially, as I arose to depart, "you must ask the old lady to stop and make us a visit."

My wife came over to me and began to rumple up my hair in a little way she has.



"Those girls still haunt my dreams"

"John," she said, "I do think you are the dearest fellow in the world!" This being a remark that called for no discussion, she continued, "Aunt Rowena says she will have to lay over here for twenty minutes, and as she is not used to traveling, she is anxious you or I should meet her and see her safely transferred to the other train. I shall do that."

"Very well."

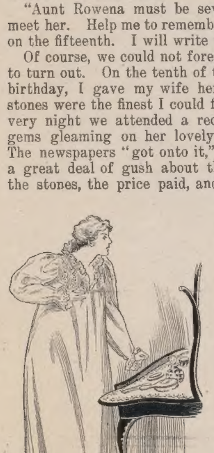
"And then I can invite her to stop over for a visit on her return. That is, if you don't mind, John?"

"Mind!" said I; "certainly not. You know I have a weakness for old ladies."

"Aunt Rowena must be seventy. I must not fail to meet her. Help me to remember that she passes through on the fifteenth. I will write to her at once."

Of course, we could not foresee how things were going to turn out. On the tenth of the month, that being her birthday, I gave my wife her diamond necklace. The stones were the finest I could find. As it happened, that very night we attended a reception, and the beautiful gems gleaming on her lovely neck created a sensation. The newspapers "got onto it," and I regret to say wrote a great deal of gush about the number and beauty of the stones, the price paid, and such other items as the reportorial fancy suggested would prove of interest to the reading public. The rich are not without their trials. My wife declared indignantly that she should not wear it again for months, but when we started for the opera on the night of the fourteenth I observed that it had been added as the finishing touch to a perfect toilette. On our return, when we were preparing to retire, she said:

"John, we must devise a safe place here at the house for this necklace. I can't keep it at the bank when I need it so often. I locked it in this small drawer in the dresser the other night. Do you suppose it is safe here?"



"The necklace was gone"

"I should think so," I replied. I was very sleepy.

I shall never forget the events of the following day. My wife awoke with a sick headache and the sensation of having passed a bad night. I was still sleeping soundly. She said her first thought was of her necklace, and to satisfy herself that it was safe she arose and went to the dresser. The drawer had been opened and the necklace was gone. She woke me frantically.

"Oh, John," she cried, "my necklace is stolen, and I am so sick, so sick!"

Well, I rushed to the telephone and called a physician; then I notified the police. In a short time the house was in an uproar. Police officers were everywhere; the servants were bordering on hysteria, and in our room the doctor was attending my wife. The facts were that during the night we had been chloroformed and the necklace stolen. Nothing else was touched. Obviously some one familiar with the house had done the deed. The servants were suspected and placed under police surveillance.

I was soon relieved of my first anxiety, which was for my wife. The doctor said she was ill from the effects of the drug, but would soon be all right. She was also inclined to be a little hysterical over the loss.

"Never mind about the gewgaws," I said, patting her hand.

"How could I be so careless?" she moaned. "I might have known better."

"You shall have another just as handsome."

"*John!*" she exclaimed, fixing me with reproachful eyes. "Do you imagine for one moment that I could ever allow you to put that much money into another necklace after *this?*" I had my own opinion on this point, but I only smiled and remained discreetly silent.

"And oh, John," she went on, tearfully, "this is the day Aunt Rowena is to pass through, and I am not able to meet her!"

"It is!" I exclaimed. "Sure enough, this is the fifteenth. Well, now, don't you worry about that. I will attend to Aunt Rowena."

"Oh, John, if you only would! I can't bear to think of the poor little woman arriving at that dreadful station with no one to look after her. But how will you know her? You have not seen her for so long."

"Oh, I guess I can find her," I said. "What time does her train get in?"

"About 3:05 this afternoon, and the other leaves at 3:25."

"And what is the old lady like? I am afraid I've forgotten."

"Very small and thin; at least she used to be, and she is the kind that would be apt to grow thinner rather than stouter with age. She always wore her hair parted in the middle and gathered smoothly into a little knob at the back. In the old days when she went any place she carried a small black bag."

I mentally noted these details. "I'll find her all right," said I, as I kissed my wife good-by. "Now don't you worry about the necklace. The thief will have considerable trouble disposing of it in this country. I think we will run him down without any trouble."

"Oh, I hope so," she sighed. "John," she added, "you must be especially nice and affectionate to Aunt Rowena, to make up for my absence. Explain to her why I could not come, and whatever you do, don't forget to meet her."

"I won't," I promised. "I'll do my best."

In the hall below, as I was hurrying out, I came upon a police officer talking to the butler. He stopped me and took me aside.

"Mr. Sedley," he said, "I'm not sure, but I think I am on the right track."

"All right," said I; "I've got a lot of important business waiting for me, and can't stop now. Spare no money or pains to run down the scamp."

When I reached the office I found a dozen people waiting to see me. My desk was piled high with papers, and there was work enough to keep me busy the rest of the day. I spent what was left of the morning talking business, opening mail and dictating to my stenographer. The luncheon hour came, but I let it pass. I had neither inclination nor time for food. I was still hard at it when the telephone-boy put his head in at the door.

"You're wanted at the 'phone, sir," he said.

"Don't come to me with a thing like that," said I, with some emphasis. "What are the clerks for?"

"But it's Mrs. Sedley, sir."

I went at once. "Hello!" I called; "is that you, dear? How do you feel by this time?"

"Oh, John!" came back the answer in tones of distress, "are you *there?*"

"Am I here?" I asked myself. I certainly was. I began to grow anxious and to wonder how long it took a person to get out from under the influence of chloroform.

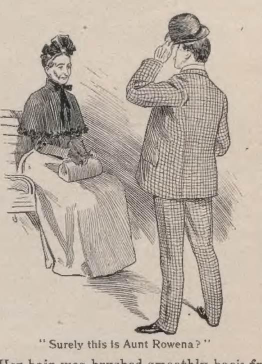
"Yes, dear," I said, soothingly; "certainly I am here. Hadn't you better keep a little quiet to-day?"

"But, *John!*" she wailed, "it is after three o'clock. Have you forgotten Aunt Rowena?"

I gasped. I had forgotten the old lady completely. I pulled out my watch. It was 3:15.

"Don't worry," I said; "maybe the train is late. I'll see her, anyway."

I hung up the receiver, and grabbing my hat rushed out. Fortunately I had not far to go to the depot, but when I reached there breathless I found I had but four minutes to spare. I looked first to see if the train was in, and found that it was. Then I hurried into the waiting-room. At the door I passed two plainly dressed men who tipped their hats and seemed to wish to speak to me. I hurried on, however, and began to search the room for some one answering my wife's description of her aunt. Time was passing, and I was growing more impatient every moment, when over in the darkest corner of the room I saw a little thin old lady wearing a black cape and carrying the kind of old ladies' bag my wife described. Her hair was brushed smoothly back from a kind, benevolent face into a little knob behind.



"Surely this is Aunt Rowena?"

"Surely this is Aunt Rowena?" I exclaimed, going up to her and holding out my hand.

At first she shrank back into her corner and looked up at me with frightened eyes.

"It is Aunt Rowena, isn't it?" I said, pleasantly.

"Yes," she faltered; whereupon I gave her a hearty kiss and plunged at once into explanations and apologies.

"Some scoundrel stole my wife's diamond necklace last night," I went on to say, "and we have all lost our heads. And now," I continued, briskly, "we haven't a moment to lose if you get your train."

As we started out I noticed the poor old lady was trembling violently, so I tucked her little hand reassuringly under my arm. Leaving the room, I was annoyed to run against the same men I had observed before. They stared at us with what seemed to me unpardonable rudeness.

I had just put her on the car and made her as comfortable as possible when the train began to move. She accepted my little attentions with a humility that touched me. My heart warmed to the old lady.

"Now, don't you forget," I said, as I bade her good-by, "about that visit you are to make us on your return."

"I won't," she promised, with a smile. Then I kissed her affectionately and left her.

I was hurrying through the waiting-room on my return to the office when I felt some one touch my sleeve. Looking down I was surprised to see a strange old lady, stout and well dressed, looking up at me with guileless blue eyes.

"Isn't this John—John Sedley?" she asked.

"That is my name, madam," I replied, much perplexed.

She smiled. "I am Aunt Rowena," she said.

I looked her over mechanically. She continued to gaze at me with a smile of perfect innocence and trust. I drew a long breath.

"Madam," I said, sternly, "it is impossible."

"But, John," she persisted, "don't you know me? What made you so late? Has my train gone? Where is Ellen?"

I was still staring at her stupidly when I noticed standing at my elbow, and evidently listening to our conversation, the two men who had annoyed me before. As I looked up one of them stepped eagerly forward.

"I believe the lady is right, sir," he said, in some excitement.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

He opened his coat, and I was astonished to see the badge of a detective.

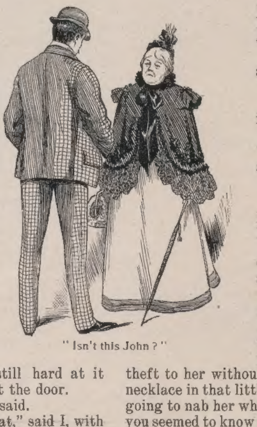
"She can't be right," I declared, "because I have just put my wife's aunt on the train!"

"Are you positive?" he asked.

Well, of course I couldn't say I was positive. "No," I replied; "I'm not positive, but—"

He turned to his companion. "Telegraph," he said, and the other rushed away.

"It's all right," said the officer to me, reassuringly; "we'll catch her. You see, it's like this, Mr. Sedley. We found that old woman had been visiting your housekeeper, and we traced the theft to her without any trouble. She's got your wife's necklace in that little bag." He chuckled. "We were just going to nab her when we saw you—er—ah—that is, when you seemed to know her, you know. Then we began to think we had made a mistake. But we'll catch her all right."



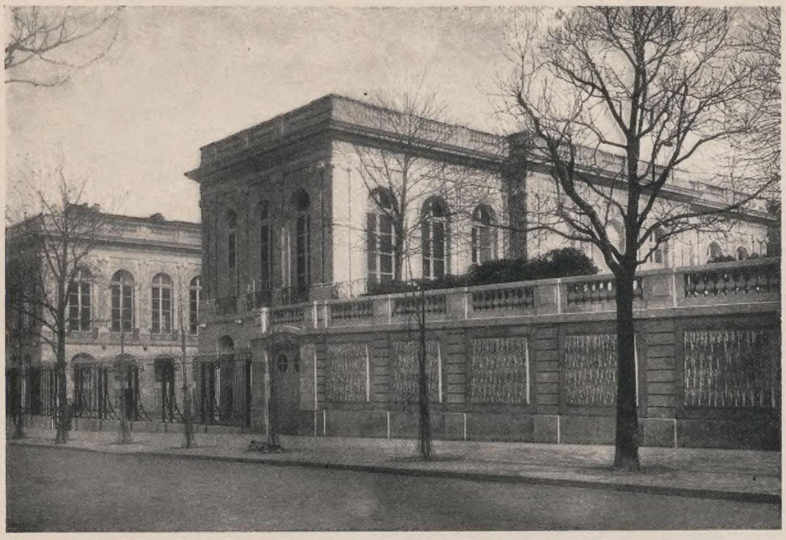
"Isn't this John?"

I took Aunt Rowena's hand in mine and walked humbly to a cab. My wife was greatly astonished when we walked in a little later. After she had greeted her aunt and made her comfortable I threw myself into a chair and in as few words as possible told her what had happened.

"They think they will catch her and recover the jewels without any trouble," I concluded.

Women do absurd things sometimes—even my wife. She listened with deep interest until I had finished; then for a moment she sat absorbed in thought. Suddenly she looked up with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "did you *kiss* her?"



THE NEW PARIS RESIDENCE OF THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE, FORMERLY MISS ANNA GOULD

An American Palace in Paris

By Edward Page Gaston

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

On my second day in Paris I climbed to the heights of the Arc de Triomphe, as the guide-books say you should do to get the nearest view of the best part of the city. Hanging over the lofty balustrades one can see as from nowhere else the roll of the wealth and beauty of the metropolis wheeling up and down from L'Étoile in the radiating streets as they stretch away from that huge hub of French aristocracy. On the one side is the Champs Élysées taking its broad streams of life down to the Place de la Concorde, and on the other side of the arch is the splendid avenue carrying its swollen floods, on Sundays and fête-days, out to the pleasure-giving Bois de Boulogne. Along either bank of this swirling tide of fashion there are rows of the great houses of the rich, and only a little way out is the newest and most beautiful of all, which is an object of special interest to every American. The colony of our transatlantic countrymen is a large and influential one in Paris, but there are few whose doings are more frequently chronicled than are those of the Countess de Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, of New York.

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Countess de Castellane

Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York

Parisians had heard of the late Jay Gould and his high-piled millions of money; but for the past two years they have been receiving a special object-lesson on the power of wealth in new-world hands, in the effort of this young American woman to reproduce in Paris the palace of the Grand Trianon, as built by the French kings at Versailles more than two centuries ago. Three quarters of an acre of land was bought at the intersection of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue Malakoff, at an expense of close to a million of dollars, this being the most costly residential site in Paris. The Castellane house really faces on four streets, and it was the desire to buy the entire square, but this was not possible. The liberal space affords a degree of seclusion not enjoyed by many families on the avenue, this being added to by the broad bordering of the main avenue, which is skirted by a park and bridle-path. In front the ground is terraced to the main floor, and is laid out in thick flowering shrubs and trellised vines which screen the sequestered walks from view. At this writing the gardens are blazing in great rhododendrons. Within the quadrangle of the house is a spacious courtyard, just before the main porte, and upon this there look out the other principal entrances to the large structure.

The French have been given to reproducing in their town "hotels" and country châteaux the architectural styles known as Louis Quinze and Louis Seize, but the Castellanes decided not to "go one Louis more," as the French joke has it, but one Louis less. This naturally attracted the attention of the art connoisseurs of the capital, but the public interest was made even keener by the announcement that while the exterior would hold true to the Fourteenth traditions, the interior was to be a blending of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth periods, if the Gould millions and the cunning of the French architects could compass this unique desire: The revival of two historic periods in French architectural history was so remarkable an undertaking that from its beginning the progress of this house has been followed with such a wide interest as has been given to few purely private building projects. It was freely prophesied that the ambitious scheme of the builders could not be carried out, because there are now no artists who can execute such interiors as are found in the original palaces at Versailles. But the plans were well studied before being fixed upon, and the chief executives knew where they could be fulfilled. So when the matter of ceilings was being arranged for the Castellanes went to Italy and bought the splendid palace of Verona. They did not want the palace, but coveted the eleven ceilings it contained from the brush of Tiepolo, and these could be secured only by the purchase of the old structure. Now these superb works of decorative art are in Paris, all ready to delight the guests of this young couple, who evidently know no such word as fail when carrying out their designs.

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It is a pleasure palace, and a third of the vast interior is given up to the theater and ball-room, where the decorations are being made in white and gold. The Castellanes even now entertain largely, and when the house is finally completed it is expected that the functions of this American girl will be on such a scale as all of matchless Paris cannot equal. Unlike its namesake, this replica has been built in two stories, with a *mezzoterraine*, the first being surrounded by a moat for better air and light in the lower portions. This has given the main façade, as seen from the avenue, the necessary elevation, and the earth terrace covering the front face of the lower story preserves the original one-storied effect of the palace at Versailles. At the rear are the stables for the close to a score of horses kept by the Castellanes in their town establishment. As the house stands to-day it is a structure of surpassing beauty by the simple but majestic style it shows. In its main lines the building is straight and "pure," and is one of the most notable modern examples of this quiet but impressive architecture of ancient times.

One of the finest residences in the environs of Paris is the Château de Champs, where lived the noted Madame de Pompadour, and this has served largely as a model for the interior arrangements of the Castellane house. It shows much of the desired blending of the two periods, and yet retains in a marked degree the characteristics of each. The bedroom of the Marquise de Pompadour contains an elevated alcove exactly like that of Louis Quatorze at Versailles, and this was copied and modernized. The Castellanes have taken the design of the Grand Trianon entrance and staircase; the dressers in their dining-hall are of the same red marble, almost priceless; and the friezes and moldings of the bedchambers are much the same splendid masterpieces of art as those made in the originals for monarchs. Even in its unfinished state the new residence is recognized as the most magnificent private dwelling the nation can exhibit. The stone used in its construction is the same as that employed in the magnificent Arc de Triomphe, which looms its lofty arch not far away at the head of the avenue as the dominating feature of the whole city. Against the light grain of this stone the red marble pillars of the house give a pleasing contrast, holding just enough difference between the two to appeal to the artistic sense. These pillars were imported from Italy at large expense.

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When I visited the Castellane house in May the family was occupying the central portion, but the interior decoration of the two wings probably cannot be completed in less than two years more. When it became known such a *maison* was to be attempted many of the French said it would take twenty years to build and furnish with art treasures; but Western enterprise and local ingenuity promise its completion in a fifth of the time. The property will then have cost thirty millions of francs, or six millions of dollars. Landing inside the main entrance to the house one finds himself in a spacious entry having the effect of a Spanish *patio* by its generous court, where a fountain spurts and tinkles. Splendid marble stairways lead up from each end of this court to the large apartments on the main floor, where every suggestion is of the olden time of French glory. Both the Count and the Countess are collectors of rare art works and bric-a-brac, and in a single year, it is said, they expended a million of dollars in purchases for their new residence.

There are many proofs of their excellent taste as buyers of the rare and ancient. Huge fireplaces yawn in the larger rooms, and before these there are sturdy old andirons whose backs have borne the logs of centuries. In the bedchamber of the Countess is a great four-posted bed of ancient history, crowned and canopied in flowered damask of amber and old-rose tints. Its summit and corners are plumed with marabou-feathers; the walls are hung in the same shades of tapestry, and everything is in keeping to make of this queenly boudoir one of the most interesting rooms in the palace. There is a thousand-dollar pair of Sèvres vases in the dressing-room, and the candlesticks are genuine relics of the empire period. Probably the finest piece in the building is a great mirror bound in old Italian wood-carving, and much of the furniture of the Louis Seize period shows examples of the same rare sort of antique treasures.

The staff of the house numbers nearly thirty-five persons, these including a secretary to the Count, a major domo, a valet to the Count, three footmen, a *chef de cuisine* and three assistants, two *concierges*, a maid to the Countess, a staff of housemaids, butler and assistants. In the stables are three coachmen, a jockey and half a dozen grooms and stablemen. When a reception is on the house forces are largely increased. The livery of the Castellane establishment is blue, with black knickerbockers, stockings of moire silk, and a waistcoat of transparent red and yellow. Gala livery is of white, with black plush knickerbockers and gold lace brandenburgs. Another livery is white without the lace. On reception-days the servants are powdered in the regulation court style.

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It is a common sight to see the Count and Countess driving on the avenue or through the shady reaches of the "Bois," their favorite being a phaëton, driven by the Count, although I have seen him dashing about in a dog-cart. Most of the Castellane carriages are painted a dark blue set off with yellow, and their favorite coach teams are two beautiful brown bays and a pair of golden chestnuts. Both of the Castellanes are sports-people, and are seen especially often at the Long Champs and other races, but the Countess says she disapproves of the betting so popular among women here. The Count has a fine stud in the country, his stables including a dozen

AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, LOOKING TOWARD THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE
(The Castellane palace is on the left side of the avenue)

The Child Among the Lilies

By Margaret E Sangster

The lilies stood up straight and tall,
  And white they shone against the sun.
The child was very round and small,
  A rosy, dimpled little one.

She called the lilies by their names—
  Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—
And thought them proud and stately dames;
  And yet, she said, they play with me.

So many, many lilies there,
  And just one baby, only one,
With sweet blue eyes and silken hair,
  That rippled red gold in the sun.

No mother had this little maid;
  Her mother watched her out of heaven.
And, with the lilies, when she played,
  At dawn, or noon, or dew wet even,

The mother dropped a tender kiss
  Into the tallest lily's heart;
Dear Christ, she prayed, but grant me this:
  My child to live her life apart

From sin, and sorrow born of sin;
  Such grace be hers as lilies learn—
Lilies, which neither toil nor spin,
  Yet evermore to heaven turn.

Wise virgins they with tapers trimmed,
  Ready the bridegroom's train to meet,
Their gleaming cups forever brimmed
  With perfume for the bridegroom's feet.

In her safe heaven the mother cared,
  And where they count not time by hours
She and a guardian angel shared
  Love-vigil o'er the child and flowers.

So stood the lilies straight and tall,
  And white by night and white by day;
I think they knew the low love-call
  Of that sweet little maid at play,

Who gave them quaint, old-fashioned names—
  Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—
Oh! very proud and haughty dames,
  Who yet, she said, are good to me.

The Weaver

By Clinton Scollard

Who is it weaves such marvelous tapestries
  In dyes that dazzle if the eyes but scan?
Richer of hue and of design are these
  Than fabrics Tyrian!

That russet there is of a glossier sheen
  Than e'er was donned by merry Robin Hood,
To lead his lads who wore the Lincoln green
  Through Sherwood's shadowy wood.

Yonder is cloth of gold more royal bright
  Than that whereon King Henry Francis met
When they put by the mailèd gage of fight
  For friendship's silken net.

And yonder scarlet braver far appears
  Than that which decked the pennons of the bold
Who urged the lines of the embattled spears
  Through the red wars of old.

Who is this weaver in these wondrous dyes
  That works such magic in the hours of gloom?
Go, and perchance to-night you may surprise
  September at her loom!

A. Burton

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famous horses, among them the remarkable racer Sleeping Car, who won twelve thousand francs in one of his contests. So frequently are large prizes captured by his stables that the Count has quite a respectable and regular income from his racings on the various tracks. It is his ambition to win the grand prix of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and so take his place among the world-leaders of the track. The Countess appears at the races in the latest confections from the best Parisian outfitters, and the women who look at such things say her gowns and bonnets are the smartest in town. One of the papers said last year that the prettiest hat in Paris was that of the Countess de Castellane, which was all of white lace, raised behind with a large moss-rose and aigrette; and this spring's bonnet was covered with pansies. Her four-years' residence abroad has not entirely removed the masculine tokens of dress to which American girls are partial, and for day events she displays the originality for which the West is noted. Like any other woman, especially French, she likes the opera for its double service of seeing and being seen, and her toilettes are always notable additions to that dazzling spectacle.

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In name the Grand Trianon and the neighboring Petit Trianon are familiar the world around, and their reproduction by the American heiress revives the memories of the line of kings and queens who builded them and lived there. Nearly all who visit France are eager to behold the great palace where Louis the Well Beloved played at gentleman farming with Madame de Pompadour, surrounded by his chickens and cows; where later the capricious Marie Antoinette refused even her royal lord admission except when she tendered her gracious invitation; where she held high carnival with her little world of admiring gentlemen and ladies and cardinals and abbés; where she almost ruined the kingdom by her extravagances with the Anglo-Chinese garden and kindred recreations; where she likewise fell ill of the measles, and would have for her attendants none but four titled gentlemen of the court; and whence finally she made an ignominious escape when the Revolution was declared. Everything in the surroundings to the Versailles palaces is in keeping with the magnificence within. The fountains are on such a scale that it costs two thousand dollars to keep them playing for twenty minutes, and I have seen more than a hundred thousand people awaiting their geyser outbursts of loveliness. One of the beautiful spurts towers and sways in its spraying plumes to the height of seventy feet.

It was not until I had wandered through all the splendid apartments of the original Trianon at Versailles that an adequate understanding was gained of what the American heiress is trying to accomplish in her Paris dwelling. There is not the ground space on the avenue in town to hold all of the spacious apartments of the palace as built originally by Louis le Grand, in 1663, but all of the important apartments have been reproduced. The palace is a long building, with two wings and a magnificent peristyle overlooking the impressive court of honor. The villa was destroyed in 1687, when it was rebuilt largely on the original scale, by plans prepared for Madame de Maintenon, and the years have not destroyed the columns, façades and the beautiful lines of its arcades. So vast are the reaches of the Trianon that Louis Philippe once took up his residence there with the entire court, numbering nearly four hundred persons, although it is unlikely that all found lodgment in the one structure.

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The apartments of greatest interest to the visitor are the famous *salon de cristal*, where more than ten thousand francs were expended in Venetian glass; the royal sleeping-chamber, with its golden and sculptured bed, shut in by a golden balustrade, where have reposed Louis the Fourteenth, Louis Philippe, and the first Napoleon, who here planned some of his boldest strokes; the study which Louis Philippe made use of, with its magnificent desk of bronze, where rest the heads of Apollo, of Bacchus and his nymphs; the queen's drawing-room with its portraits and mineral collections; the peristyle with its marble columns and pilasters, where Louis the Fourteenth dined in summer; the music-room of the same king, which Napoleon solemnly converted into a smoking-salon; the grand gallery in the central part of the palace, used for a dining-hall, having a mysterious underground connection with the kitchen. One of the Trianon tables was arranged to disappear when a banquet was finished. Especially notable are the delicate pink marble basins to hold iced water for the cooling of the wines; also notable are the paintings, the table of mosaic and marble, decorated with statues of bronze and Sèvres porcelain; the yellow drawing-room and the chapel, where the Princess Marie of Orléans was wedded to the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1837. One of the chambers was elaborately furnished for Queen Victoria in 1846, when her majesty was to be the guest of France; but the English sovereign changed her plans about a stopping-place, and so the costly bed then installed for her special benefit has never had an occupant.

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In the four years of her residence in Paris the Countess de Castellane has made herself a name by her numerous benefactions. After the catastrophe of the burning of the Bazaar de la Charité, two years ago, there remained no place for the holding of the annual fête; but the Countess promptly purchased a site on the Rue Pierre Charron for two hundred thousand dollars, and had the plans drawn for a new fire-proof structure to cost about as much more, as a memorial to her mother. It will be remembered the Gould children erected a chapel to the memory of their father, in New York, so that now both of the parents are given material remembrance. As the new bazaar was not ready for the May charity sale this year, the Castellanes paid the rental for the temporary quarters until the other is finished. Twenty thousand dollars was given by the Countess for the care of the children of the Paris poor, and on the completion of the main portion of their new dwelling, early in the present year, the Castellanes kept open house to all of their one hundred and fifty workmen and their families. There was a gift-tree with presents for the children, a dinner for everybody, from the architect to the *concierge*, and remembrances for all who had been employed in the construction of the magnificent residence.

There have been reports now and again that the Castellanes are rapidly spending the fifteen millions of dollars which the chatelaine of the mansion brought as her "dot," but this is evidently not possible, by the terms of the Gould will. All that is allowed is the interest on the family investments, which amounts to about eight hundred thousand dollars a year to the credit of the Countess. On her marriage she settled two millions of dollars upon her husband, and had as much more in accrued interest for the starting of the large expenditures which have so astonished the pleasure-loving Parisians.

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The "Little Countess," as she is called in this capital, has social ambitions in keeping with the scale of her large means, and aspires to establish a *salon* in her new home which shall be as comparatively famous in this day as were those for which France was noted in the last century. It is now a European proverb that "all things come to the American who *does*," and it will be interesting to watch the development of this plan for social conquest. In May, 1896, the Castellanes gave a great flower function in the Boulogne forest, which was probably the largest private affair of the kind held in the century. Five thousand people were present, and the event is still talked of with polite wonder in social circles. It is quite natural that the leaders among the French aristocracy should resent these ambitious movements on the part of a foreigner, and signs are not lacking that a counter movement has been set up by those powerful families who fear a decline in their ancient social prestige.

An ocean yacht is maintained in the Valhalla, which is so large that it is sometimes mistaken for an ocean liner or a man-of-war when seen from a distance. She carries a crew of one hundred and twenty-eight seamen, and costs one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to keep in service. It has been a plan of the Castellanes to cross the ocean in their own boat and spend a season at Newport and along the Atlantic coast resorts.

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Americans have not forgotten the social furor in New York City, and the keen interest throughout the states, over this marriage of the youngest daughter of the late railway king to a noble Frenchman, in March, 1895. Wedding presents to the bride consisted for the most part in precious stones, and aggregated hundreds of thousands of dollars in value. A tiara costing forty thousand dollars, and a corsage-piece of fourteen thousand dollars in valuation were among the numerous gifts. The function was the chief social event of that year, although but eighty guests sat down to the wedding breakfast. Two marriage ceremonies were performed, on account of the groom being a Catholic and the bride a Presbyterian; but their children have been baptized in France by the Romish rites.

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For a thousand years the Castellanes have been one of the dominant families of France, and the old Castle of Castellane, from whence the name comes, has passed in steady succession from father to son down half a score of centuries. As two vigorous boys have been born to the young American Countess in the past two years, there is promise that the line of succession will not be broken for the present. The Count Boniface de Castellane, her husband, is connected by blood with some of the noblest houses in Europe, such as the De Sagans, Biron-Courlandes, Radziwills, DeLignes, Petockis, Salviatis and the Borgheses, relationship with any one of which gives one a duly "blue" pedigree. The Castellane royal patents date back to the year one thousand, and prior to that the heads of the house were princes of Provence and vassals of Charlemagne, the family succession including many chevaliers of the Ordre de Saint Esprit. The Count's great-grandfather was Marshal de Castellane, a famous soldier during the first empire, and his grandfather was a deputy in the reign of Louis Philippe. The Count's father, the present Marquis de Castellane, was a monarchist deputy in 1871, and since that time has become widely known as a literary man, his works on modern French history ranking high.

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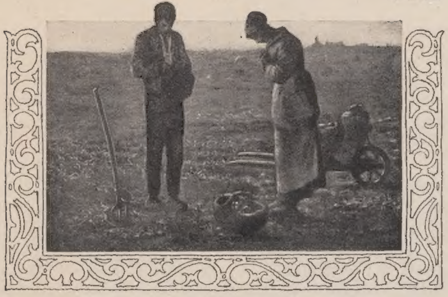
The young Count de Castellane is following in the political path of his forebears, having been lately elected to the Chamber of Deputies at an alleged expense of half a million of dollars for the campaign. The Marquise de Castellane, mother of the Count, is a niece of the Count de Juigne, whose family is socially one of the most prominent in the French capital. The country seat of the Castellane family is at the Château de Rochecotto, where lived for twenty years the great Talleyrand, uncle to the present Marquis. Last spring the Château d' Hiver, near Pau, was added to the family possessions, with nearly a third of a million of dollars from the fortune of the young Countess.

In France the family crest and coat of arms are more important insignia than in England or other countries, and the Castellane design is an especially famous mark of nobility. It appears on their coaches, and the buttons of all the men-servants in livery bear the bas-relief of the towered castle, which is its central figure. The family plate, jewel-cases and other distinctive belongings bear a like stamp of nobility, as supplied by a noble pedigree and as latterly supported by American dollars.

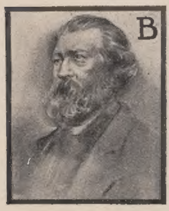


The Woman of "The Angelus"

By Edward A. Steiner

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE MAIN STREET OF BARBIZON



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

BARBIZON, a little village in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, a short distance from Paris, has become a goal of pilgrimage for many admirers of Millet's work, and particularly for those who know that the woman who suggested to the great painter his famous picture of "The Angelus" still lives there in a little cottage a stone's throw from where she was born. Barbizon is a small nest of a few hundred souls. When Millet journeyed thither, bearing two little girls on his shoulders, while his wife with her skirt drawn over her head as a protection from the rain carried their five-months-old boy, it was still in the wilderness. Now there are miles of graveled paths and beautiful driveways, and the tourists who flock to the quaint old village find much to interest them in the country immediately surrounding it. They walk through the forest aisles, climb the giant rocks, stand in worshipful mood before the monument of Millet and Rousseau, and but few forget to call on Mère Adèle, the woman of "The Angelus."

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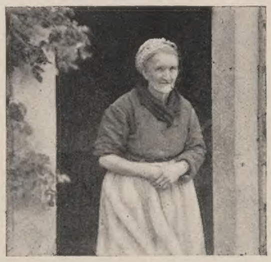

MÈRE ADÈLE, THE WOMAN OF "THE ANGELUS"

MÈRE ADÈLE'S home is a small vine-clad cottage, in which she lives a frugal but comfortable life, troubled only by the over-inquisitive tourists and by her rheumatism. She must have been an attractive woman once, for even now, although she has witnessed the passing of more than threescore years and ten, there are traces of former beauty in her wrinkled face. If questioned closely she will tell you of the day when the great artist came through the dense forest with his wife and children, leaving behind him the gay city of Paris with its schools of painting and its models. She knows a great deal of the very hard days which followed for Jean François Millet—the toil, the anxiety, the disappointments. She nursed his five children, and did the little field-work in the garden adjoining the cottage. She tells with animation, her gray eyes sparkling, of her master's life as a peasant among the toilers of Barbizon; of his long walks through field and forest; of the heavy staff on which he leaned, and of the coarse garments which he wore.

Millet, himself a peasant, knew nothing about painting until his twentieth year, except what nature had suggested to him. After taking up art he followed the masters for many years, living in the spirit of the existing schools, and doing nothing to attract attention to himself. Then he went back to his peasants—back to poverty and toil, but also, as events proved, to lasting fame through his pictures of peasant life.

MÈRE ADÈLE'S COTTAGE AT FURTHEST VISIBLE POINT ON STREET

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WHEN he saw his nurse-girl, Adêle, and her father reverently bowing their heads in prayer at the ringing of the Angelus he conceived the picture which, if not his best work, is yet the best known, and the one most appreciated by the people. This celebrated painting was given to the world in 1859, but the painter did not live to see it reach the height of its fame. Millet died in 1875. In 1889 the picture was bought at auction by the American Art Association for 580,650 francs, which price included tax, auctioneer's fees, and other expenses incident to the transfer. It was brought to the United States and exhibited in the principal cities, but in 1890 was sold to the agents of M. Chauchard for $150,000, the purchaser signifying his intention of keeping it as long as he should live, and presenting it to the Louvre at his death.

Etched, painted, woven into tapestries, reproduced by various processes, the picture has become a familiar one in all countries, and one which speaks to the masses everywhere of the people's toil, their rest and their worship. No matter how poor the copy the spirit of the original is there. The ear catches the distant sound of the bells ringing their solemn call to worship; the evening sky is bright with the sunset glow; labor is relieved of its curse, and the slaves of the soil become the children of God. Two peasants, a man and a woman, at the sound of the Angelus bell from a distant church, have stopped their work and stand in the field praying with bowed heads. It would be hard to conceive a more simple and pathetic representation of peasant life in France, and it is not strange that it touched the hearts of the common people.

Millet painted his peasants as he knew them, without grace, without beauty, without the slightest glimmer of romance. The most notable exemplification of this, perhaps, is in "The Man With the Hoe," a picture which has been made doubly pathetic and menacing by Edwin Markham's poem of the same name, written after seeing the famous painting. Markham wrote:

THE STREET IN WHICH MILLET LIVED

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

* * * * * * * *

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands!
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Millet, however, always stoutly denied that his pictures had any social mission. He was an artist, he said, not a socialistic agitator or a preacher. He painted what he saw, as he saw it and felt it. Interpreting from the social standpoint, "The Angelus" affords a direct contradiction of Mr. Markham's poem. Here the peasant is in his grandeur, living by the soil and the fruit of hard, incessant work, yet infinitely above the thing which he calls "a brother to the ox." Mère Adêle calls herself a child of God. She looks it in the painting, and she lives it every day in her humble cottage. In the picture and out of it her type proclaims that in spite of man's oppression—in spite of long hours of work, coarse fare and the absence of culture—the toiler can be kept from being brutalized by that voice from the sky, heard in the bells of the Angelus, which speaks of peace, of God, and of the final redemption. If "The Angelus" has a social mission it is to indicate the only way out of the thraldom of the centuries—the way God has provided.

FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU, MILLET'S FAVORITE HAUNT

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IT MAY be said that the man with the hoe is no more brutal than many a man with a scepter in his hand; no more debased than many a noble man's ignoble son, and no poorer than many a rich man whose gold has impoverished his spirit and enslaved his soul. His kind is not peculiar to Barbizon nor to the conditions which surround him there; neither is it peculiar to the station in life which this man occupies. As proof of this it is only necessary to point to the many who work beside him in the field—whose advantages are no greater and whose social rank no higher than his own, yet whose intelligence and rational enjoyment of the beautiful things in life are not to be questioned. He exists, but that he is altogether the product of the "world's blind greed," or that the so-called lords and rulers are entirely responsible for the mental and moral darkness in which he lives, may reasonably be questioned. The man with the hoe may be seen on the streets of Barbizon every day, with plodding steps, low brow, heavy jaw and brutal expression, but it is safe to say there are less than a dozen of him among all the peasantry of that neighborhood. He is a type, and to him the Angelus is merely a call to leave his labor and go to the inn for his wine, for his quarrel, for his bread and cheese. To him the message of the bells is meaningless. Heaven is mute, and earth makes him her slave. The weight of the centuries which burdens him was put there not only by his task-masters, but also by himself.

MONUMENT OF MILLET AND ROUSSEAU

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AMONG these heavy toilers are sweet-faced men and women who need only to change their peasant frock for the garments of city people to be very much like the rest of us. Mère Adêle is a lady, though she has worn her fingers blunt by toil, and her form is bent under the burdens she has had to bear. When she looks at you her smile is like a benediction, and the beautiful things of earth are not lost upon her. Her manner is cheerful, as one who feels she has not lived in vain.

Millet was himself a "man with the hoe" during his youth, yet the heavy toil left him with a hand steady enough to wield a brush, and a mind clear enough to understand and depict nature in the moods in which he saw her. This age is favored in having his pictures. And if you think the world terribly wicked—if you think hard toil fearfully enslaving and deadening to the senses—go to beautiful Barbizon, look into the bright face of Mère Adêle, see the church in which these simple people worship, and hear the ringing of the Angelus at morning, noon and evening, and even though hope has died in your heart it will revive and live again.

TOWER OF THE WINDS

In Europe With Lilian Bell

ARCH OF HADRIAN

NINTH LETTER—Amid the Ruins of Ancient Athens

THE TEMPLE OF MYSTERIES

Greece

AFTER our ship left Smyrna, where the camels are the finest in the world, and where the rugs set you crazy, we came across to the Piræus, and arrived so late that very few of the passengers dared to land for fear the ship would sail without them. It was blowing a perfect gale, the sea was rough, and the captain too cross to tell us how long we would have on shore. I looked at my companion and she looked at me. In that one glance we decided that we would see the Acropolis or die in the attempt. A cook's guide was watching our indecision with hungry eyes. We have since named him Barabbas, for reasons known to every unfortunate who ever fell into his hands. But he was clever. He said that we might cut his head off if he did not get us back to the boat in time. We assured him that we would gladly avail ourselves of his permission if that ship sailed without us. Then we scuttled down the heaving stairway at the ship's side, and away we went over (or mostly through) the waves to the Piræus. There we took a carriage, and at the maddest gallop it ever was my lot to travel we raced up that lovely smooth avenue, between rows of wild pepper-trees which met overhead, to Athens; through Athens at a run, and reached the Acropolis, blown almost to pieces ourselves, and with the horses in a white foam.

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UP TO that time the Acropolis had been but a name to me. I landed because it was a sight to see, and I thought an hour or so would be better than to miss it altogether. But when I climbed that hill and set my foot within that majestic ruin, something awful clutched at my heart. I could not get my breath. The tears came into my eyes, and all at once I was helpless in the grasp of the most powerful emotion which ever has come over me in all Europe. I could not understand it, for I came in an idle mood, no more interested in it than in scores of other wonders I was thirsting to see—Luxor, Karnak, Philæ, Denderah—all of those invited me quite as much as the Acropolis, but here I was speechless with surprise at my own emotion. I can imagine that such violence of feeling might turn a child into a woman, a boy into a man. All at once I saw the whole of Greek art in its proper setting. The Venus of Milo was no longer in the Louvre against its red background, where French taste has placed it, the better to set it off. Its cold, proud beauty was here again in Greece; the Hermes at Olympia; the Wingless Victory from the temple of Nike Apteros, made wingless that victory might never depart from Athens; the lovelier Winged Victory from the Louvre, with her electric poise, the most exhilarating, the most inspiring, the most intoxicating Victory the world has ever known, was loosed from her marble prison, and was again breathing the pure air of her native hills. I nearly went mad as their white figures came crowding into my mind.

The learning of the philosophers of Greece; the "plain living and high thinking" they taught; the unspeakable purity of her art; the ineffable manner in which her masters produced the idea of the stern, cold pride of aloofness in these sublime types of perfect men, wrung my heart with a sense of personal loss. I can imagine that Pygmalion felt about Galatea as I felt that first hour in the Acropolis. I can imagine that a woman who had loved supremely with the passion of her life a man of matchless integrity, of superb pride, of lofty ideals, and who had lost that love irretrievably through a fault of her own, whose gravity she first saw through his eyes when it was too late, might have felt as I felt in that hour. All the agony of a hopeless love for an art which can never return; all the sense of personal loss for the purity which I was completely realizing for the first time when it was too late; all the intense longing to have the dead past live again, that I might prove myself more worthy of it, assailed me with as mighty a force as ever the human heart could experience and still continue to beat. The piteous fragments of this lost art which remained—a few columns, the remnants of an immortal frieze, the long lines of drapery from which the head and figure were gone, the cold brow of the Hermes, the purity of his profile, the proud curve of his lips, the ineffable wanness of his smile—I could have cast myself at the foot of the Parthenon and wept over the personal disaster which befell me in that hour of realization.

I never again wish to go through such an agony of emotion. The Acropolis made the whole of Europe seem tawdry. I felt ashamed of the gorgeous sights I had seen, of the rich dinners I had eaten, of the luxuries I had enjoyed. I felt as if I would like to have the whole of my past life fall away from me as a cast-off garment, and that if I could only begin over I could do so much better with my life. I could have knelt and beat my hands together in a wild, impotent prayer for the past to be given into my keeping for just one more trial, one more opportunity to live up to the beauty and holiness and purity I had missed. When I looked up and saw the naked columns of the Parthenon silhouetted against the sky, bereft of their capitals, ragged, scarred, battered with the war of wind and weather and countless ages, all about me the ruins seemed to say, "Your appreciation is in vain; it is too late, too late!"

I have an indistinct recollection of stumbling into the carriage, of driving down a steep road, of having the Pentelikon pointed out to me, of knowing that near that mountain lay Marathon, of seeing the statue of "Greece crowning Byron," but I heard with unhearing ears, I saw with unseeing eyes. I had left my heart and all my senses in the Acropolis. I believe that the one who had left her loved one in the churchyard, on the way home for the first time to her empty house, has felt that dazed, unrealizing yet dumb heartache that I felt for days after leaving the Parthenon.

It grew worse the further I went away from it, and for two months I have longed for Athens, Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis. I wanted to stand and feast my soul upon the glories which were such living memories. All through Egypt and up the Nile my one wish was to live long enough and for the weeks to fly fast enough for me to get back to Athens. Now I am here for the second time, and for as long as I wish to remain.

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WE CAME sailing into the harbor just at sunset. Such a sunset! Such blue in the Mediterranean! Such a soft haze on the purple hills! How the gods must have loved Athens to place her in the garden spot of all the earth; to pour into her lap such treasures of art, and to endow her masters with power to create such an art! The approach is so beautiful. Our big black Russian ship cut her way in utter silence through the bluest of blue seas, with scarcely a ripple on the sunlit waters, between amethyst islands studded with emerald fields, making straight for the bravest, noblest, most courageous, most beautiful country on earth.

> "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,
> Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all except their sun is set."

Byron's statue stands in the square, surrounded by evergreens; his picture is in the École Polytechnique, and his memory and his songs are revered throughout all Greece. How her beauty tore at his soul! How her love for freedom met with an echo in his own heart! No wonder he sang with such a theme! It is enough to give a stone song and the very rocks utterance.

It was Sunday, and as we drove through the clean, white streets, feeling absolutely hushed with the beauty which assailed us on every side, suddenly we heard the sound of music, mournful as a dirge—a martial dirge. And presently we saw approaching us the saddest, most touching yet awful procession I ever beheld. It was a military funeral. First came the band playing a minor dirge; then came two men bearing aloft the cover to the casket, wreathed in flowers and streaming with crape. Then, borne in an open coffin by four young officers of his staff, with bands of crape on their arms and knots of crape on their swords, was the dead officer, an old, gray-haired general, dressed in the full uniform of the Greek army, with his browned, wrinkled, deep-lined hands crossed over his sword. The casket was shallow, and thus he was exposed to the view of the gaping multitude, without even a glass lid to cover his bronzed face, and with the glaring sun beating down upon his closed eyes and noble, gray head. Just behind him they led his riderless black horse, with his master's boots reversed in the stirrups and the empty saddle knotted with crape. It was at once majestic, heart-rending and terrible. It unnerved me, and yet it was not surprising to have such a moving spectacle greet me on my return to Greece.

We drove over the same road from the Piræus to Athens, but in the two months of our absence they had mended a worn place in this road and had unearthed a most beautiful sarcophagus, which they placed in the national museum. The cement which held it on its pedestal was not yet dry when we saw it. They do not know its date, nor the hand of the sculptor who carved it, yet it needs no name to proclaim its beauty.

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I HAVE now seen Athens as I wanted to see it. I have seen it consecutively. It was beautiful to begin with the Acropolis and to take all day to examine just the frieze of the Parthenon. We had to have written permission, which we received through the American minister, to allow us to climb up on the scaffolding and get a near view of it. But we did it, and we were close enough to touch it, to lay our hands on it, and we waited hours for the sun to sink low enough to creep between the giant beams and touch the metopes so that we could photograph them. Of course, we could have bought photographs of them, but it seemed more like possessing them to take them with our own little cameras.

The central metope is the most beautiful and in the best state of preservation of all this marvel from the hand of Phidias; yet the work of destruction goes on, as only last year the head of the rider fell and broke into a thousand pieces, so that only the horse, the figure and the electric splendor of his wind-blown garments floating out behind him remain. There is so little of this frieze left that it requires full scope of the imagination, as one stands and looks at it, to picture this triumphal procession of Pan-Athenians which every four years formed at the Acropolis and wound majestically down through the Sacred Way to the Temple of Mysteries to sacrifice to the goddess in honor of Marathon and Salamis.

But we followed this road ourselves. We, too, took the Sacred Way. On the loveliest day imaginable we drove along this smooth white road; we saw the bay of Salamis; we wound around the sweetheart curve of her shore; the purple hills forming the cup which holds her translucent waters are the background to this famous battle-ground; and beyond, set on the brow of one of these hills like a diadem, is all that remains of the Temple of Mysteries. Broken columns are there, pedestals, fragments of proud arches, now shattered and trodden under foot. Its majesty is that of a sleeping goddess, so still, so tranquil, proud even in its ruins; yet in such utter silence it lies. In the cracks of the marble floors, in the crannies of the walls, springing from beneath the broken statue, voiceless yet persistent, grow scarlet poppies—the sleep flowers of the world yielding to this yellowing Temple of Mysteries the quieting influence of their presence.

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THE next day, almost in the spirit of worship, we went to Marathon. If Salamis was my Holy Grail, then Marathon was my Mecca. We started out quite early in the morning, with relays of horses to meet us on the way. It tried to rain once or twice, but it seemed not to have the heart to spoil my crusade, for presently the sun struggled through the ragged clouds and shed a hazy, half light through their edges, which completely destroyed the terrible, blinding glare and made the day simply perfect.

The road to Marathon leads through orchards of cherry-trees white with blossoms, through green vineyards, past groves of olive-trees which look old enough to have seen the Persian hosts, through groups of cypress-trees, such noble sentinels of deathless evergreen; through fields of wild-cabbage blooms, making the air as sweet as the alfalfa-fields of the West; across the Valanaris by a little bridge, and suddenly an isolated farm-house with a wine-press, and then—Marathon!

Marathon is only a vast plain, but what a plain! It has only a small mound in the center to break its smoothness, but what courage, what patriotism, what nobility that mound covers! It was there, many authorities say, that all the Athenians were buried who fell at Marathon, although Byron claims that it covers the Persian dead.

How Greece has always loved freedom! In the École Polytechnique are three Turkish battle-flags and some shells and cannon-balls from a war so recent that the flags have scarcely had time to dry or the shells to cool. What a pity, what an unspeakable pity, that all the glory of Greece lies in the past, and that the time of her power has gone forever! Nothing but her brave, undaunted spirit remains, and never can she live again the glories of her Salamis, her Marathon, her Thermopylæ.

We have seen Athens in all her guises, the Acropolis in all her moods, at sunrise, in a thunder-storm, in the glare of midday, at sunset, and yet we saved the best for the climax. On the last night we were in Athens we saw the Acropolis by moonlight. We nearly upset the whole Greek government to accomplish this, for the king has issued an edict that only one night in the month may visitors be admitted, and that is the night of the full moon. But I had returned to Athens with this one idea in my mind, and if I had been obliged to go to the king myself I would have done so, and I know that I would have come away victorious. He never could have had the heart to refuse me.

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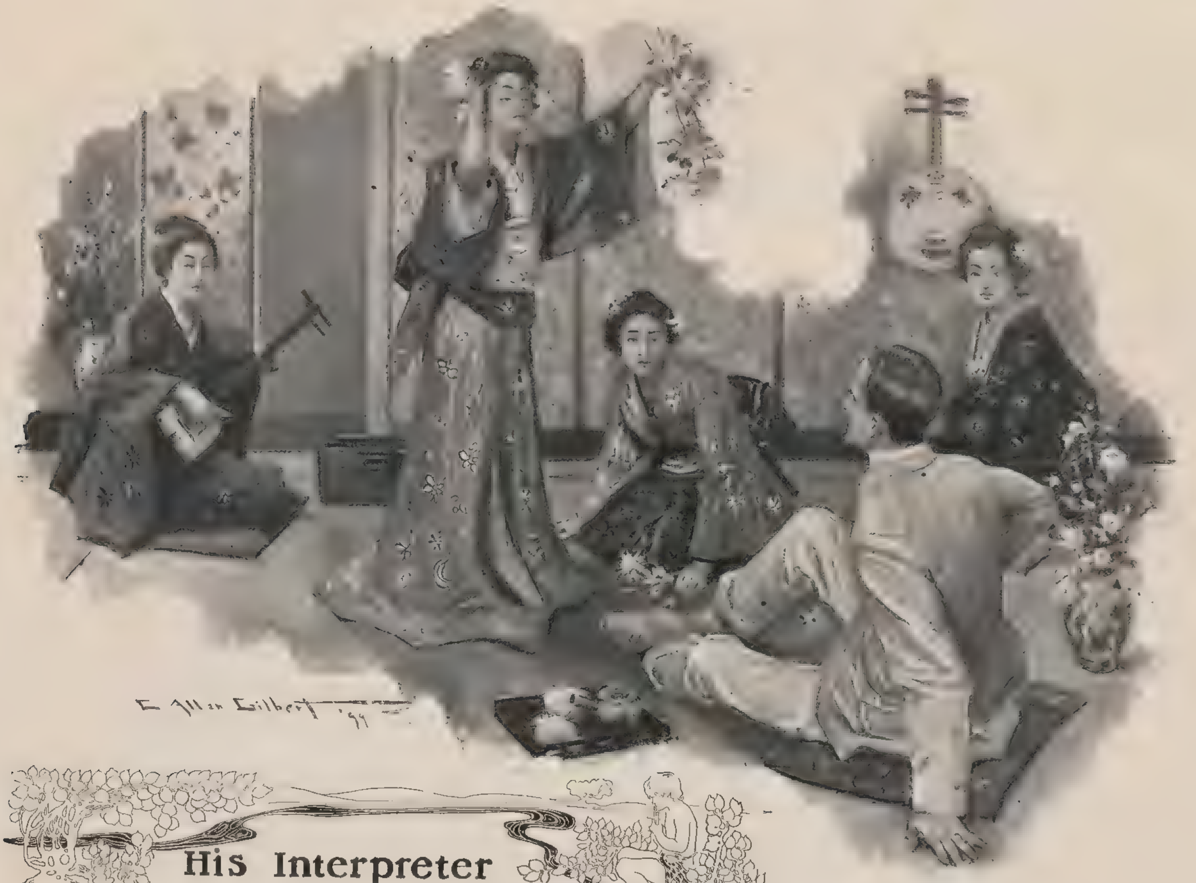
IT IS impossible. I utterly abandon the idea of making even my nearest and dearest see what I saw and hear what I heard and think what I thought on that matchless night. There was just a breath of wind. The mountains and hills rose all around us, Lykabettos, Kolonos—the home of Sophocles—Hymettos, and Pentelikon with its marble quarries, made an undulating line of gray against the horizon, while away at the left was the hill of Mars. How still it was! How wonderful! The rows of lights from the city converged toward the foot of the Acropolis like the topaz rays in a queen's diadem. The blue waters of the harbor glittered in the pale light. A chime of bells rang out the hour, coming faintly up to us like an echo of real bells. And above us, bathed, shrouded, swimming in silver light, was the Parthenon. The only flowers that grow at the foot of the Parthenon are the marguerites, the white-petaled, golden-hearted daisies, and even in the moonlight these starry flowers bend their tender gaze upon their god.

I leaned against one of the caryatides of the Erechtheion and looked beyond the Parthenon to the hill of Mars, where Paul preached to the Athenians, and I believe that he must have seen the Acropolis by moonlight when he wrote, "Wherefore, when we could no longer forbear, we thought it good to be left in Athens *alone!*"

What a week we have had in Athens! If I were obliged to go home to-morrow; if Greece ended Europe for me, I could go home satisfied, filled too full of bliss to complain or even to tell what I felt. I have lived out the fullest enjoyment of my soul; I have reached the limit of my heart's desire. Athens is the goddess of my idolatry. I have turned pagan and worshiped.

Lilian Bell



"He fell in love with a newer grace each day"

His Interpreter

By Onoto Watanna

ILLUSTRATED BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

PART I.

THE American sat at his desk intently studying some plans and sketches that were spread before him. His fine fair face was drawn with his intense absorption in his task, and the heavy lines on his forehead showed he was puzzled over something regarding it. Often he would turn from his plans to a large book, and run his hand down a list of figures, frowning heavily as their volume annoyed him. After a time he pushed the book and maps from him, and running his hand wearily through his hair, leaned back in his chair, with half-closed eyes and irresolute mouth and chin.

A polite Japanese looked in at him from an adjoining office with the calm, half wondering, wholly unreadable countenance peculiar to the better class of Japanese.

The American observed him at the door, and called to him:

"Ah, Inouye! Just a minute!"

The American's crisp, nervous explanation to his interpreter was listened to with the gravest attention, the latter scarcely commenting until the American had ceased speaking. Then he leaned over the plans and studied them silently a moment.

"I don't see that I've made it particularly clear to you, Inouye," the American put in, hastily, lighting a cigar and watching with half-closed eyes his assistant's apparent interest in the plans.

"It's like this. I have the contract all right, and Takamine is willing to put up a good part of the money. You understand that thus far I have merely represented an American syndicate. Now I have the choice of taking up the work with the sole financial help of Takamine, pushing it along and doubtless making a pretty good profit for both of us; but owing to the slenderness of our financial resources we could only afford to do the work in a limited way. Of course, it might make a pretty big thing for both Takamine and myself, but I cannot help wanting to push so splendid an opportunity to its fullest extent, and do the work on an immense scale. This is only possible with the financial aid, or, indeed, by my putting things entirely into the hands of the syndicate, and then perhaps profits would not accrue for some time. Of course, I understand there would be," he repeated, "a big profit for both Takamine and myself if I simply pushed it along at once, without advising the syndicate; but the deuce is that I can scarcely do that without seriously impairing and perhaps altogether breaking my relations with the syndicate, and somehow —well, I can't afford to do that."

His handsome face clouded with perplexity and dissatisfaction. The Japanese raised his head from the plans, and asked, calmly:

"Is there greater profit in the work, Mr. Arthurs, should the American syndicate take the contract?"

The American shifted in his seat, nervously turning over the sides of his blotter.

"Well, a more general profit, Inouye. The syndicate has controlled all my work thus far. I am anxious to get other contracts on top of this one, and I would more likely be able to get them if I carried out this one with the assistance of the syndicate. Couldn't afford to do it alone. This if properly carried out means only the beginning of an immense lot of work—the cars, the miles of rail I have calculated building in the future, *could* only be accomplished with the aid of the syndicate. The question is whether I shall merely carry out this contract and make immediate profits for myself and Takamine, or let the syndicate put up the big cash, buy American material, and -well, make a fortune for the syndicate, too. You understand in America these syndicates are immensely wealthy. With the mere permit of the Japanese government the rest comes easily enough. If the contract passes into the hands of the syndicate it means a good position, and in time a good fortune, for myself; but in that event it passes out of Takamine's hands altogether, he being merely one of a good many stockholders."

❦

THE Japanese walked to the door and looked out across the blue fields. He was not thinking of the American's plans. His mind was absorbed in the image of a young maiden, the daughter of Takamine. At one time he had been almost as a son to Takamine, whose hospitable doors were constantly open to receive him. With the over-hasty conceit and impetuosity of a young man, his friend's kindness to him made him overbold, so that he had asked the father for the daughter in marriage. Takamine was a wealthy man, though perhaps of not such high birth as Inouye. Nevertheless he was indignant that his generosity and interest as a benefactor to the young man, and which had procured him the position he presently occupied with the American, should be apparently imposed upon, for it seemed to Takamine, who had something of the arrogance of the wealthy Japanese, that no one but a man in *his own* position should aspire to his daughter's hand.

Before the great reformation of the government system such an offer from Inouye, even in his impoverished state, would have been considered a high compliment, as he belonged to that class of people called the Shizoku (nobles), while Takamine would have been recognized merely as a citizen or rich merchant. But since the reformation all classes of people became recognized equally, and there was no line of distinction drawn whatever, save that which nobility and high position, aided by wealth, could carry out, although the nobles secretly resented the change and instinctively felt their superiority in spite of fallen fortunes.

So Inouye bitterly thought of the refusal he had received, and with all the stubbornness of his class rebelled against it. Moreover, his heart was quite set on the girl Haru for a bride, and it was with bitter jealousy he imagined her the bride of another, for Haru was the embodiment of everything that was sweet, beautiful, dainty and noble.

❦

"WELL, Inouye, what would you do about it?" the American's voice broke in on him.

Inouye had made himself, as confidential secretary and interpreter, almost indispensable to the American, and because of the coolness and wisdom he had shown in all things, the more careless man was used to relying a great deal on his opinion. Inouye's face was rather pale.

"If the syndicate pushes the work you will in the long run make as much, if not more, profit. Is it not so?" he asked.

"Well—yes," said the American, slowly. "And it would also give me a certain standing in America among railroad men."

"And Mr. Takamine?" inquired the Japanese, quietly.

The American laid the paper-knife he had been fingering nervously down on the desk. His voice was almost fretful.

"I wish he had stayed out of this thing altogether," he said, irritably. "I've got the contract, anyhow, and the syndicate could build the road just as well without his purse. I simply wanted his aid with the government in getting the contract; but he was shrewd enough to smell a good thing for himself, and now, I fear, is in it to stay. I can't very well go back on him, but I'll be hanged if I care to push the work along solely on his and my account."

The dark, thoughtful face of the Japanese was averted a moment as the American continued:

"I'm only afraid if I do let the syndicate push it that his capital will be almost entirely absorbed for some time, and that he will realize nothing whatever on it for some years. He'd get his money back in time, doubled, but it would take some years, perhaps, before profits would accrue and dividends be declared. The deuce is, he won't put in a small part of his fortune, but every available yen he wants to throw into the road."

"I think," said Inouye, deliberately, "I would hand the whole thing to the syndicate. It would be better for you altogether, for the syndicate and for this country. I would not spoil so large a piece of work for one person."

His gentle, slow voice paused, and the American listened attentively to him.

"As you say, in the end it will mean loss to no one. Only because the work will be doubled in its volume will the time for profit be farther off."

The American closed his book with a snap and began folding the contracts and maps.

"I believe you are right, Inouye," he said; "I will have you write the syndicate later, and in the meantime write as courteous a letter as possible to Takamine, letting him know what we have decided upon, and explaining that profits will be doubled for him in the end. By the way, there's no use mentioning the time *when* profits begin to accrue. He would not understand that, and we must have his help with the government for the first eight months at least. Use your diplomacy, and make me a translation of the letter for my file before sending it out."

There was a half-perceptible smile on the interpreter's face as he withdrew.

It was some months before the work could be even begun on the road, for communication between America and Japan is slow, and Mr. Arthurs was obliged to submit most of his plans directly to the syndicate, although the latter had become so delighted with his success in obtaining, through Takamine, various governmental concessions and privileges that they put the utmost trust in the young man, and permitted him to push forward the work largely on his own responsibility.

The American had taken a larger suite of offices, and there were a couple of new Japanese clerks sitting in the outer offices of "The American Oriental Railroad Co."

Inouye's desk had been moved into the same office as the American's, and the pushing of the work forward depended as much on him as on the promoter himself.

Arthurs was a queer mixture of shrewdness and weakness. With the keenness of a veteran promoter he planned out a work so extensive that it threatened to absorb all smaller railways then existing in Japan. In spite of this he depended almost entirely on Inouye for the execution of his plans, and because of his confidence in him had appointed him assistant manager of the company. The American soon found it almost impossible to take a step without the assistance of Inouye, and indeed it was Inouye who gave the orders and saw they were carried out. There was scarcely a suggestion that Inouye made which was not agreed to by Arthurs, and in this way practically the entire management lay in the hands of the Japanese.

◆

Everything went smoothly with the company, and the American, having put the responsibility on the shoulders of Inouye, found leisure to see something of the country itself and take interest in the people. Like most foreigners, he soon succumbed to the *dolce far niente* of the atmosphere, and took his pleasures in a leisurely fashion. Indeed, there are few foreigners visiting Japan who look upon the country otherwise than as almost a pleasure resort; and though they arrive with all the ambition and vigor of the West, they soon slip off their commercial coats to don those of quiet peace, restfulness and sunshine. The ease and luxury which pervade the life of the higher class of Japanese is contagious, perhaps, to the foreigner, and the same listlessness soon makes itself manifest among them after a short residence there and when business cares press not too heavily. Of course, the merchant-class people are ever alert with a constant, keen eye for business, but this class of Japanese are seldom as attractive to the foreigner as the remnant of the old Samourai class. To pleasures they are addicted. Local fêtes, flowers of every season, snow and the full moon, all these give the better classes pretexts for forming convivial parties which meet in picturesque tea-houses and drink the tiny cups of hot *saké*, waited upon by the dazzling, tripping waitresses, and constantly cheered and entertained by the gaiety and accomplishments of the ever-present geisha.

With the usual abandon and extravagance of an American, Arthurs plunged into this novel and strangely fascinating life of gaiety and dissipation, which, though fully as attractive as that of his own country, yet nevertheless was seldom unhealthful, because seldom carried to excess. In fact, he grew happier and stronger under its influence. He was never bored, seldom melancholy. The geisha-girls kept him on a constant strain of mirth and sentiment, and the beauty of the scenery was restful enough for even the most weary man of the world.

Like most foreigners, the only native women he came in contact with were merely the geisha or dancing girls, and his ideas of Japanese women were entirely founded on the life of these girls, believing them typical of the Japanese woman. And with the usual susceptibility of a young man he fell in love with a fresh face, a newer grace, a brighter eye or redder lips each day.

◆

It was two years later. Takamine, who had as yet had little or scarcely any return for his invested money, grew more nervous each day. He had put the greater part of his wealth in the railroad, hoping to realize a profit from it very soon. To live in the extravagant style he had always done, and give his sons and daughter fitting educations, was a constant drain on his purse, already so badly depleted by his investment. Three of his sons were abroad, being educated in foreign lands, and there remained with him only his youngest child, Haru, who was motherless. She was the sunshine of the old man's life, and he made great plans for her future. His influence with the government had not been as great of late. He had been worsted in a recent election for governor of the province. He felt he would have gained this position had he been able to spend his money more lavishly, but with so much of it tied up in stocks and bonds of the railroad he did not feel encouraged to do so.

In the meanwhile Arthurs' position had grown in prominence; his salary was increased threefold, and he himself was one of the largest stockholders of the company. The railroad had progressed rapidly, and already included many miles of rail.

Yet in spite of the evident prosperity of the road, and the fact that it had already begun paying a small quarterly dividend to its stockholders, Takamine's financial affairs became more straitened. He had speculated heavily, and was gambling away the remnants of his fortune. His last and only resource was his investment with the railroad, and he vainly tried to sell the bonds. The Japanese are not, as a rule, a speculative people. Had he been in America he doubtless could have sold his bonds at even more than their face value; but in Japan it was different. The people, though vastly interested in the progress of the road, were yet niggardly in putting out any of their money, and when they did, it was only in small sums. In fact, the stockholders of the road were almost entirely English and Americans, and although Takamine had put nearly forty thousand dollars into the concern (and this is a fortune in Japan), he was anything but the largest stockholder of the company; for whereas he had paid in hard cash for all his stock, many of the stockholders had either been presented with or were supposed to have worked for a good part.

◆

One morning when the American sauntered into the office in his white flannels, looking anything but business-like, he found Inouye at a desk writing out a long contract, and sitting on the edge of the secretary's table he inquired as to its contents.

The young Japanese flushed a trifle, but answered quite readily that it was a legal betrothal contract.

"A—a wh-*what?*" said the American, dropping his half-smoked cigar from between his fingers.

"I wish to marry," said Inouye, smiling a trifle. "I have been partially betrothed for some years now," he added, quietly.

"The deuce you have! Rather ambiguous that 'partially.'"

The Japanese fingered the contract lovingly with his small, beautifully manicured fingers.

"That is," he added, slowly, "I have never had the consent of the father or of the girl, but—I have been determined it should be, and it will be!" he ended, convincingly. The American whistled softly.

"Hum! And what is she like? One of those delightful little yum-yum creatures who walk on their heels and trip on their toes, so that you never know whether they are dancing or merely walking? One of those cherry-lipped, peepy-eyed little witches who blow you a kiss to-day and a pout to-morrow?"

Inouye frowned.

"She is not like that," he said, briefly. "*Those* are *females*—only females," he added, in disgust.

The American sat up straight in his chair and stared with round eyes of wonder at the other.

"*Females!*"

Inouye had turned a half-angry red.

"You foreigners never *can* understand in Japan the difference between a Japanese *lady* and a—a mere female; that is what I call the ones you describe."

The American laughed outright. "You're a queer fellow, Inouye," he said. "My acquaintance with your countrywomen *has* been rather limited, I suppose."

"But you have had *no* acquaintance with my countrywomen," said the Japanese, proudly and doggedly.

The American leaned back in his chair and mused, and the interpreter continued writing his contract in fine Japanese figures.

"When is it coming off?" the American interrupted.

"It will depend if her father agrees," the other replied; and added, with a touch of satisfaction in his voice, "I think he now will."

◆

He raised his head from his work and looked at the American, smiling pleasantly. "Her name is Haru," he said, and a soft light shone for a moment in his eyes.

"Haru," repeated the American, softly. "What a pretty name! It means 'spring,' does it not?"

"Yes," said Inouye, "it means spring. She will be the very spring of my life. She is daughter to Takamine," he added, briefly.

The American sat stock-still. He remembered the incident three years before of the young man's proposal and refusal; of how he (Arthurs) had been told by Inouye to encourage the old man to invest as much as possible, and later of the pitiful state of Takamine's finances. The cold, emotionless face of his young secretary looked a trifle relentless and unscrupulous, and in a flash he understood just what the deteriorated fortunes of Takamine would mean to Inouye—deteriorated, however, only for a time, for he would eventually make immense profits on his investment. Mingled with the American's quick comprehension of the work of Inouye was a feeling of admiration at the quietness and skill with which he had carried it out, no one being sufferer therefrom save perhaps old Takamine, and he would be only for a short time. All this passed through the mind of the American with lightning rapidity. The Japanese found his slow, sharp words enigmatical when he broke the silence.

"You are a pretty clever fellow, Inouye. I believe you would sweep anything aside that stood in your way in order to attain your end."

Inouye did not reply, and after a time the American continued, deliberately: "You will marry a bride seemingly poor, in reality wealthy. Our road is bound to be a superlative success, as you know. Her father is one of the largest stockholders, though the old fool, I believe, has grown to think his bonds so much waste paper."

Arthurs got up from his seat and walked up and down the room, his hands thrust in his pockets, while Inouye watched him a trifle anxiously. He stopped by Inouye's chair, and said, quite gently:

"Well, I'm glad for you, my boy, and wish you every happiness. Don't blame you, either, if you love the girl. She must be very—er—pretty and sweet for you to have waited so long and taken such pains to win her. Of course she reciprocates your affection?"

"*That,*" said Inouye, evasively, "will come after marriage. It is always so in Japan. We do not love before marriage. We merely expect to love."

The American was silent.

[CONCLUDED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE]

FINDING HER PLACE

By Sallie Joy White

How little one hears in the present day about "woman's sphere." That much-abused expression has passed into the oblivion which it so justly merits, and it is to be fervently hoped that it will never be relegated thence. The period of such limitation has gone by, and to-day a woman's place is largely defined by her taste, capacity, education and health.

James Russell Lowell's statement that "No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him," may in the light of the dawning twentieth century be made to include woman as well. A child uninfluenced by the suggestions of others will engage in the occupations for which she is naturally adapted. She will do those things which she best loves to do, the things toward which she is drawn. In very truth, a child's mind is the guide to a woman's place. The lives of women who have become famous in various lines of work show that as children they spent many hours in counterfeiting the work in which they afterward became preëminent. The child's occupations were the woman's in embryo.

◆

The little girl whose dolls are often grievously ill, are nursed, nourished and cuddled, will, it is more than likely, find her place among the physicians or in the hospital wards as a nurse. The one who displays domestic tastes, who fashions marvelous creations in dresses and hats, who with her scissors produces original designs from colored papers, or who "plays school" with her little friends or teaches mimic doll-schools, will later find her place among the dressmakers, milliners, designers or teachers. The little one who enjoys her household toys, who has her tiny molding-board and rolling-pin by the side of her mother on a baking-day, who with her miniature tubs and wash-board personally launders her doll's clothes, shows the true instinct of the born housekeeper, and will prefer the corner by the home fireside for the field of her achievement, and the quiet duties of the house to those larger but no more noble and important ones of the world outside. The child who for hours sits with her book or studies totally oblivious to all surroundings may later find her place in the field of letters. The crude pencil-drawings of many a girl have the promise which in womanhood shall develop her into the artist.

The places occupied by the girl of fifty years ago are not sufficiently broad or numerous for the girl of to-day. Changed conditions have brought women not only to positions of larger duties and heavier responsibilities, but to broader growth and nobler life. Since the day of creation there never was an epoch when so many legitimate opportunities were given a girl to become a part of this working world, an essential factor in its progress, and a sharer with her brother in its emoluments as in this. Man has to-day to cope with a new knowledge, an unexpected aptitude in the woman with whom he is associated in the home as well as the world. But he does not find her any the less womanly for the new education. She still finds her highest service in ministering to humanity. The home over which she holds sway is a well-ordered place. She is the companion of her husband in all intellectual things, and she keeps pace with him in knowledge and understanding. She is a wiser guide for her children because she herself is better informed, and has the power of thinking out things along the most approved lines of family government. Does she go outside of the family to find her place, then patients in the hospitals wait for her ministrations, childish minds need her training and guidance, pharmacists require her assistance, publishers, architects, artists, offer to her the chance for a cultivated and honest life in places hitherto unoccupied.

◆

What of the discouraged women who find the battle of life seemingly going against them in spite of incessant struggle? Well, what of the discouraged men in like condition? In most cases both of men and women the struggles and disappointments in industrial pursuits arise from a lack of thought in choosing a career. That is fatal to any endeavor. A grave and daily recurring mistake is made in seeking the fields that are already overfull, and not looking afar for new occupations. If fewer girls would qualify themselves for the overcrowded professions, and fit themselves for other skilled employments and newer industries, there would be fewer discouraged, anxious, overburdened women.

The careful mother who watches her child and takes note of its developing tastes and studies its natural inclinations can assist much in deciding the question of occupation, and help the girl to find the place which is to be hers in the world. Fostering a taste, strengthening an inclination, this can be quietly done by the mother, and under such training the question will almost settle itself. She is a fortunate girl who has a mother who can set her with her face in the right direction toward her life-work.

Once her place is found the girl who would make her work profitable must pursue it diligently, striving with all her might to render herself as nearly perfect in it as possible. This is an age of competition, and only the best will succeed. Unless one strives incessantly to get to the top she will remain at the bottom, and down there lies the threatening monster starvation. Unless in filling her position she can make her influence and power felt broadly and beneficently, unless she can develop and bring the best, the noblest and the most generous instincts of her nature to her work, she has not chosen the right work or the right place in which to pursue it.

A Sunny Southerner

By Julia Magruder

Author of "The Princess Sonia," "Dead Selves," "Struan," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HUBBELL

XI

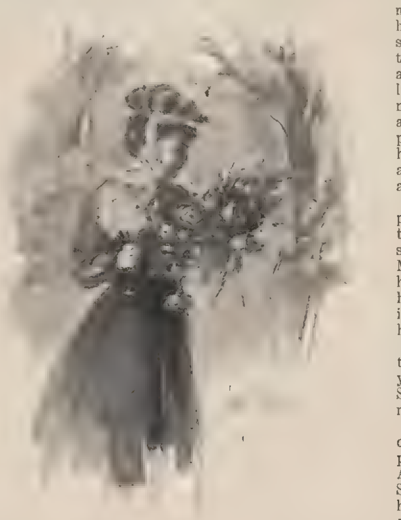
AFTER this interview Honora had a sense of greater aloofness on the part of Steele than before it. A sense of pride made her keep away from the building, and although she occasionally met him about the yard, his manner of touching his cap and walking on without meeting her glance irritated and humiliated her. At last she got to avoiding him, as she had fancied that he had avoided her, and often she would pass near him without looking in his direction. It was her intention in this to mortify him, but all the time she had the humiliating sense that she was not succeeding.

One afternoon it occurred to her that Chinkie had now reached the age when he might without harm be saddled and mounted. She had no idea of allowing any one to do this but herself. She was lighter and smaller than any of the negroes who were competent to the task, and it was not the first colt on the place to be ridden first by her. So, in her short blue skirt, flannel blouse and little thick boots, she went down to the stable-yard, ordered her saddle to be put on Chinkie, and led him out. This stable-yard was in full view from the new building, and she knew it. She had seen Steele on her way down stirring a new lot of mortar, and although she passed very near him she had not glanced in his direction. He was facing toward the stable, however, and this consciousness was in her mind as she put her foot into Uncle Daniel's hand and sprang into the saddle.

Chinkie, taken utterly by surprise, snorted and crouched low, then with a spring he rose in the air, and began a series of buck-jumps that would have made an uninitiated rider feel that shaking to pieces must be the result. Honora, however, had been used to horses since she was little more than a baby, and was an adept at cross-country riding, so she held her own without difficulty, calling to the stable-men to stand back and let the colt have it out. Between the jumps she would talk to him, pat him, coax him, reproach him and scold him, until gradually his sense of fright and excitement seemed to be subsiding, and she ventured to look about her.

The negroes at work in the field near by had left their plows and harrows, and come to the fence to look, anxiety and interest struggling in their faces. Those in the garden had done the same, and all the stable-hands were collected near her gazing with admiration at her horsemanship. Mammy was at the stile screaming out warnings from time to time. The workmen on the new house had paused also to look at her in wonderment. One of their number only seemed to take no notice. The tall man stirring the plaster continued his work with monotonous regularity. His head was bent and the brim of his cap shaded his eyes so that it was impossible to tell whether he so much as looked at her.

It seemed to her that he did not. From time to time she had glanced at him while Chinkie was preparing for a new spring, but his regular movement of the long-handled hoe had not been interrupted, and if he felt either interest, anxiety or admiration certainly he gave no sign.



"She was seen carrying flowers into the room"

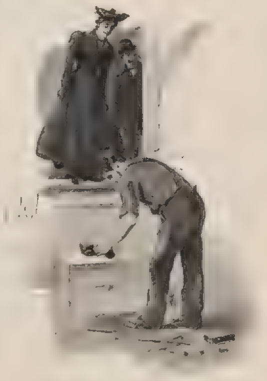
Twenty times, perhaps, the colt bolted upright, and then came down with a powerful force, squaring himself for his next leap. Honora's cap was shaken off, her hair shaken down, and her mouth filled with the taste of blood. But she never wavered once. She knew that she and Chinkie had to have it out, and she peremptorily forbade interference. At last the little brute got tired. He realized that the weight upon his back was not to be thrown off. Perhaps he realized also at last that this weight was the little mistress that he loved. At all events he calmed down, and when Honora urged him again to go forward he seemed suddenly to make up his mind to go. He was still excited, however, and when he darted out of the stable-yard and down the road his motion was so fleet that Honora's brown locks streamed out behind her like a pennant in the breeze.

Once her back was turned the workman rested on his hoe and gazed and gazed until she was out of sight. There was interest enough in his face then, and admiration as well, but of fear or anxiety there was none. Evidently he felt her equal to her task, and gloried in it.

All the rest went back to work, but he alone continued to watch. No one took account of this, however, or saw the look of relief that came upon his face when after awhile the horse and rider reappeared, the former meek and docile, the latter proud and satisfied.

The stirring of the plaster went on all the same, but the man who did it lost nothing of the scene in the stable-yard. He saw Honora spring to the ground and run to the colt's head, and then began a series of pattings and huggings and kissings and tender name-callings that made him dig his hoe into the plank at the bottom of the pit until the scrape could be heard ten paces off. He bit his lip, too, and he murmured to himself, "Preposterous foolishness! Damn that brute!"

But Honora continued to caress and fondle. She sent for apples and sugar, and fed him from her hand. Then she gave him one more squeeze and kissed him twice between the eyes, and turned away, beginning to twist up her wild locks. One of the boys handed her her crop and cap, and she immediately started toward the house.



"Taking the soft cap from his head brushed off the dust"

This time as she approached the plaster-maker he ceased his work and looked full at her. All the carefully hoarded reserve was banished now; his face was eager, smiling, ardent, as she drew near to him. There was a message on it for her written as plain as day.

But she glanced neither to the right nor to the left.

An old collie, the mother of a family of little ones that were yelping under the house, ran down the path to meet her, and she gave it her full attention.

"Down, Mopsa, down!" she said; but so playful and caressing were both her looks and tones that Mopsa understood it to be an invitation, and leaped and whined about her, licking her hands so fondly that Steele under his breath uttered another anathema of "those brutes." There are times when it maddens a man to see a woman shower her caresses on an animal. Perhaps Honora did not know this fact. Perhaps she did! At all events she suffered Mopsa's affection very willingly, and allowed her hands to be licked and her dress to be muddied, and in return for all this she patted and played with her, and called her tender names as long as she was within sight and earshot of Steele.

But when she had quite passed him, disdaining even to glance toward him, she swiftly drew away from Mopsa, and running up to her own room she shut herself in, and then turning to the mirror looked herself in the face.

She could not fail to see that it was bonny—that young and glowing face. She did see it, but the sight made the tears spring.

"What's the use?" she cried. "Suppose I am pretty! Nobody cares!" And the sobs began to rise. She choked them back, however, and made an excuse for them to herself. "Chinkie must have shaken me up more than I realized," she said. "I really feel quite unnerved. I must lie down awhile."

But before doing so she looked out of the window. There was Steele at his work, his back toward her, and his arms moving strongly and regularly. The sight seemed to restore at once her lost self-command. "What an unparalleled idiot I am!" she said. "I wonder what's the matter with me. I'm thinking quite too much about that workman. My father is right. Hereafter he doesn't exist for me," and she snapped her fingers in the air.

Then, as she brushed out her thick locks and twisted them into a smooth knot, she began to whistle. It was a gay little tune that she whistled, but the look in her eyes matched it ill.

XII.

ABOUT this time Mr. Barrett came again to Chiltern Hall, for the purpose, as he stated, of inspecting the progress of the work. At first his coming seemed to rouse in Honora a distinct sense of irritation. What was the use of his coming back? she asked, impatiently. The work was all right. It was too far advanced, anyway, to make any changes should they be desired. She was so reluctant to receive this guest, and so unwilling to take the trouble of him, that her father for the first time in his life accused her of inhospitality. Even this failed to change her attitude toward the expected guest, and her father was distinctly annoyed by it.

Suddenly, however, the change did come—from no one knew where. All at once she began to take an interest in the expected arrival, and she was seen carrying flowers into the room that was prepared for him, and even hanging fresh curtains in it herself. And when the trap brought him from the station she came out to meet him all in white. It was the first time she had put on a thin cotton dress, and she looked her charmingest in it. The day was really summerish, and some rich pink roses had opened, which she wore at her belt.

Mr. Barrett had stopped at the new house, and was standing there talking to Steele when Honora came out on the porch. Her summer bravery gave a new tone to her beauty, and there was certainly the reflection of her roses in her cheeks.

Steele stood with his back toward Honora, and Mr. Barrett faced her. The moment the latter caught sight of her he broke off in the midst of a sentence, and sped toward her with an eagerness that seemed significant of much. As he mounted the steps in his smart clothes, with his covert coat across his arm and his smoothly parted blonde head bared, Steele stood and looked after him. He saw how the young dandy ran up the steps, and he saw also how graciously Honora offered her hand, and how her lips smiled and her cheeks dimpled as she welcomed him. How fresh and dainty and correct they both looked! He glanced down at his blue jeans overalls streaked with lime and dirt, and a queer sort of smile came into his face. But now the man and girl had vanished within the house, and the workman returned to his labor.

Barrett, whose face had been glowing with pleasure, looked suddenly dampened when Honora with a distinct change of tone said, formally, "My father will be so glad to see you again. He is not quite as active in his habits as he once was, and I sometimes wish for his sake that we oftener had guests to relieve the tedium of the hours he is forced to spend indoors."

Her companion's face had certainly fallen, but she took no heed of the fact as she asked him to sit down, and then excused herself, saying she would go and find her father. He made an effort to detain her, but she answered him over her shoulder as she went from the room.

Mr. Barrett stood where she had left him, silent and perplexed. He could not quite make this young lady out. The hours and days that followed added to his perplexity about her. Never was maiden so variable, so unaccountable, so capricious! It was the thought of seeing her again which had brought him back to Chiltern Hall; the building was only a pretext. He ventured to tell her this the morning after his arrival, and was answered by a haughty stare and a manner which plainly said that she refused to understand him. Seeing that she meant to discourage him he was much amazed next morning when as he stood in the new building talking to Bryson she came out in a smart riding-habit, looking enchantingly sweet, and said, coaxingly:

"Do leave all these dull matters to the workmen whose business they are, and come with me for a ride. I'm pining for one, and I do so want a companion."

Bryson had turned away for the moment and did not hear her, but Steele, who was at work near by, must of necessity have heard. He gave no sign, however, and when Honora, followed with alacrity by Mr. Barrett, passed him on her way out of the building he looked entirely stolid and imperturbable.

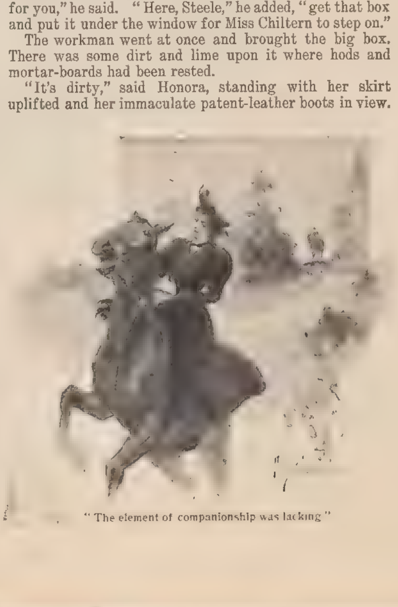
There was a plank placed in the door in lieu of steps, and Honora had entered the building by this means, but in leaving it she went to one of the window-casements very near to Steele, and said to Barrett, gaily:

"Jump out there and give me your hands, and I'll jump, too. It's the nearest way to the stable."

But Barrett objected. "The jump would be too much for you," he said. "Here, Steele," he added, "get that box and put it under the window for Miss Chiltern to step on."

The workman went at once and brought the big box. There was some dirt and lime upon it where hods and mortar-boards had been rested.

"It's dirty," said Honora, standing with her skirt uplifted and her immaculate patent-leather boots in view.



"The element of companionship was lacking"

"Get something and brush it off," said Mr. Barrett to Steele, who had returned to his stirring of plaster.

The workman stirred on, as if he had not heard.

"I say, Steele! Get a broom or something and brush off this box for Miss Chiltern to step on," said Mr. Barrett, in a tone which it was impossible that the workman should not hear. He made no sign of having done so, however, as he continued to stir his plaster with a calm and impassive face.

Then Honora spoke. "I wish the dirt brushed off this box!" she said, imperiously.

Instantly the hoe was dropped, and the man came forward. Not waiting to look for a brush, he swept off the bits of trash and plaster with his bare hand, and then taking the soft cap from his head brushed off the dust which remained. Then, his head bared, he stepped back that Mr. Barrett might give the lady his helping hand.

He held it out eagerly, but with utter disregard of it she gathered her skirt about her, and with a flying leap had sprung entirely over the box and landed lightly on the ground. Barrett uttered an exclamation.

"Did I frighten you?" she said, with a winning smile. "Forgive me if I did," and she held out her hand.

He took it eagerly, and they went off toward the stable. Steele meantime had returned to his work, but he was facing them, and as he watched them walking off together he smiled. "Little minx!" he said to himself, as if he relished both the sight and thought. He could see them in the stable-yard, where her order to saddle the horses was quickly obeyed.

Chinkie was brought out for her, and Mr. Chiltern's plodding old nag for her companion. Then at her command Mr. Barrett came forward to mount her. He was so awkward over it, however, and gave way so ignominiously under the weight of her body in his hand that the little foot fell to the earth. Chinkie gave a frightened leap, and Uncle Daniel had to come and mount her. All this the workman saw with a smile.

Mounted at last, it was some time before she could get a start. The excited little animal had to execute a few prancings, rearings and buck-jumps before he was off, but once started he went like a flash. Both horse and rider had vanished over the crest of the hill before the attendant cavalier had mounted.

It even made the stable-boys smile to see the ambling gait of the fat old horse on which Mr. Barrett, none too sure of himself on any horse, followed in Miss Chiltern's wake. And Steele, who was watching it all, smiled also.

Chinkie was in perfect condition. The day was beautiful, and the ride was to Honora a delightful one. The element of companionship, however, which she had made such a point of was conspicuously lacking. The road was a straight one, so that there was little danger that Mr. Barrett would get lost, and she tried to keep within sight of him, though not until she had turned to come home did he get within speaking distance of her. He was feeling not a little provoked at the turn events had taken, but her face was so radiant, her manner so charming as she came up to him that he could not resist her.

"I can hardly call this taking a ride with you, Miss Chiltern," he said. "It's rather a ride after you."

"Yes. Isn't it too bad that Chinkie is so fast and Joan is so slow? But I think my little man is a good deal tired out after that canter, so perhaps he will consent to return at a more reasonable pace."

Chinkie, as if in agreement with her words, had settled down to a placid walk, and now threw out his chin, stretching the reins, which were loose in the girl's hands, until he felt entirely comfortable. For some little time they walked their horses, and talked fitfully. Suddenly the man said, with a new earnestness in his voice:

"Your father has asked me to stay over Sunday. Do you second the invitation?"

"By all means! I think visitors do papa so much good," she said, cordially.

"Is it then only on his account that you would have me stay? You surely know that it was not on his account that I came."

"Certainly—I know that. It was the building that brought you, of course."

"No," he said, gravely, "not the building. It was—"

"Whoa, Chinkie, whoa!" interrupted the girl, giving a jerk to Chinkie's reins that seemed to have an effect opposite to what might have been expected by her words, for the little animal, suddenly excited, made a dash forward, and was off and away like a flash.

Mr. Barrett as he followed was distinctly indignant. He had understood the manœuver perfectly. He saw that the girl had deliberately interrupted him. What did she mean by it? Was it an intentional repulse, or was it only girlish coquetry? This was what he must find out.

Honora was waiting for him at the stable. When Barrett came up they rode together to the house. Here Honora deliberately waited for Mr. Barrett to dismount her. One of the stable-men was there, but she kept her seat until Mr. Barrett got off his horse and came to her side, when she smiled upon him radiantly, and allowed him literally to lift her from the saddle. The workman Steele was not too far away to see all this distinctly.

As for Barrett, his hopes rebounded suddenly. He read encouragement in that lovely smile, and as he followed her into the house he felt bold enough to say:

"You know what brought me back here. Don't you?"

"Why, of course. The building. What else should it be?" she said, with a cool lightness that again turned the tide of his feelings, and before he had time to recover she had left the room.

All the rest of that day he could see that she avoided him. It was quite in vain that he tried to get a moment alone with her. She kept close to her father's side, and even managed to elude the very looks of their visitor.

At last, feeling that he could stand it no longer, Barrett got up and said he must see Bryson. She let him go without a word or a look, but when he was half way to the new house she called to him from the porch.

"What is it?" he said, turning suddenly at the sound of her voice.

"Hurry back," she said, with a sweet familiarity. "You are wanted here more than you are there."

His face beamed. "I'll return at once," he said, and merely stopping to say a word or two to Bryson he came back with impatient haste—to find Mr. Chiltern alone!

"Where is Miss Chiltern?" he asked.

"She has gone to her room to lie down. She complained of being tired, and asked me not to let her be disturbed until tea-time."

Now thoroughly indignant at such fast and loose treatment, Barrett nursed his wrath assiduously for the next few hours, and when he came to the tea-table he was feeling and looking rather stern and repellent.

Honora, on her part, was quite unconscious, and made herself charming and amusing, though she kept the talk on general and impersonal lines.

When bed-time came he was obliged to own that he had failed completely in his efforts to snub his young hostess.

XIII.

THE next day was Sunday. Finding that he was expected to go to church, Mr. Barrett had some hope that a *tête-à-tête* drive might be arranged for his young hostess and himself. But it was the old family carriage that was brought around, and he found that the plan was that he should share it with Mr. Chiltern and his daughter. He now saw the latter for the first time in the neat decorum of a conventional toilet.

She seemed to be in a serious mood. Her face was grave, not to say sad. Once or twice as she sat looking out of the window, while she left the talking to her father and himself, he fancied that there was a look in her eyes which would have perhaps been accompanied by two tear-drops had not a resolute self-command prevented. What was she thinking of? he wondered. Oh, to get some real insight into this inscrutable girl!

Certainly her manner was more serious than even the solemnity of the place required, as she walked up the church aisle and knelt in her pew. Barrett came next, and Mr. Chiltern last. When Honora rose from her knees the look of sadness was still on her face, and Barrett thought she drew unnecessarily far away from him toward the corner of her pew.

The service began. As all the congregation were standing some one entered the pew directly behind Mr. Chiltern's, and went to the far end of it. An acute consciousness of this presence suddenly took possession of Honora. She kept her eyes dropped upon the book in her hands, but while she saw nothing and heard nothing from the seat behind her, she felt that the person in it was Steele. She might possibly without knowing it have gained a vague impression out of the corner of her lowered eyes of the outline of this person's figure, but she felt through a process more subtle than sight that it was the person who had been insistently in her thoughts this morning—the workman called Steele.

When the Psalter began she listened for his voice. It was silent, however, though she heard him rise in his seat, and she felt his great height towering behind her. She read the responses herself, but her voice was not steady. She heard her father's familiar gruff tones, and she heard the somewhat nasal voice of Mr. Barrett. But the sound she listened for came not.

When the congregation presently knelt in prayer she was conscious that the figure behind her knelt also, and so was the least bit closer to her. She felt herself strangely agitated. She tried to persuade herself that she was mistaken. It might be any big countryman, she told herself. But all the time she knew who it was.

As she muttered her low *amens* she listened for his, but no sound came from the seat behind. Still she felt him there, and to be thus near him in this solemn place where she was acting no part, but must needs be herself, had a strange effect on her.

Her feelings were as primitive as a child's. She wanted to be good—to please God, to satisfy her father, to be the simple, sincere, honest creature who might be worthy of a good man's respect and affection. She felt ashamed of her capriciousness with Mr. Barrett, and more ashamed still of the impression she had tried to make on Steele. The sense of her own unworthiness oppressed her so that a dark cloud seemed to wrap her in. In the complexity of emotions which held her she was conscious of a great loneliness, and her sense of utter isolation in spirit from the man so near her in bodily presence seemed to her to proceed from her own lightness and unworthiness. She had been trying to make him her friend, and he had eluded her. Why was this? Was it not on account of the fact she now felt so overwhelmingly—her own unworthiness of so high a call? Who was she but a poor, insignificant little nobody, while he, no matter what his daily work might be—he was a man of mark in mind, in soul, in character, just as surely as he was in body!

She was following the service automatically, too absorbed, agitated, depressed, to know what the minister was saying or the people answering, when the congregation rose to sing a hymn. Suddenly, softly, so low as to be almost a whisper, as if for herself alone, the voice behind her joined in the words:

"Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!"

It was too sweet. She felt that she could hardly bear it. The tears overflowed her eyes and were soaked into the thin veil that she wore. She was afraid of breaking down completely, when suddenly she began to feel a sense of support from that strong voice, those divinely reassuring words. The voice grew fuller, louder, stronger, so that the inferior voices near it were subdued by it, but still she could perceive that it was carefully restrained, and that not one half of its full volume was given out.

In the strangest way it seemed to soothe her. Her spirit rested on it as upon a palpable support. That voice, so near to her that by reaching out her hand she might touch the man to whom it belonged, seemed to say to her, simply, "Here is rest." She did not reach out her hand. She did not so touch him in bodily contact, but she knew that her spirit touched his, and all her heart was a hope that he might know it even as she did.

When she rose from her knees after the benediction and looked about her the pew behind was empty, but down near the door she caught a glimpse of the tall form and massive shoulders of the young workman.

Mr. Barrett, it appeared, had been impressed by the singing also, and had recognized the owner of the voice. When they were on their way home he said:

"Did you know that that remarkably beautiful voice in the pew behind belonged to one of the workmen on your house? It was so evidently cultivated that I turned, expecting to see a gentleman. Really, the advantages now open to the laboring classes have an objectionable side. If our artisans and day-laborers are going to be so cultivated all distinction will soon be done away with."

A few hours ago these words would have provoked a retort from Honora, but since her experience in the church she felt herself deeply humbled. How flippant and unworthy seemed to her now her efforts to wound one man by seeming to favor another, and how regardless of the feelings of this other had she been in thus trying to make a fool of him for the gratification of her selfish and heartless ends! So now, instead of answering sharply she looked at the smart young fop seated opposite her with a gentle smile. What was the use of expecting to get out of people what they did not have in them? How was he to comprehend how poor and cheap a thing he was compared to the man of "the laboring classes" referred to with such lofty scorn?

Barrett for his part took her kindly glance for an encouragement which she was far from meaning to give, but her mind was so preoccupied that she took little note of him and what he might think.

All that day Honora was in a mood in which he scarcely knew her thoughtful, serious, and so dangerously gentle that the poor fellow who had been hesitating on the brink of proposal for a long time now waited eagerly for the opportunity to make the plunge.

Perhaps Honora felt it, for she managed to baffle him in all his efforts to speak with her alone. At last the day was gone, and the evening, too, was near its close, and she had not left the protection of her father's side. Now the old gentleman was dozing in his big chair, and from his lips there issued at regular intervals sounds of that peculiar form of snoring called "smoking a pipe."

Honora looked across at Barrett and smiled—a sweet, familiar, unembarrassed smile, quite innocent on her part, but dangerous in its effect on the man. He did not smile in answer, but looking grave almost to sternness, he got up and came to a seat beside her on the sofa.

"I have been trying to get a word with you all day," he said. "As I leave at daybreak I shall not see you in the morning, and there is something I have to say to you. You surely know what it is."

Honora felt a sudden sense of helplessness. She heard the regular puff-puff-puff of her father's breathing; she could see the monotonous rise and fall of his chest, and the distention of his upper lip as each breath forced its way between the closed lips. He was sound asleep, and any hope of rescue from that source she saw was wholly futile. Barrett had drawn nearer. His eyes sought hers with an insistency that would not be evaded. It was in answer to them as well as to his words that she said:

"Oh, don't—I beg you not to! Whatever it is, don't tell me now."

"Excuse me, but I must. You must hear me, and answer me. I love you. I desire above all things to have you for my wife. Will you marry me?"

The whispered lowness of his tones seemed to concentrate their fervor. In spite of herself she was moved by them, but her great longing was to get away. "No—no," she said, "I cannot. I never could. I beg you to forgive me if I have misled you. I am so sorry, but—"

"Do not speak too hastily," he whispered. "You may not care for me now, but let me hope that in time I might win you. I can offer you such a position in the world as your beauty and talents have made you fit for. I can give you all that money can procure, and you should travel, see the world, be admired, and become a power in social life. I mention these things because you know very little about me, but you will find all that I say true. Your father knows my family and connections, and can easily verify the rest. I think what I have to offer is not unworthy your acceptance, and I beg that you will at least consider my proposal."

"I cannot. It is impossible," said the girl. "All these things that you mention are as nothing to me. They are not what I care for in life. Whether I ever get that or not seems very doubtful, but at least I will take no substitute. Let us say no more about it, Mr. Barrett. I am sorry if I give you pain, but it is impossible that I should change."

The young man looked both hurt and offended.

"One question more," he said. "I will not consider your hasty answer as final except on one ground only. If you love some other man—"

He paused, eyeing her keenly. The color flooded her face, and she drew in her breath with a sort of gasp.

"If this is so," he said, "I have not another word to say; but I must know the truth. Is it so?"

"Oh, I'm afraid it is!" she said, on the breath of a great sigh, and then, before he realized what she was doing, she had slipped past him and was gone.

The old colonel continued to puff his pipe in the corner, but the sweet presence of Honora was gone from out his life forever. The next morning he left Chiltern Hall to return no more.

[CONCLUDED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE]

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY

By Margaret Müller Byers

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

IT IS a bad thing to bring up a girl as a beauty and a belle, with the idea that she can do no wrong, and after marrying her to a much older man for his money expect a perfect wife as the result. The experiment is so often a failure that a happy outcome to such a match is a rare exception to the rule.

Young Mrs. Rutherford was a good illustration of this fact. She may have been unconscious of it, and it was probably as natural for her to act as she did as it was for the ladies at the "Springs" to criticise and give her the cold shoulder in consequence. You could see from the first what they all thought, and what their husbands and brothers were expected to think. Unfortunately, some of the latter were inclined to think for themselves, and were a little skeptical as to the possibility of an unbiased feminine opinion on anything else feminine. They therefore refused to believe implicitly what was told with many shrugs and uplifted eyebrows.

Even MacLaughlin, who hated a coquette, took up the cudgels in defense of her more than once, and Coningsby, whom all women deferred to, declared it was a confounded shame.

Everything went at a swinging gait that season, and the famous old resort was never so gay. The hotel was full, and the cottages were all taken long before the summer was on. There were pretty girls galore, and no end of lovely matrons, while the gowns worn were, to use a man's description, simply "out of sight."

The girls got them in for all they were worth, and wrought havoc among the sterner sex. Mrs. Rutherford did likewise, and could give any woman there "points" on style, as Mac said. There was no disputing the fact, she was wonderfully pretty, and knew how to wear her clothes. Even the ladies admitted that—among themselves. The masculine opinion on the subject was unanimous.

It was not so much the cost of her gowns, for with all her wealth she dressed rather simply, but it was the way she carried them off. You could see the girls take her in from the corners of their eyes, and look hopeless. Even Mrs. Marlande-Stone, an authority on the art herself, declared she was beaten on her own ground. That, above all else, settled Mrs. Rutherford's fate. That, and her calm and complete appropriation of Mr. Granville Post, the general favorite.

"It's not fair to the girls," Mrs. Marlande-Stone said. "Mr. Post was our particular pride and dependence. And it is not fair to him."

"But he seems to be a willing slave," was suggested.

"Oh, of course; he cannot help himself; no one blames *him*."

This view of the question, so truly feminine, and betraying such insight into the art of entangling, was unanswerable.

No one dared to say a word to Gran, even his best friend, after the way he shut up MacLaughlin, who ventured to expostulate mildly.

Things were looking serious, and pretty Mrs. Rutherford was fast becoming the talk of the place, when her husband arrived on the scene. He was a rather handsome man, *blasé*, and inclined to the heavy order, with a coldly supercilious manner which was tiresome. I think some of the younger women were inclined to forgive Mrs. Rutherford after seeing him.

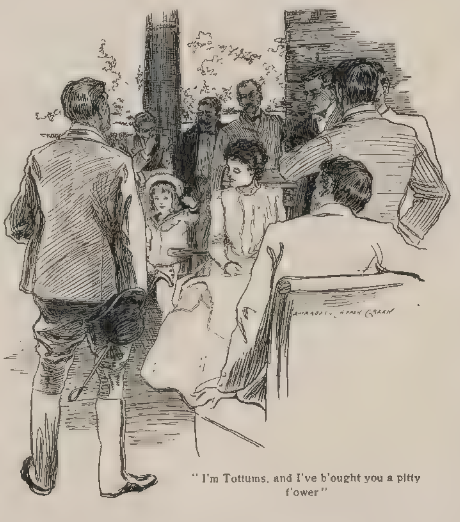
The gentleman had also an unlimited capacity for champagne, and was accused of having, so the men said, too professional a hand at cards to be pleasant. There were several interesting tales told of his career abroad, and his not too scrupulous dealings at his club.

Mrs. Rutherford did not seem to mind his arrival in the least, and he apparently ignored her rather pronounced behavior with the admiring circle of men who surrounded her on all occasions. If he noticed he gave no sign. He certainly could not help seeing how very devoted Mr. Post was, and that his wife's association with the ladies was limited. As he spent most of the time at cards or at the bar probably he did not notice.

At any rate, people began to talk more than ever, and to couple Granville's name with hers. It was more than hinted that she and her husband were at daggers' points, and an excuse for legal separation all that was wanting. She seemed bent on supplying the deficiency. Granville possibly did not realize his position, for he was honestly in love. Every one agreed it was an awful pity. She was only twenty-five, and he not much older. But both seemed indifferent to comments, and drifted on to the inevitable.

There is no telling what might have happened after that had it not been for Tottums. Tottums' mamma had been a belle at the "Springs" before she married Tottums' papa, and all of the "old set" knew and loved the bright, happy little woman, and made much over Tottums. He was a big-eyed, sunny-haired, sturdy little fellow of just four years' experience of life, with unlimited capacity for loving and being loved. From the proprietors to the porters all were devoted to the child, and his company was in demand. He divided his time and favor among them all, and was as delighted to take a "bus" ride with "Pomp" as he was to have MacLaughlin take him out driving behind his bays. The waiters were his sworn friends, and the elevator-boy his devoted slave, spending off-time riding Tottums up and down until his mamma interfered. The ladies called him a "darling," and the men voted him a "trump." The boy found his way into every one's good graces, and even into the billiard-room, where the most inveterate player would stop a game to romp with him. Coningsby, whom everything bored more or less, would lay himself out for Tottums' amusement, and MacLaughlin fairly loved the boy. But then, as every one knew, he had loved the child's mother, and it was not to be wondered at if some of the old tenderness was called out by the little one. Any other child would probably have been spoiled by all this notice, but Tottums' mamma was a wise little woman, and in this case Wisdom was justified of her children.

Now, Mrs. Rutherford had never bowed down at the boy's shrine, and the ladies had voted it another evidence of total depravity. But Tottums' mamma thought differently. So one morning, as Mrs. Rutherford held her usual levee on the veranda, she was approached by Tottums, resplendent in a white outing-suit, his broad-brimmed sailor pushed back on his golden head and his admiring eyes fixed on her face. Coming directly to her side he confidently announced:


"I'm Tottums, and I've b'ought you a pitty f'ower"

"I'm Tottums, and I've b'ought you a pitty f'ower."

He held out a large daisy, and Mrs. Rutherford's flashing smile responded to this flattering homage as she took the flower and the little hand in her own.

"For me? Thanks, very much, Tottums," she said, gaily. "I never had such a pretty flower before."

The child watched her gravely as she stuck the daisy in her belt, then with a sigh of satisfaction raised his eyes to hers and smiled. Mrs. Rutherford was completely vanquished.

"We're not in it—a little bit—eh, Post?" laughed one of the men.

She took no notice, but drew the boy on her lap.

"And why did you bring—me—the flower, Tottums?" she asked, smiling, yet a little anxiously.

The boy thought a moment, then a look across at his mamma seemed to lend inspiration.

"I dessed," he said, with a radiant look of confidence at his new friend, "I fwought p'r'aps you hadn't any little boy to bwing you f'owers, like my mamma has."

Mrs. Rutherford's arms tightened suddenly about the child, as for a swift moment she thought of the little child dead before he had hardly lived, and of all she had meant to be to him. The beautiful eyes were brighter than ever with unshed tears.

"You're right, Tottums, I haven't. I wish I had."

After that she was Tottums' most devoted, and the admiration was mutual. Some of the ladies were a wee bit jealous of her, but Tottums' mamma smiled whenever she saw him the center of the laughing group around Mrs. Rutherford.

Now, Tottums' mamma had known Mrs. Rutherford when both were belles in their first season, and one night as he sat in his crib waiting to say his prayer his mamma and papa talked very softly as they stood together at the window. His mamma's voice sounded so troubled, Tottums wondered if she had "stumped" her toe, or had any like mishap which should cause her pain.

"It's such a pity!" she said, softly. "She is very unhappy, I think, and has become reckless—"

"Of course, that is the worst of it. But what can be done?"

"Something ought to be done to help her," his mamma said, with a sigh.

"Has you stumped your toe, muvver?" asked Tottums.

She looked around quickly, then giving his papa a reproving look as he laughed, came over to the crib.

She put her arms around the little white-robed figure, and held him close to her, thinking pitifully of the other woman with all her wealth lacking all that was best in life.

"No, my boy; but one of mother's friends has hurt herself."

"Who is it, muvver?"

"Mrs. Rutherford, dear; your pretty lady, who is so good to you."

Tottums sat up and studied his pink toes gravely.

"Is she hurted—bad?" he asked, anxiously.

"It may be worse, dear, if she is not more careful," and his mamma hugged him tightly to her.

"I'll div her my ball, muvver," Tottums said, suddenly remembering his great solace when he had a stumped toe or such accidental woes. He wondered if Mrs. Rutherford had stumped her toe.

His mamma smothered him with kisses, then said, with a queer little break in her sweet voice:

"I don't think she will need your ball, dear, but when you say your 'thank you' to-night you may ask our Father to help her."

So Tottums knelt down, and after the short thanksgiving for all the good things that blessed his baby life he added, softly:

"And bless my dear pwetty lady, 'tause she has hurted herself, and p'ease he'p her det well, 'tause balls won't do any dood."

Then he smiled happily at his mamma as she put him in his crib, and said, confidently:

"It will be all w'ight now, muvver."

The next day Mrs. Rutherford was a source of unusual interest to Tottums, who watched her every movement. But being a polite little fellow he asked no questions, and his anxiety about her was allayed by the lady's evident good spirits and immunity from "stumped toes."

That night things came to a climax. Rutherford had been drinking a good deal, and his wife seemed more reckless than ever.

She had been driving with Granville Post, and returned very late. The dining-room was almost deserted when they entered, and not noticing that her husband was still seated at their table she invited Gran to join her. Before he could refuse or accept Rutherford rose unsteadily, and said with a sneer:

"Don't let me prevent your acceptance. Mrs. Rutherford's preference for your society is so very evident that for the future I hope she will dispense with mine altogether."

His wife burst out laughing, rather too loudly, and the waiters tried to look as if they had not heard every word, while Granville was white with rage.

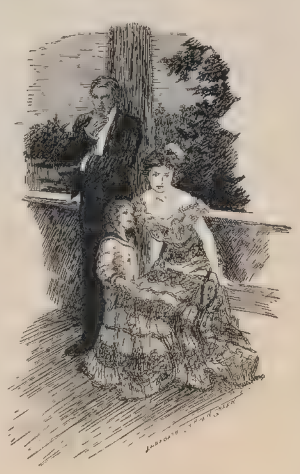
There was a german that evening, and the verandas were deserted. Where the two went no one knew but Tottums.

Tottums found them. He was looking for his mamma to put him to bed, and came across them at the far end of the porch, Mrs. Rutherford sitting with her face hid against the railing, and Gran leaning near her talking with suppressed passion.

She was crying bitterly. That was more than Tottums' sympathetic soul could stand. He went up close to her, and touched her softly.

"Has you hurted yourse'f worser?" he asked.

She started, and turned her tear-stained face toward the child, then tried to laugh.


"Has you hurted yourse'f worser?"

"Betause," Tottums went on cheerfully, "you know it don't he'p any to cwy about it, and it will soon be better an' not hurt you so bad. On'y," quoting the oft-repeated maternal injunction, "be more tareful nex' time."

Mrs. Rutherford's beautiful face flushed and paled as she looked up at Granville. He turned away with something like a groan. She drew the boy to her gently, and asked:

"Who sent you? Who told you I had hurt myself, dear?"

"My muvver said you was hurted." Tottums' eyes shone with pity and love. "But I dess Dod sent me, p'r'aps, 'tause," very gravely, "I told him 'bout it, and asked him to he'p you det well."

"Amen," said the "pretty lady," as she bowed her head to the child's face.

She left the next day with her husband. But before she went she had a long talk with Tottums' mamma, whose sweet eyes were tender as she kissed her good-by, and who looked prouder than ever of Tottums.

The Leisure Half-Hour

HER NEW MAID

YOUNG Mrs. Alden was all in a flutter as she sat in her dainty little parlor awaiting the advent of her new maid. It was also her first maid. Hitherto she and Jack had led an infatuated sort of an existence which had made the labors of their doll-like house as light as air. Then they lived in the suburbs, for economy, and maids objected to the suburbs. She walked to the mirror for inspection. Was she capable of inspiring due respect—such a slip of a girl?

A loud peal of the door-bell caused her to grasp the mantel with a shiver. She dimly remembered that Jack had said the maid's name was Mary, and that she was not young. "Good-afternoon, Mary," she rehearsed, gravely. "That's easy to say." Still she grasped the unresponsive mantel. A second peal stimulated her to energy. As she opened the door her courage took a startling bound.

"Ah, good-afternoon!" she said, blandly, to the quiet-looking woman on the steps. "I suppose you are Mary? My husband said you would come out on this train. I will show you to your room. When you have changed your dress I will acquaint you with your duties."

When Mr. Alden returned at night his wife flew to meet him. "She's a perfect treasure, Jack!" she cried, "and knows more about serving a course dinner than I do. I told her that we did not usually serve in courses, but as your aunt, who was used to such service, was coming soon to visit us, we would begin to-night for practice. There's but one thing I dislike—she's inquisitive."

"How so, Midget?"

"She asked if we expected this aunt's money, and if she was a disagreeable old woman."

"That's from ignorance," explained Mr. Alden, loftily. "Aunt Helen's appearance does not indicate her wealth, but I have rather a pleasant memory of her. Her fortune she has bequeathed to some charitable institution, and we shall not have a penny."

"So I told Mary, and —"

Mrs. Alden stopped confusedly, conscious that thus discussing family affairs with a menial was not in form, to say the least. The Japanese gong, which until now had served for ornament alone, sounded musically the hour of dining.

The soup was excellent. Mrs. Alden looked at her husband for confirmation of this fact.

Horrors! He had paused in the act of carrying a spoonful to his mouth, and was staring with distended eyes at—the new maid. The next minute he was on his feet shaking her cordially by the hand.

"No apology is necessary," his wife heard her say. "I am glad it happened, for I have learned as I should never have done otherwise how sincere you both were in wishing to make my visit enjoyable, without thought of reparation."

"Oh, Jack! Is this Aunt Helen? What have I done?"

"You have ruined the prospects of a certain hospital, my dear," replied Aunt Helen, "and made your husband my heir. But before we proceed any further I would like to state 'me intinshuns of lavin' yer sarvice, mum.'"

KATHERINE BELL TIPPETTS.

◆

BOGGLES' BRINDLE HEN

"A HEN may possess fewer brains than any other animal of her heft, but you would think she might make some use of the few she has. Yes, a man might reasonably expect that much of her, at any rate," snorted Boggles, as he limped into the house, rubbing his head with one hand and nursing his knee with the other, and dropped heavily into a chair.

"Why, what has a hen been doin' to you now, Hiram? Hain't bit you, has she?" demanded Mrs. Boggles, looking up from her sewing.

"Bit me! Ever hear of a hen bitin' anybody? Better wait till they get teeth to bite with," observed Boggles, sarcastically, between groans.

"Well, what has she been doin', then?" persisted Boggles' better half.

"Better ask what she hain't been doin'. 'Twouldn't take half ez long to tell what she hain't been doin' ez to tell what she has. Remember that yaller hen I traded an' got of Bill Jones last fall fer a bushel of turnips?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've spent the most of my time chasin' her off nests an' tryin' to keep her from settin' fer the past 'leven weeks or tharabouts, ez nigh ez I kin figger it with one eye shut. I've caught her settin' on door-knobs, pieces of hardware, goose-eggs, hen-eggs, chunks of chalk, chips, croquet-balls, an' once I found her settin' on the coal-scuttle tryin' to hatch out a ton of coal. Well, ez I said, I chased her off, an' sent her scootin' about her business—or what orter been her business—of layin' eggs every time I run acrost her; but she finally found a nest with one egg in it off out of sight under the barn somewhere, where I couldn't get at her, an' at last she has succeeded in her efforts to hatch out somethin'. She's got one little measly yaller chicken a day old an' about ez big ez the nub end of nuthin'; an' I'll be swizzled if that hen hain't gone up into the very top of the biggest an' tallest apple-tree on the place to roost, an' she's been squattin' there on a limb fer the last half hour cluckin' away like all possessed tryin' to call that chicken up the tree after her!"

"Why don't you coax her down, Hiram, so she can take care of her chicken as she ought to?" gently inquired Mrs. Boggles.

"I'd coax her down in a hurry if I had a pole long enough," grated Boggles between his clenched teeth. "A hen of that kind ought to be coaxed into the middle of next week or a pot-pie, an' left there. I tried to point out the error of her ways to her with a club, but the first time I threw it at her it come down an' raised a lump on my head ez big ez a fall Pippin, an' the next time I tried it it struck one of the lower limbs of the tree an' bounced back an' give my knee-cap such a rap that it has been singin' 'Hail Columby' ever sence, an'—"

"And the hen is up in the tree yet, is she?" broke in Mrs. Boggles, anxiously.

"Yes; an' she's liable to stay there fer all of me!" answered Boggles. "She kin keep on roostin' right there till the cows come home or the north pole is discovered, fer all I care. I'm through officiatin' as dry-nurse an' general overseer to a half-baked, no-account brindle hen an' one little, measly, two-cent chicken. That's the way I feel about that if anybody asks you. An' now, Hanner, if you will trot out the arnica-bottle an' douse some of it on where it will do me the most good, I'll be obleeged to ye."

And Boggles sat down and prepared to groan while Mrs. Boggles rubbed on the arnica.

WILL S. GIDLEY.

◆

AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT

AS MISS HOWARD strolled over to the links with the stalwart young Scotchman she chatted enthusiastically upon things golfic, and convinced him that she had mastered the linguistic difficulties of the game at least.

He looked with admiration upon the slight figure at his side, not only because her pink coat was just the tint for her complexion, and her small booted foot was dainty even though stoutly shod, but because she had held the lowest score at Lake Horne—so it was said—and naturally she was a welcome addition to the Grandpré club.

"I am so glad I learned golf early in the summer," she was saying; "it seems to be the criterion for social prestige here, and to go round the links the first time with the champion player is good fortune indeed!"

Neither Mr. Todd's reputation as a champion nor misgivings as to her own skill daunted her as she took her place upon the teeing-ground.

"It is such a privilege to be with one who has inherited as well as acquired the game," she continued. "You will show me some new points, won't you? Indeed, I want your frank criticism." This with a becoming air of condescension.

She then made a drive that sent the ball some four feet away.

"If you really wish me to criticise," said the literal Scot, "I would suggest that you address the ball more carefully. Won't you try it again?"

They were about twenty minutes getting beyond this first teeing-ground, Mr. Todd naïvely suggesting that while she was about it she might learn the proper form.

With brows arched in pretty surprise, Miss Howard received the information that her position for the drive was all wrong, and, following his instructions, she planted her small feet firmly—so; grasped the club with her thumbs in a line—just so; after many incorrect efforts, raised it over her shoulder, and with a mighty sweep rent the air, escaping the ball by six inches.

She looked at him reproachfully. "I'd rather do it wrong and hit," she said.

"Not at all," said her instructor, positively. "Get the form whether you strike the ball or not."

By this time the other golfers were far afield, and still they two lingered in and around the first hazard.

As she crept slowly over the first two links Miss Howard's enthusiasm never flagged, though her pride was a bit hurt by the incessant comment of her companion. It unnerved her somewhat, as she was totally unused to adverse criticism, but she mentally resolved to recover herself and display her customary prowess at the teeing-ground which they were now approaching.

With face flaming and hands cold from concentrated effort, she carefully addressed the ball, and with one full sweep displaced several clods of earth, while yet the diminutive white sphere remained unmoved. She started to speak, but there was a sudden catch in her breath.

"Miss Howard!" he exclaimed, with a note of entreaty in his voice, "if only you would keep your eye on the ball when you strike!"

"Why, I do," she protested. "I never look at anything else."

"But," he insisted, "at the critical moment you shut both eyes tight."

There was a smile lurking about his mouth. Criticism she had endured; ridicule she would not. She threw down her clubs and turned upon him. "Is there anything, *anything*, Mr. Todd, that I do right?"

He drew himself up a little stiffly, and then, "Not one thing, my dear lady!" he said.

In a flash it all appeared to her in a ludicrous light—the supreme honesty of the man and her own supreme self-assurance. She sat down on the turf and gave vent to her emotions in peals of laughter, in which, after a moment's hesitation, he heartily joined.

"My pride has been trailed in the dust and my spirit broken, but I have found an honest man," she cried at last. "Assuredly I desire to keep my eyes open at the critical moment; will you undertake to teach me, Mr. Todd?"

At the end of the season the improvement in this respect was but slight, although the instructor rendered faithful service and the practice was regular and of long duration; nevertheless Mr. Todd expressed himself entirely satisfied with the score. And, indeed, what else could he expect in the matter of eyes, for in this golfic age, even as in times past, is not Love blind?

ISABELLE JACKSON.

◆

TO A HORSELESS CARRIAGE

SMOOTH, sleek and oiliest of wheeling things,
I cannot find in my imaginings,
In natural or in supernatural ways,
The slightest reason to prolong thy days.

Of all the vain conceptions of the mind
Thou art the vainest that the ages find,
Except for those whose blood doth chance to flow
In dull and melancholy-wise, and slow.

What is the joy of driving? Is it mere
Transportment of the flesh from there to here?
A method whereby sluggish man may be
Removed from A to Izzard speedily?

Or is it pleasant for the eye to view
And hand to master steeds, or one or two,
When prancing o'er the hard and well-paved street,
With champing bits, and lithe limbs running fleet?

Avaunt! thou horridest of modern things!
Vamoose! Unto thy ugly self take wings!
Think not with all thy gaud and glitter coarse
Thou'lt e'er supplant that best of friends, the horse.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

◆

THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY

WHEN Mr. Greggs returned home from business the other evening he found the flat in darkness. Upon lighting the gas in the dining-room he saw that the breakfast dishes were still upon the table, just as they had been left there in the morning. With rising feeling of annoyance he strode into the kitchen, only to discover that an even worse state of affairs existed there. His wife was nowhere to be seen, the fire in the range had gone out, and there was a complete and distressing absence of those cheerful preparations which announce that dinner is cooking.

"Confound it all!" he muttered, "what has become of Matilda?"

In a very disagreeable frame of mind Mr. Greggs went into the six-by-eight sleeping-apartment which separated the parlor from the dining-room of the flat. To his surprise he found his wife in bed. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "Not feeling well?"

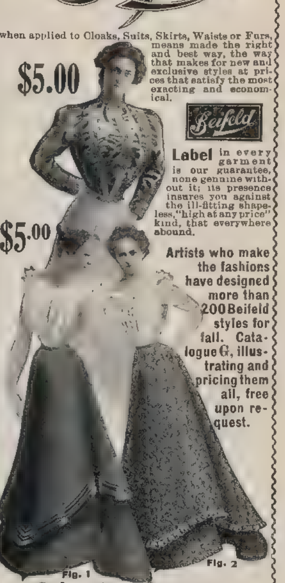
"One of my bad spells," replied Mrs. Greggs, faintly. "I have been feeling so sick all day that I simply had to let the housework and the cooking go. I'm sorry there's no dinner."

"That's just like a woman!" exclaimed Mr. Greggs, unsympathetically. "The moment they feel the least bit out of sorts they rush to bed, and without making the slightest attempt to fight against it leave everything to take care of itself. Really, Matilda, I thought you had more grit than to give in so easily."

About two weeks later Mr. Greggs came home and found his wife looking as pale as a ghost. In reply to his anxious inquiries she informed him that she had been suffering all day with another of her "bad spells." "But this time, John," she said, with a feeble attempt at a smile, "I fought against it, and though I could hardly hold my head up I forced myself to do the work and prepare your dinner."

"You did, did you?" exclaimed Mr. Greggs, in a tone of concentrated disgust. "Well, of all the foolish women, Matilda, you certainly are the limit! One of these days you'll be laying yourself up for good. The idea of your not knowing enough to go to bed and let the housework take care of itself when you feel ill! Matilda, I thought you had more sense!"

HAROLD EYRE.



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WOMEN AS PRIVATE SECRETARIES

By Virginia Tatnall Peacock

AMONG the new avenues of livelihood which are opening up to women that which is preëminently fitted for the gentlewoman whom the necessities of life have forced into the broad field of bread-winners is the office of private secretary. The duties are such as her previous condition and advantages have best fitted her for, the environment is congenial, the hours are short, and the salaries though by no means uniform are invariably good. Moreover, the introduction of this comparatively new figure into the general scheme of social economy has become an inevitable necessity.

The woman who is to have anything of a career, either literary, social or philanthropic, will find in this broadening of her life beyond the home sphere many new duties to which single-handed she will be unable to respond for a sustained duration of time. One detail alone, her daily mail, will be found a severe tax upon both her time and endurance, and yet if she fail in the duties it involves, not only does she prove herself lacking in the very rudiments of business knowledge, but she also lays open her breeding as a gentlewoman to very serious question. In these days of women's clubs there are many club-women throughout the United States whose official duties are so burdensome that they find it necessary to employ private secretaries. To such a woman an assistant can make herself very useful, attending to a more or less voluminous correspondence, and keeping a record of dates and numerous details as an aid to her employer's memory.

❦

CONDITIONS are developing many women of these broad interests, hence the growing necessity for the private secretary.

The door which most frequently opens to her is probably that of the modern society woman, who engages her occasionally by the year, frequently for the season, and sometimes only for a week or by the day when some special event is in contemplation requiring her services, such as the sending out of several hundred invitations.

The requirements of the position are not only within the reach, but frequently in the actual possession of a well-educated, intelligent woman. In Washington, where the office is particularly well and favorably known, they are perhaps more exacting than elsewhere, especially when a society woman is the employer. Peculiar conditions are prevalent there. That "paltry passion for precedence," of which John Adams wrote at length in his journal, to which we owe so many vivid pictures of the life of his day and generation, is still rampant. The presence, moreover, of that body of distinguished cosmopolites, the diplomatic corps, renders the observance of all forms of etiquette most rigid.

With the change of every administration women go there strangers, not only to the people of the city, but likewise to the peculiar requirements of their position, which being official places them in the very front ranks of the social life of the city.

❦

HENCE, the demand has been for secretaries of superior qualifications, and the supply has been quite up to the standard of the demand. The secretary of one woman conspicuously identified with the present administration is herself a daughter of an ex-cabinet officer who subsequently represented his country at the court of a foreign power. Another young secretary is the daughter of a prominent physician of the city, and a descendant of one of the earliest officials of the government; and still another who was educated abroad and presented to Washington society several seasons ago is probably more familiar with the social structure of the capital, its code and ethics than any man or woman who figures conspicuously in its life to-day. Her knowledge is, of course, very valuable to any one requiring such qualifications in a secretary, and she commands a salary commensurate with her abilities.

It is not necessary to specify that foremost among the attainments of a woman who would fill such a place should be a good, clear chirography. Furthermore, to be able to fill the office with that intelligence which demands a proportionately high salary she should know how to write any form of note that the requirements of good society might call for; should know how to accept or decline every form of invitation, and should possess a knowledge of an additional language, preferably French. A communication, if one lived up to the letter of good form, should be answered in the language in which it is delivered. In Washington many members of the diplomatic corps send out their invitations in the court language, French.

There is also an extensive system of book-keeping pertaining to the duties of the private secretary. There is a visiting list to be kept, with the dates of calls made and those returned; a record of dinners, luncheons and evening functions given, and a similar record of those to which invitations have been received, with an additional note to be made of acceptances and regrets.

❦

ONE clever young secretary to a Washington society woman has her visiting list arranged in three columns. In the first she gives the name, in the second the address, and in the third she states whether the individual in question is wife or widow, and whether she has daughters in society, and if so how many, thus making it apparent at a glance just how many cards are to be left at her door. In addition to this the third column states if she is the wife of a member of Congress, and if so from what state, the wife or widow of an army or navy officer, with his rank, thus often suggesting a theme for conversation which is not to be despised in a community where absolute strangers are thrown together with the necessity of manifesting some cordiality or some interest in one another.

There are a number of people who call at odd hours, and whom it is the duty of the secretary to receive. Their business is frequently such as can be disposed of without reference to her employer. In such matters her good judgment and tact will be her guides. Another instance when they will stand her in good stead will be in her dealings with the servants of the household, who will quickly resent anything that is overbearing on the part of one who like themselves is a salaried employé of the house. Courtesy and consideration from her will usually evoke the same from them.

A knowledge of florists and caterers, their respective standing and some idea of their charges will often be useful, especially when the employer is a stranger in the city.

❦

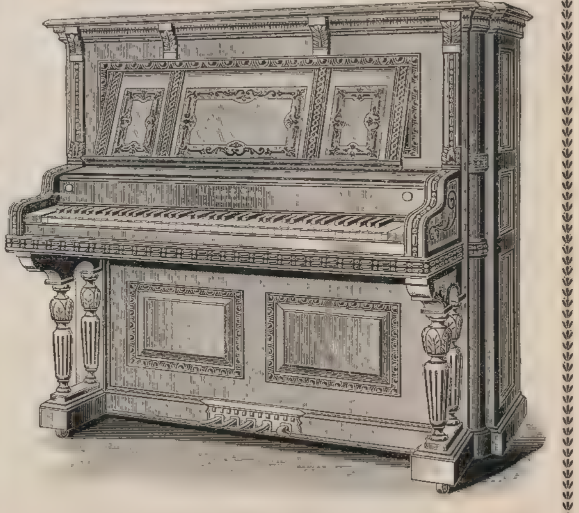
IN THE majority of cases the private secretary has her own home, going only for a stated time each day to that of her employer. In this way she is frequently able to fill the position for two or sometimes, as in the case of one enterprising young secretary in Washington, even three employers. Many women, however, prefer to pay a higher salary, and have the exclusive time and attention of their secretary.

Upon arriving in the morning at nine or ten o'clock, according to the habits or convenience of the family, she goes to the room assigned to her, sending word of her advent by the servant who admits her. In the conference that ensues the mail is gone over, answers that are to be sent to each communication indicated, any social function that is in contemplation in the house discussed, and invitation lists made up or revised. After this the secretary in quiet and comfortable quarters takes up the single-handed portion of her labors, which vary with the season, and even with the events of a day. When there are invitations to be sent out, or following an at-home day when there are cards to be gone over and a list of calls to be returned arranged, the hours will be rather longer than usual. Occasionally, however, the day's labors terminate with the simple report for duty, and it seldom happens that they outlast the morning hours.

❦

THERE is as much variety in the salaries paid to private secretaries as there is in the individuality of the people who employ them, the secretary of one society woman receiving one hundred dollars a month, and that of another for precisely the same services fifty dollars. When they are recognized as necessities rather than as luxuries, and become the rule rather than the exception in the life of every busy woman of the world, as they long ago became in that of every busy man, there will also doubtless be greater uniformity in their compensation.

Besides, there often comes into this kind of work a demand for a practical knowledge of certain business details or technicalities. Women who hold responsible official positions in philanthropic organizations or clubs find a considerable amount of book-keeping and detail of banking connected with their work. To such the services of a private secretary are almost indispensable, and any woman so employed can demand and expect a salary fully equivalent to what would be paid for the same services in the business world.



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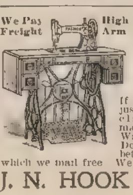

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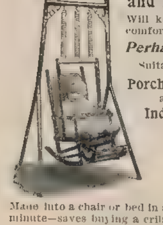

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The Imagination Plays of Children

By Florence Hull Winterburn

An active, healthy imagination is one of the happiest gifts a child can possess. If we watch an intelligent child, four or five years old, who believes himself unnoticed we will probably be astonished at the richness and fertility of the fancy which can give life and color to dull, commonplace things, and weave whole stories and dramas around the simple toy that means nothing more to us than what it plainly stands for. But we will perceive that even his wildest romances found themselves upon many facts, for free and frolicsome as imagination may appear, it is subject to its laws. It deals with real things in a playful way; it embroiders, paints, molds, but it must have its materials; its basis in actual life. What we call creative ability is really nothing but the power to reconstruct, perhaps to connect several separate plans or patterns into a whole which seems different from the original.

The child is an artist who daubs on his colors boldly, without any sense of the absurdities he may commit, and so he often produces effects that surprise others as well as himself. Many of the acts that seem so precocious because we suppose them to be the outcome of a well-considered plan are really happy accidents; not devoid of the merit of originality, but neither to be overpraised as work of genius. Childhood is one unbroken succession of experimentings, and if significant results are frequent it is because everything is attempted. The child who is so fortunate as to be left to nature for the first dozen years of his life, getting only such education as he puts forth voluntary efforts for, yet having at hand cultured friends to answer his questions, and opportunities to gain every sort of knowledge he wants from experience, will possibly pass for a remarkable genius among ordinary children, who are often made dull by the zeal of their educators.

◆

Overtraining and undue restraints cripple the natural grace of imagination, but on the other hand it cannot exist without cultivation. The little one who hears many things, and often sees new sights, becomes enriched and self-confident, while the children of the very poor who know almost no variety in squalid existence must use over and over again in their plays the limited knowledge belonging to them.

Not only this, but the very framework of their meager fancies is the rough framework of force, as that of more favored children is based upon suavity and gentleness. One of the most painful results of poverty is its harshness. Poor, hard-working parents have no time; they must be peremptory and abrupt, and, alas! their children, knowing nothing else, suppose brute force to be the law of life.

It is instructive to observe the difference between the usages of a gently reared child and a harshly disciplined one with their dolls. The one is all tenderness, solicitude and consideration; the other ferocious in her maternity. She strikes her senseless infant and knocks it about in a way that must make us feel sorry when we reflect that to her it is after a fashion, a real being, the companion and confidante of her moods.

Yet poverty and wealth are of themselves powerless to curb or liberate the imaginative faculties. One may be surrounded by the most beautiful objects, have everything to gratify taste and fancy, and yet remain unbenefited by these means of intellectual stimulation. Many children being reared now in luxurious homes are listless and indifferent, instead of being bright and interested in their surroundings, because the one vital spark essential to the quickening of their whole nature is denied to them. Their companions are uneducated nurses, who deal in suppression instead of suggestion. No wonder the dear little child seated in the corner of its beautiful nursery, with this censor and hard critic of the ideal ever present, feels no inspiration to create a wonder-working world out of its abundant materials. If the divine fire stirs in its heart it shyly stifles betraying signs, and whispers to itself the fancies and ideas that would inevitably be ridiculed if revealed.

◆

Happy the little one who—even with a poor home—has a sympathetic, companionable mother, patient with his whimsies, and helpful in carrying out the continual plans and wishes that are suggested to him by his observation of what is going on about him.

In everything concerning the welfare of childhood we must go back to the mother; who not only endows her child with her own emotional nature, but makes the home atmosphere, in which what is best within it shall wither or come to perfection. With the right home atmosphere and a wise loving mother the natural attitude of a child is that of spontaneous, perpetual activity, mental as well as physical. His mind receives and stores up an incredible number of impressions every day, and as he lives out all the time in his plays what he perceives, his education is gained as rapidly as unconsciously, upon the firm and rational basis of experimentation.

If the child is to get all the benefits that come from the unfettered use of the imagination, grown people must refrain from teaching him too early. That is, refrain from imposing their cut-and-dried formulas upon him. Their part is to suggest; his is to carry out.

Suggestions are indispensable. They are the torches which light up his path, the stones out of which he builds his temple. Suggestions may be conveyed in song, in story, in conversation; but they are most effectually conveyed in example. The little one who lives with his parents, and sees mingled with their daily commonplace acts something of higher thought and feeling, will quickly seize that invisible charm and become imbued with its spirit. Even in his most trifling acts you will find larger motives than ever stir the child whose moral training is forced upon him. When he builds houses or cars or ships they will not be for himself, but for one he loves; his pleasure will be in doing something for others.

◆

I know this from personal experience. My own little girl, not yet three years old, is perpetually engaged in some occupation which involves the supposed happiness of us all. She is by no means spirituelle, but a healthy, romping, happy little creature whose experiments with things might be called "mischief" by uncomprehending persons. Yet they mean much to her, and we who love and watch her, tread softly amongst the astonishing disorder she creates, lest we should overturn some harmonious arrangement. As she is perfectly unrestrained and confidential with us, she explains her plans and acts as she goes along. This pile of dominoes that obstructs the doorway is a cake she is "baking for papa;" this piece of paper on a chair is a pattern by which she intends to cut mamma a dress; and the books surrounding her piano turn into a horse and a carriage, in which she is about to take the family to drive.

It is unusual for games which come strictly under the head of "imagination plays" to be engaged in before a child is four or five years old. But in families where children are the frequent companions of grown persons their strong propensity for imitation will lead to an earlier ripening of their dramatic powers. Nor is it at all undesirable that this should be so. Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living fancy into the recesses of his mind, and this results in his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action, find relief in whispering over stories to themselves; but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is also morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability for fluent expression, and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends.

The natural instinct of a child is to draw his family into his plays, and until he is rebuffed and thrown back upon himself he greatly prefers companionship to solitude. Development takes place in a right and proper way only when a young child thinks, talks and acts all at the same time.

◆

In a healthy, happy child the impulse for play will come whenever play is the appropriate outlet for his energy. The ideal of life is that desire should always precede action. Among unspoiled children it does. Little is gained by urging a child to "go and play." The suggestion may relieve us of a temporary burden, but like all temporary reliefs it entails future trouble. If our little one leaves his toys and sidles up against his mother in that fretful way which is so trying, he ought not to be repulsed. It means that his own small resources are exhausted, and he needs a change of scene, a new fund of ideas, or else the refreshment of rest and soothing from mother-love and patience.

Periods of dullness and depression come to us all; but they should come rarely to a child. Nature is his proper guide, and herein is the advantage of the home nursery over which a wise mother presides above any educational institution; she will let the child choose his own plays and carry out his own plans, aiding and advising, not interfering.

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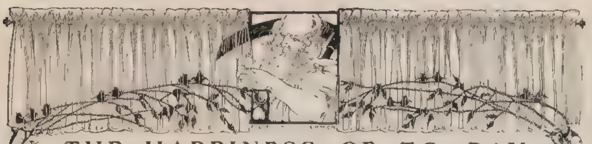

THE HAPPINESS OF TO-DAY

By Carrie E. Garrett

IS IT wise to do without ice in August in order to lay in the winter coal at summer prices? That is what some astute mortals are doing in effect when they hurry cheaply and uncomfortably through to-day and take all their comfort out of magnificent dreams of a distant to-morrow. Many people have visions of a future (sublunary) state in which all their difficulties will be suddenly and miraculously removed, all their desires fulfilled, and a primrose path laid out for them in which they may journey in peace and happiness ever after. These fantastic dreams often lead them to despise what they now have, and to dwell in an imaginary palace of pleasure, the materialization of which they confidently expect in a few years. This is not a healthful hope. It is misleading, deluding, enervating, and has about as much of the true spirit of hope in it as an opium dream. We do not want to be fooled and cheated, even by hope.

For example, a woman with such a fancy as this in her head will find she needs a certain piece of furniture, say a book-case, to put in the real house where she lives at present, but which she expects to leave in a few years for a gorgeous palace, though by what means she has no idea. She has left all the details to hope. Now, the book-case which she selects as coming within her means she regards as only a temporary book-case. She does not dream that perhaps twenty years hence (if she lives so long) she will be using that same book-case. No; her ultimate book-case is something infinitely richer and more beautiful—a carved dream in some precious wood, and meanwhile she only "puts up" with the real one she is able to buy.

◆

ALAS! we are only "putting up" with many of our treasures, than which the coming years have nothing better, nor perhaps as good, in store for us. Emerson says, "We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people, as if we waited for some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and when? To-morrow will be like to-day. *Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live.*"

The great difficulty is in our interpretation of happiness. Many people strive and struggle and fume along life's way in the effort to obtain certain *things* which they think are necessary for their happiness. It may be houses or lands or social eminence, or even an oak buffet or Irish-point curtains. And while they are contriving and sacrificing everything to their ends, they dream that when that particular desire is satisfied they will be happy. But behold, as the goal is reached happiness smiles derisively at her pursuers, and points to other statelier houses and broader lands, a higher social eminence, a *walnut* buffet and point d' Alençon curtains. Happiness was never born of mere commodities. It does not depend on achievements. It is a daily manna which is sweet if used, but spoils if kept over.

Take time to be happy! This is something which cannot be "saved up." The happiness of a day, its opportunities, its impulses, its *life*, cannot be carried over into the next day's account. A day of life closes with every sunset and becomes memory, and no man can boast that the happiness he has missed in a day is being stored up in the great treasure-house of the future.

We glance briefly at the great panorama of Nature, which unfolds itself in the changing seasons for our enjoyment. "Yes, yes, it is all very fine," we say, "but I am so busy, you know." A cold and grudging applause we render for the wonders of sky and sea and wood which are displayed in myriad colors for our entertainment.

We are too busy to be happy!

◆

WOMAN especially, in her newer, larger growth, is restless, overoccupied, counting the heart-beats of time, and playing havoc with health and beauty and happiness. It is no uncommon thing to find a woman who proposes to pursue literary labors, master the science of music, and study perhaps one or two modern languages *after business hours*. Recreation? Social intercourse? Rest? One puts these queries in a bewildered sort of way. And then she will explain that she has made up her mind she can never be happy without having accomplished the trifling achievements mentioned above; that until she has done so she is unable to enjoy *anything* and her soul knows no rest. "Perhaps—some day." And there is a look of far-away, dreamy sadness in her eyes, as though she saw down the long years which rolled between her and even a possible happiness.

It is a pity we cannot journey more leisurely along the way of life. It would be better to proceed in the old stage-coach fashion, and have opportunity to enjoy the scenery on the road, than to make the journey on an express which only stops at a few places. These places are particular epochs, perhaps, to arrive at which the traveler has rushed along at full speed, taking no note of happenings on the way, and only desiring to kill the time which lay between him and the goal. But the climaxes in life are comparatively few, and human beings cannot divide their lives into acts and scenes like a drama. The greater part of life is "between the acts."

◆

TAKE time to rest! A much-traveled foreigner, when asked whether he had observed any particular characteristic as representative of the whole human race, replied, "Me tink all men love lazy." And this must be true if, as they say, axioms are the distilled wisdom of nations; for there has never been any demand for proverbs or fables illustrating the pleasures of leisure and exhorting men to enjoy themselves; while the wise saws on the subject of *work* are numberless. Nearly all our axioms are commendatory of perseverance, toil, economy and accumulation. "There's room at the top," "Rome was not built in a day," "A fool and his money are soon parted," "A stitch in time saves nine," "Economy is wealth." There are a few which bespeak caution in these directions; as, "Make haste slowly," "Pennywise and pound foolish," "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," etc. But usually the indefatigable ant and the "little busy bee" are held up to us in some form for emulation. Now, as Mr. Eugene Wrayburn says, speaking of bees, "They work, but don't you think they overdo it? They work so much more than they need—they make so much more than they can eat—they are so incessantly boring and buzzing at their one idea—that don't you think they overdo it? And are human laborers to have no holidays because of the bees?"

◆

SOME people relinquish all ideas of happiness because they cannot afford it. Now, economy we all know is a nice thing. But isn't it possible to have too much economy? If we scrimp and pinch every bit of sweetness out of life, what a heavy price we pay for economy! Often one may lose a friend, or catch a disastrous cold, or miss a train for some little miserable point of economy. People often laboriously save at an actual loss. A woman will press her way to a bargain-counter at danger to life and limb and pickpockets, and go away radiant with a pair of fifty-nine-cent gloves which will last about three wearings. The same woman will go to an incompetent dressmaker and have her new gown ruined in the name of economy. "Economy is wealth," sayeth the wise saw, but the poor make-believe economy which overreaches itself defeats its own purpose and leads to nothing but the direst poverty of spirit and purse.

Before rashly deciding on a point of economy it is fully worth while to sit down and figure out which is the more profitable, to leave the gas burning or waste matches.

◆

TAKE time to be generous! The ant is a pattern of industry and thrift, though very much overrated (vide Mark Twain), but he was a cold utilitarian when he outraged the laws of hospitality and recommended the poor happy-go-lucky grasshopper, as he had "sung all summer," to "dance all winter." One can fancy the careful, prim, narrow little householder, with an odious air of virtue, freezing out the improvident suppliant. Thrift for its own sake is not virtue, though it may be prudence. If we garner up the grain, it should be that we may scatter it again to bring forth a good harvest. And if any man, even the thriftless, come to us beseeching bread, shall we deny him and ask, after the fable, "Why did you not treasure up food during the summer?"

Be happy to-day! In the passing days there are crumbs of joy for most of us. It is a gray day indeed which has in it no grain of pleasure, no opportunity for doing good, no sweet moment of rest. The future is a sort of rapacious Moloch demanding humanity to sacrifice to him the present. The miser spends his heart's blood and his soul's peace to pay tribute to the monster; the fool laughs at his claims; but the wise man pays him a just tithe.

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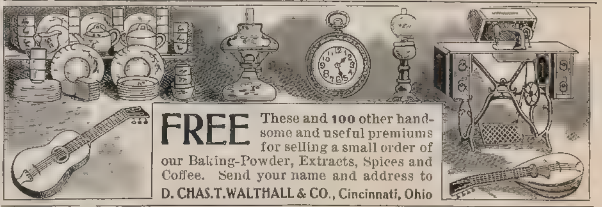

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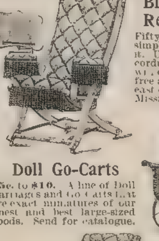

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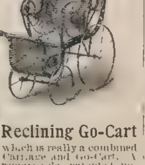

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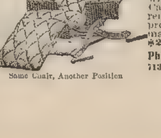

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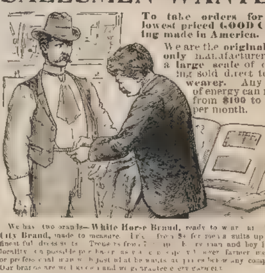

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Cookery for Girls

By Sallie Joy White

XXI.—CARING FOR AN INVALID*

The women who planned the course of instruction in the public-school kitchens showed that they understood what was needed, because they have made it so many-sided, meeting as nearly as possible every exigency that might arise. There is surely no more important branch of cookery than that which is devoted to the sick-room, and it shows wisdom and foresight on the part of those in charge at the schools that they have so emphasized this portion of the work, and so carefully laid out the lessons pertaining to it. And the girls in caps and aprons are not merely taught to cook delicate dishes to nourish and strengthen the invalid and to tempt the convalescent, but they are shown how to serve it when it is prepared, and they are told many things which may be done to add to the comfort and well-being of the sufferer.

You have probably become aware before this, those of you at least who have followed these papers, that the preparation of food is only one phase of cooking; the serving and the care go hand in hand with it. And if all this is necessary to successful results in cooking when you have only well persons to consider, think what it must be when you are trying to coax the appetite of a capricious invalid.

Patience in the Sick-Room

You will need a stock of patience, for your very best efforts will many times fail of appreciation, and you will be hurt and grieved at the evident lack of consideration for your feelings and your feet; but you must stop and remember that it is suffering and pain that cause irritability and fault-finding, and not because affection or feeling is lessening. You have only to put yourself in the place of the sick one, and think what it would be to you to be held down by disease and rendered helpless when what you want most of all is to be well and helpful. I am sure that all your sensitiveness would disappear, and you would meet your invalid's every mood with cheerful patience and loving words.

I dare say that most of you know by experience how very greatly trifles are magnified when one is ill. Matters which are of the slightest possible consequence in health become very important and assume absurdly large proportions when one is an invalid. Occurrences which usually would be passed over without a word and hardly a thought will worry and fret one indescribably, while the slightest unexpected act that is kindly and thoughtful will make one correspondingly happy. You have only to remember some of your own experiences and you will understand just how your invalid feels, and you will have new courage to undertake something to please her, and will feel for her a new pity and a patience that will not let you resent any seeming lack of appreciation on her part.

The Irritability of Invalids

For she does appreciate everything you do for her, and when she is growing better and begins to realize just what you have been doing, her heart will be full of love and gratitude, even if she has not yet quite the grace to tell you of it. I know what I am talking about, for I am just up from a long and tedious illness, and this is the first pen-work I have done since—oh, ever so many weeks ago! And while I was ill I had such a devoted pair of nurses. Nothing was too hard or too disagreeable for them to do. They never said they were tired, although the dear feet must have ached and the dear eyes been heavy with sleep many and many a time. My conscience is still aching with the thought of the many unnecessary things I am sure I required of them. But never a word of complaint, always sunny smiles and sweet, cheerful voices.

And that makes me think to say just here a word about the voice in a sick-room. Speak in low, cheerful but perfectly distinct tones. If there is anything to be said which the invalid must not hear, go outside of the room to say it, for there is nothing which so irritates the sick person as whispering. A whisper is more penetrating than a full tone, and it rasps every nerve. Do not speak in a loud tone, nor talk about the medicine, the disease or the food. Never tell anything of an exciting nature, and avoid all reference to whatever is annoying or unpleasant. If there is a jar in the domestic machinery never let it come to her ears. It will surely trouble her and may retard her recovery. It is of the utmost importance that all family troubles or vexations be rigidly excluded from the sick-room, and that it be pervaded at all times by an atmosphere of cheerful and restful peace.

The one special qualification which you will need, my dear girls, to get on in the sick-room is tact. With this allied to patience and gentleness you will find that your duties as nurse will be much lightened.

What a Nurse Has to Endure

A friend was telling me once about an experience she had while ill, and I have never forgotten it. When well she is one of the most helpful, self-reliant women it is my fortune to know. Nothing ruffles or disturbs her, and she will meet the most trying occurrences with the most practical matter-of-fact philosophy. She is one of the women who are always put on the most vexing committees in the club, and the hardest-working ones in the church. Your mother knows just the kind of woman I mean. Ask her if she doesn't. Maybe she is such a one herself.

Said my friend, "I was so ashamed of myself, but I could not help it. It was one of my good days, and the nurse had gone out leaving my daughter with me for an hour or so. While she was gone I took the fancy I wanted some cream toast, and I wanted it badly and right away. My daughter, a girl of fifteen, said she would make it for me. She did so, and when she brought it to me I couldn't eat a mouthful of it. I was so disappointed that I just cried as hard as I could cry. She had put it on a plate that I never liked; and to add to the dislike I already had for it there was a tiny nick in the edge. The child was even more distressed than I was, for she was so eager to serve me, and had taken such pains to make the toast just as she knew I liked it. I could have boxed my own ears with a hearty good-will when I got better and could be reasonable about the matter, but it was very serious at the time. However, the lesson was one that my little daughter will never forget, and I am sure the next time she is called upon to serve an invalid she will bring the best and the prettiest dishes she can find in the house."

It does seem silly to the person who has never been ill to think of a grown-up woman crying over a plate. That only shows you, my dears, how very much of the child there is in us all when occasion calls it out. And nothing is so sure to make children of us—and very weak children at that—as being sick. When we are well again we are apt to recall our weakness with a feeling of shame, and to reflect what a trial we must have been to the nurse, or to the dear ones who were trying to perform the duties of nurse. But even people of a naturally sweet disposition cannot always control their moods when ill, and in caring for an invalid it is essential that due allowance be made for all sorts of childish whims and unreasonable exactions. These are things that the nurse must make up her mind to endure, bravely and patiently.

How Trifles Affect the Sick

One of the very first memories of my own life is being very ill. I could not have been more than three years old, but I remember it as though it had been yesterday. At least I remember this much: I had a night-dress which, in addition to the embroidered ruffles that ornamented it, had a double row of stitching on the bands of the neck and sleeves. I was devoted to that night-dress; the stitching somehow seemed to set far away above every other garment, and I used to watch for the day when that special robe might be worn, and I really grieved when it had to be taken off to be laundered. One morning I had been bathed, and was waiting for the clean night-dress; there wasn't any anticipation about it, for I had worn the favorite one the day before and it had just been sent down to the laundry. I was lying listlessly until the fresh robe should be brought. As it came my childish eyes caught sight of the stitching. I cried for very joy I was so happy. The dear mother, who always did the nicest and sweetest things for her little girl, had sat up after the nervous, troublesome child was asleep, and had with her own tired fingers stitched the little night-dress. After that she stitched them all, and I know my delight and my happiness hastened my recovery. I dare say this seems a foolish little story to tell, but it proves what I said in the beginning—that trifles affect sick people much more than they do those who are well.

I have emphasized all this that you may better understamd what you call "fussiness" and "crossness" on the part of your invalid, and with which you sometimes lose patience. Remember that it is part of the disease and that they can't help it. Think what they are when well, and imagine what they must be suffering to change them so. This is a very good opportunity to follow out the advice, "Put yourself in his place." Imagine what it would be to you to lie day after day held down by pain and suffering, losing all the good times out of life, and seemingly set on one side while everything went on without, and confess whether you would be any more amiable or any more patient or any more reasonable.

There will be more hints on the care of your invalid that I shall give you in another paper. Now we will go on to the food.

The Serving of Food

Part of the teaching in the school kitchens is how to serve as well as to cook. The tray for the invalid must be carefully laid; the tray-cloth must be spotless and the dishes nice and fresh. Then do not put on so much food that it takes away the appetite to look at it; it is easy to replenish if more is wanted. What you are to do is to coax the unwilling appetite, by literally making things look "good enough to eat." Take care in carrying that nothing spills from cup, bowl or glass. If hot food is to be served cover it so that it may not be cooled while it is on its way from the kitchen to the sick-room. A little heed will enable you to do all this, and you may be as adept at serving your invalid as you are in cooking for her.

Probably nothing, unless it is gruel, is oftener used in the invalid's room than toast. It seems a very simple thing to make, and yet nothing can be more easily spoiled. It may be burned, when the scorched taste will make it unpalatable; or it may be so quickly done, over so hot a fire, that the outside will be hard, while the inside of the slice will be clammy and consequently indigestible. It should be neither, but should be dry all through, and of a delicate golden brown. Stale bread should be used, and it should be cut in even slices, about a quarter of an inch thick; no thicker, certainly. When it is cut put it on a toaster and move it gently over the fire until it is dry; then hold it nearer the fire until it is a golden brown. If plain toast is wanted, serve it at once, hot and dry. If plain water toast, or, as it is oftener called, "wet butter toast," is desired, you will prepare the slices as for dry toast; have a shallow pan with one pint of boiling water and one half teaspoonful of salt in it. Dip each slice of dry toast quickly in the water, then spread with butter, and serve very hot. It may be your invalid has a fancy for milk toast. Prepare the bread as if for the plain dry toast, and butter while hot. Have ready for each slice of toast a gill of hot milk salted to the taste. Pour over the buttered toast, set for a moment in a hot oven, and it is ready to serve.

Cream Toast for an Invalid

It is quite possible that you may be called upon, like my friend's little daughter, to make cream toast. Of course, the toast itself will be prepared in the only one way in which toast may be properly prepared, and for the "dip" or cream you will use materials in the following proportion: For dip for three slices of toast you will require one cupful of milk, scalded—the fresher and nicer the milk the better—one half tablespoonful of corn-starch or one tablespoonful of flour, one half tablespoonful of butter and one half teaspoonful of salt. Melt the butter in a granite saucepan, add the dry corn-starch or flour, mix well, taking care that the mixture does not brown; add one third of the milk, the whole quantity of which has been heated in the double boiler, stir well as it boils and thickens, then add half the remaining milk, stir again until it is smooth and free from lumps; when it is quite smooth add the remainder of the milk and the salt. Pour this dip between each slice of toast and over the whole. If you want the slices soft, dip them in hot salted water before pouring the dip or sauce over them.

Do you recognize this rule? Yes, that is it—our old friend cream sauce.

You will follow these same directions when you wish to make toast for the family table. They are at once the simplest and the most correct. You will find that the results will prove very satisfactory, I am sure.

If your invalid wishes a cool drink which is especially nice in fever and bowel trouble, take slices of toast, nicely browned, without a symptom of burning, and enough boiling water to cover them, cover closely, and let them steep until cold; strain the toast-water, sweeten to taste, and put a piece of ice in each glassful. If the physician thinks it safe add a little lemon-juice.

The next paper will treat of gruels, jellies, broths and other invalid dishes.

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*Sallie Joy White's papers under the head of "Cookery for Girls," comprising a series of lessons so simple that even very young pupils find them easy to understand, have been a feature of the Companion since the beginning of 1898. The following articles have appeared in previous issues during the present year:

XIII.—Methods of Cooking Fish	January
XIV. Made-Over Dishes	February
XV. Bread Making	March
XVI. Cake-Making	April
XVII.—Fruit Cake	May
XVIII. Egg Dishes	June
XIX. Sweet Omelets, Soufflés	July
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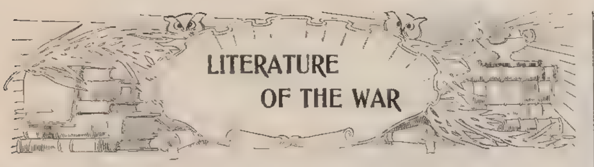

LITERATURE OF THE WAR

THERE are so many points of view from which to consider the late war with Spain that it is not surprising to find histories touching upon every phase of the question multiplying in bewildering numbers. Quite the latest and in many respects the most authoritative account covering the war, entitled *The War With Spain* (Harper & Bros., New York), comes from the pen of the eminent historian and statesman, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who reviews every event impartially and takes special pains to point out the causes that gradually led up to open hostilities with Spain. In a masterly argument the author calls attention to the various occasions when the Cuban cause knocked at our doors, but for motives of political expediency or financial prosperity was ignored or given an unsatisfactory settlement, until at last it rose in the might of an ancient wrong and demanded final and prompt redress from this government. All facts given relating to manœuvers and engagements are revised in accordance with the recent investigations of Congress, to make the book of more enduring historical value than if hastily compiled soon after the war, before facts were exactly determined. Throughout the author manifests an intrepid spirit, not hesitating to criticise the weakness of the top-heavy system that controlled military operations, and asserting that "the chief and predominant cause of all the failures, blunders and needless suffering was a thoroughly bad system of military administration;" but on the other hand he does not hesitate to give due credit to the ability and valor of the American army that could bring victory out of such crippled conditions. There also rings clear and true a note of faith in the common sense and patriotism of the American people, who proved themselves ready to face the most unexpected responsibilities, both in war and in peace, thus expressed in the summing up of the last chapter: "As one looks back when all is done, it seems queer that no other result was possible. The responsibility which had come to the American people, with the flash of Dewey's guns on May 1, could not be avoided, and the American people were too strong, too high-spirited, too confident to run away from it."

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ANOTHER history of the war giving a concise account of all events has been prepared by William A. Johnston, under the title *History Up To Date* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York). The author's very purpose of writing this history, not only to record the events of the war themselves, but to call attention to their relation to the destiny of the United States in the century to come, at once insures the permanency and historic worth of his work. Because the book presents a hasty yet thorough survey of all the salient facts of the war, it is to be recommended to the busy reader who wishes a reliable handbook for ready reference.——For use in the school-room and around the family fireside *The Story of Our War With Spain* (Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston), by Elbridge S. Brooks, fills a place peculiarly its own. Written by an author universally popular with young people, who has used his talent for story-telling very happily in making plain and interesting the dry facts of history, this account of the Spanish war is made as entertaining as any story-book. It aims to give a bird's-eye view of the whole affair from the first cause until the triumphal close, omitting nothing important, and making the story of privation, struggle and action all the more real by the excellent illustrations used, which were taken largely from "snap-shots" made by the "boys" at the front. There is also added a chronological story of the war which records every important event from the outbreak of the Cuban rebellion and insurrection, on the twenty-fourth day of February, 1895, to the final date of March 17th of this year, when the Queen Regent signed the treaty of peace.

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SO MANY unusual conditions have governed the Spanish-American war, in that it was fought by land and by sea, near our own shores and in farthest waters of the world, that a thorough study of every aspect of the war is impossible unless every side of the subject is presented by those who were most actively engaged. Thus there arise so many different accounts of the war, each dealing with some particular feature of the conflict, such as *Campaigning in Cuba*, (Century Co., New York), by George Kennan, the well-known Siberian traveler and writer, who saw the campaign from the Red Cross steamer, the "State of Texas," and hence views everything from the hospital standpoint. Mr. Kennan went out not only as a representative of the press, eager to obtain news and information, but was also actuated by wider motives of humanity as vice-president of the Red Cross society. Though not actually present at Las Guasimas, San Juan or El Caney, his accounts of these engagements are interesting and of value, in that they express the war as experienced by the private carried back from the field wounded, who had his own particular story to tell and chance to prove his heroism while under the nurses' and surgeons' hands; the same tale of what has to be endured, braved and suffered for the sake of victory that many a soldier-boy will relate at the family fireside this winter. Some of the author's most vivid descriptions tell of feeding the hungry at Santiago, and his own close call to starvation; of the state of affairs at Morro Castle, and of the ill health of the army. But the most enduring value of Mr. Kennan's book is the absolute fearlessness with which he goes to prove the mismanagement that brought about the physical collapse of the army, and he does not hesitate to censure official incapacity wherever it came to his notice.

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THE completest record of the naval manœuvers of the war in Atlantic waters are to be found in W. A. M. Goode's *With Sampson Through the War* (Doubleday & McClure Co., New York), being the account of one who saw Sampson under the strain of delayed action and the stress of active engagement every day of those four months of active service. The largest part of the book has been written by the author, who, as war correspondent for the Associated Press, aboard the flag-ship New York, witnessed all the principal engagements and operations of the North Atlantic Squadron. Captain Evans writes of his cruise with Schley to Santiago, and the part his ship, the Iowa, took in hunting Çervera. In another chapter he interestingly points out the difficulties in handling a battleship, both in and out of action, and deduces some important lessons that should be heeded in future naval warfare. But the chief chapter of the book is that contributed by Admiral Sampson, who gives the reasons for the United States' overwhelming naval victory at Santiago, attributing to the superior marksmanship of the Americans a large share of the credit, though he does not overlook the fact that the use of wood in the construction of the Spanish ships was greatly to their detriment, and expresses himself emphatically against using wood in building our future battleships.——The wonderful success of the American navy during the pivotal year of 1898 has suggested another work of more than passing interest to those absorbed in the problems of expansion. It is *America in the East* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York), by William Elliot Griffis, which reviews the problems this nation has solved in the far East, and looks ahead at those still to be faced. Forgotten and unheeded events are cited, showing that there were brave Americans before Dewey, who won significant victories for the stars and stripes in opening the commercial centers to American commerce and enterprise.

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THE most remarkable contribution to the history of the war is to be found in the account of *The Rough Riders* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), told by Theodore Roosevelt in his characteristic, straight-forward style; going back to those days before the war when he saw from his point of vantage in the Navy Department the imminent struggle, and how he and his friend Colonel Wood planned to lead out together a company of cavalry, which day-dreams materialized in that unique organization, the Rough Riders. He tells of the curious commingling of all elements of life in this regiment, recruited from New York clubmen, used to every comfort of cultured ease, and the danger-courting bronco-busters, who scorned even the comforts of life, yet every man bore the severe hardships and privations without flinching. This is shown in the Colonel's summing up of the career of the regiment, after the magnificent stand they made at San Juan hill, leaving a record not easy to match in the history of volunteer organizations.

The principal engagements are described with a dash and vigor only possible to one who had actively engaged in these conflicts, and there is introduced the pathetic and gentler touches, revealing the tender side of those gallant fighters at Las Guasimas, San Juan and Santiago, who faced danger unflinchingly, and patiently endured that harder part of war, suffering and want in the field and in camp.

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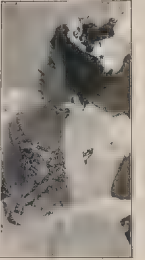

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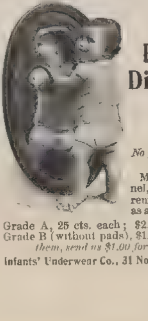

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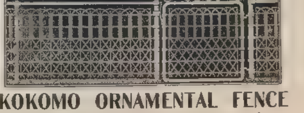

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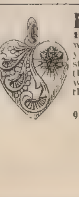

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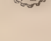

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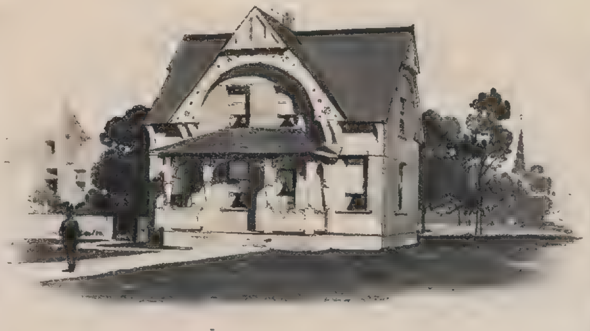


A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR COTTAGE

By Herbert C. Chivers

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

A DWELLING which is square in plan usually gives the best arrangement of rooms, and is by far the most economical in construction. The difficulty comes in successfully overcoming the box-like appearance that the square-plan exterior usually has. In the accompanying design the plan of a five-hundred-dollar cottage is about as simple as it is possible to make it, being practically square. The floor plans reproduced at the bottom of this page show the size of the several rooms, and indicate what pleasing effects may be accomplished by the simplest treatment. Convenience and comfort at small expense are the strong points in this handsome cottage.

❦

The Interior Arrangement

ON THE first floor there is a sitting-room, living-room and kitchen, with two good-sized chambers above.

The stairs are arranged conveniently in connection with the sitting-room, and yet they do not cut into valuable space on either floor. The space under the stairs forms ample head-room for the flight of stairs which lead to the basement. The window under stairs at the porch is seventy-two by twenty-four inches, and is neatly leaded art-glass of light-tinted colonial pattern, with white cathedral glass for background and a neat border. This window shows up prominently from the front door, and the glass being semi-opaque hides the view of the back porch and yard.

The sitting-room has a large fireplace, with flue-hole connections at kitchen and living-room on the first floor and in the two chambers above. The chimney being thus located it comes out at the center of the ridge of roof, thereby improving the general sky-line of the building.

❦

Treatment of the Exterior

IN EXTERIOR treatment a neat porch and three gables make up the ornamental features of the design. The first story is weather-boarded, and the second story is covered with dimension shingles. The porch-posts are heavier than the customary posts, being eight inches square and handsomely turned. The house is designed to give outwardly the appearance of a more expensive building, yet from the general dimensions —twenty-six feet and eight inches by eighteen feet—one may judge that it is conservatively estimated.

There is a cellar under the entire building inclosed by a nine-inch brick wall six feet in height. The first story is nine feet high, and the second story the same, with slightly cut-off ceiling at the four outward corners of the house. The cut-off effect which the rooms would otherwise have is relieved by the gables at both front, side and rear, at which points the walls are the full height.

The estimate of five hundred dollars would include the full basement, and the building plastered, painted and finished ready for occupancy.

A Cheap Summer Cottage

A PLAN of this kind could be used advantageously for a summer cottage at reduced cost with the following changes: The upright posts or studding could be rough four-by-four-inch posts with corner bracing, and the sash could be hung on hinges made to swing inward. The second-story floor-joists could be four by eight inches spaced twenty-four inches on centers to correspond with studs, and would require no bridging.

After all exposed framing-work is in place it should receive a coat of olive-green stain or very thin and well-mixed asphaltum. This framework should then be covered crosswise with narrow beaded partition-lumber, which should be filled and given one coat of varnish before putting in place, with the finished side showing on the interior. The same material should be used for the second-story floor, with the finished side forming the ceiling for the rooms below. The roof should be sheathed with one-inch boards and covered with stained shingles, and the outside walls finished with weather-boards and shingles, as shown in the design, with vermin and water proof paper under the same. A summer cottage built as above described would have a very desirable interior effect, and could be built for three hundred dollars, or possibly less, without basement.

❦

A Temporary Rustic Dwelling

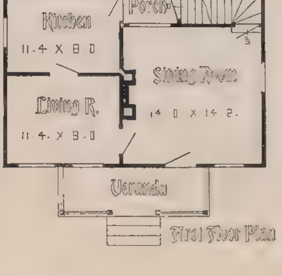
A STILL cheaper log-house effect may be obtained as follows: Frame and finish the interior as last described, and cover the outside walls from floor-line to cornice with dark water-proof building-paper, with the first-story walls (now shown as siding) covered with thick oak-bark. If the bark can be procured in long lengths it should be nailed on horizontally, and if in short lengths it should be put on "crazy-quilt" fashion, taking pains to joint it carefully, and fit it closely to corner-boards and window-frames.

In this case the second-story shingles should be stained a light green, and the roof thatched with straw. The gables would remain the same, but the porch could be made more in keeping by using tree-trunks for posts, with rustic brackets and railing. Such a summer house could be set on a cedar-post foundation, facing up the space below water-table with rustic boards or bark nailed on vertically.

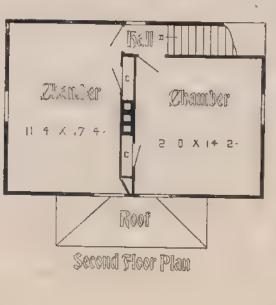
Where an experienced thatcher cannot be obtained it is necessary to closely sheath roof with one-inch boards and cover with heavy water-proof building-paper in order to guard against possible leakage.

The straw for thatching should be put on in layers a thickness of twelve inches, and securely fastened with light galvanized iron wire, particularly so at the eaves and ridge. Hand-cut rye-straw is the best, but good long wheat-straw will answer all general purposes. A roof of this kind is very cool in summer, and after the first year it gives the roof a very picturesque effect, as it turns a moss-green by age.

The house may be built in this rustic style at a cost of about two hundred and fifty dollars.



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

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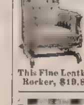

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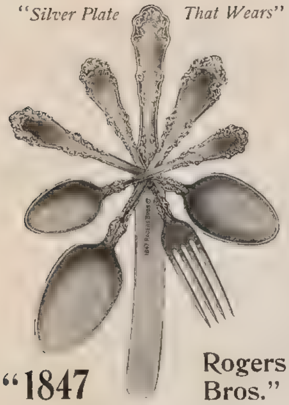

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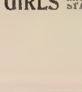

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The "Mothers' Meeting" at Tuskegee

By Mrs. Booker T. Washington

MRS. BOOKER T WASHINGTON

So many persons have asked me about my "Mothers' Meeting" at Tuskegee since I happened to mention it once in public that I have thought I would describe it more fully. It is scarcely necessary, I am sure, to tell the readers of the COMPANION that my husband, Booker T. Washington, is at the head of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, for the educational advancement and manual training of the colored people in the South.

Very often at some meeting for men or at the annual negro conference at Tuskegee—although for that matter the women talk just as much as anybody at the conference if they can get a chance to begin—when some farmer or teamster or blacksmith, perhaps, would be talking about how things were going, and what the men were doing, I would hear more or less emphatic comments from the part of the room where the women sat. This set me to thinking what a nice thing it would be if the women could have a club of their own, where they could talk over things, too. So I thought I would see if I could do something toward giving them the chance. That was about three years ago.

❦

I said nothing of my plan to Mr. Washington or to anybody else beforehand, because I was uncertain as to how the experiment would turn out, and I thought if I failed I should not want anybody to know of it. But one day I took a boy and went up to Tuskegee town, and sent him around to as many of the homes of colored people as the limited time would permit, and had him tell the women that they were all earnestly invited to a meeting at four o'clock that afternoon in the old fire-engine house. I had found out that I could have the use of that building. It was an old abandoned house with a leaky roof and not much floor, but it would do to begin in. Now we have three rooms comfortably furnished in a good building.

I felt pretty dubious when I went up there at four o'clock, for I did not know how the women would take it, and I was not sure that a single one of them would come. They did, though, as many as eight or ten that first day, and from that it has gone on, one telling another, until at some meetings I have counted over eighty there at one time. We have a meeting every week. As I have said, we have better rooms now, and I have a sewing-class and a cooking-school for young girls there, and some other things of that kind. The "Mothers' Meeting" has not only grown into an important woman's club itself, but it has several branches for the improvement and industrial education of the young.

❦

A lady in Boston who happened to hear me tell about the school which we started on the Russell plantation gives me twenty dollars a month, and that supports the school and provides for such expenses as the club makes necessary. We have chairs enough to sit in unless there is a very large attendance, and in one of the rooms I have a cooking-stove, some pots and pans and a few dishes. The colored women of the South, many of them, do cook so badly. I mean those, of course, who have no advantages of training in that industry. So I have talks with them about that, and show them how to cook, and have them cook things there. Then I have a bed set up in the rooms sometimes, and we have lessons in bed-making. You know, in ever so many of the one-room negro cabins of the South the poor people never think of using sheets and pillow-cases, but crawl between such apologies for blankets as they have, or sleep with half their clothes on. We have regular housekeeping classes, too, where we talk about how to wash and iron and scrub and sweep, and how to brighten up the houses with pictures from papers put in little frames of straw and cane which they can make themselves.

❦

This brings about an opportunity to give a few lessons on beautifying their homes, and leads up to a talk about the meaning of pictures and how they can be used to teach bright and wholesome lessons to the children. I try to show them how much of the money wasted in useless, gaudy fancy work could be better employed and go much farther toward making home really beautiful. In fact, I try to interest them in all the simpler ways of making home attractive, urging them to keep growing plants both winter and summer, and showing them how necessary it is to happy, contented childhood to be surrounded by domestic pets. I also put forth every effort to get them to take pride in having their house-yards neat and tidy. As a race our people are quick to appreciate beauty and orderliness, and a few object-lessons in and about the club-rooms are quickly noted and followed out in their own homes.

Some days I show them how to cut and make garments for themselves and their children. It is surprising how quickly these women, untaught even in the simplest forms of sewing, will pick up ideas, and how readily they learn to cut, design, finish and do all kinds of plain sewing for themselves and children. They are as ambitious to have their children appear well as any white mothers when once their pride has been aroused. Then while fingers are busy plying the needle we often confer together on the subject of child-training, discussing how to govern a child by the law of love rather than by dire threats and repeated punishments, and the best ways to teach him habits of industry, neatness and truthfulness.

❦

In one of the rooms I have fitted up a tin bath-tub in the middle of the floor, and draped a print curtain all around it from a big hoop hung from the middle of the ceiling like a chandelier. This is to make them understand that even if they do live in a one-room cabin they can curtain off a corner or plan in some way so that they can have privacy enough to take a bath and change their clothes. In like manner they have explained to them the fundamental laws of hygiene, and are shown how it is easier to prevent sickness by healthful, wholesome ways of living than it is to cure diseases fostered by stagnant drains, foul cellars or improperly prepared food. The teachers from the institute are very good about helping me in all my work there. We have real good meetings, with singing of hymns, and sometimes some one to speak to us.

These are some of the things which the "Mothers' Meeting" does. I cannot remember them all now myself, but I feel sure it is doing a good work, and that its influence for good can be seen in the homes of the colored people of the town. While it is admitted that much of this instruction will fall on stony ground, or more often spring up to flourish for a day with some who finally lapse into their former shiftless ways, yet for the sake of those who will endeavor to live up to the ideals given in these mothers' meetings it is well worth the trying. Besides, ideals are catching when introduced into home life, though maybe not so epidemic as measles; yet mother-ideals establish home influences that are stronger than any other influences of after-life.

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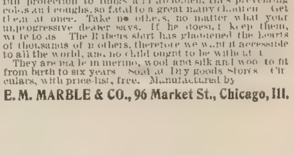

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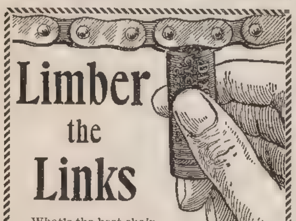

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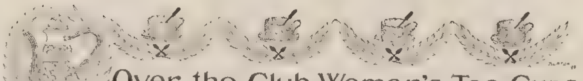

Over the Club-Woman's Tea-Cups

By Bertha Damaris Knobe

Ever so often a ministerial man arises as castigator of the club-woman. The reverend gentleman usually proceeds to point out that the club-woman is given mainly to talk over the tea-table, wire-pulling at election-time, the passing of philanthropic resolutions and the practise of parliamentary law; in short, to much faith and discussion without very wonderful works. As thousands of club-women are an everlasting contradiction to this undeserved censure, no comment is necessary on this score. The cause, it is interesting to note, lies in the indisputable fact that the interests of the club have in some localities drawn woman away from the church. The club, on the one hand, has given woman full play along a hundred lines of helpful activity. The church, on the other hand, has too long held fast to the lordly spirit of masculine superiority, the enthusiasm of fair members being directed chiefly to missionary efforts in the antipodes. The outcome is that man, who is still doing most of the preaching in the church, is suddenly surprised to find woman is doing most of the practising in the club.

MRS. JOHN W. KENDRICK, JR.

Evidently the club-woman believes "theology isn't religion any more than a fashion-plate is a suit of clothes." Not so much is she given to spiritual splitting of hairs over original sin as to applied Christianity in every-day philanthropies. Holding not less to the faith that is in her, many a woman has found a freer field for her religion; so it has come to pass that the actual charities of the woman's club, as chronicled by the recording secretary below and the recording angel above, will compare favorably with those of any church of the same number of members.

❦

NOTWITHSTANDING it is a time-honored asseveration that "woman has no sense of humor," the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs has recently put itself on record as the promoter of plaisanterie. In a brochure issued in the name of the educational department these Southern club-women earnestly urge school-teachers not only to cultivate that "saving sense of humor" in themselves, but to train the boys and girls under their instruction to an appreciation of the funny side of life. Sure enough, this would be an exemplification of the old saying, "Entertain first; instruct afterward."

This is splendid, what is more, for people nowadays—that is, people who take hold of life at the right end—believe that happiness is as contagious as mumps and measles. And club-women who would have school-children learn to laugh, and thus make the world laugh with them, have hit upon an idea that will be worth thousands of theorems in the great school of experience.

❦

"MY LIBRARY is dukedom large enough," certainly is the creed of the Book Club of Lincoln, Nebraska. This unique organization of intellectually inclined sisters meets semi-annually simply to transact a minimum amount of business. With the membership dollars a committee purchases all the newest books on the market, which are systematically circulated among the women. After these books have gone the rounds they are sold at auction, thereby increasing the contents of the club exchequer. For a few pretty pennies, as it were, these club-women have a continual literary feast. Cleverly unlike they are to certain pretentious people Alphonse Daudet tells about, "over whose libraries it would be proper to write the inscription familiar on the bottles of chemists, 'For external use only.'"

❦

MRS. JOHN W. KENDRICK, JR., of Philadelphia, is conspicuous as a club-woman interested in education. As a member of the celebrated civics club—the first one, by the way, to be extensively concerned with matters municipal—this woman has for years been the chief promoter of the educational department. Among the innovations introduced in that city may be mentioned four vacation schools, thirty play-grounds for boys and girls, traveling pictures for the use of school-children, truant-schools, inspection of the eyes of school-children, physical training and art in the school-rooms. In some cases the sentiment was created by the club-women, whereby the board of education was induced to act; in others the club-women started the improvements independently.

This woman also occupies another out-of-the-ordinary educational position, in that she is the connecting link, as it were, between the school-instructors and the public. For seven years she has been president of the Alumnæ Association of the Girls' High and Normal Schools, which has the splendid membership of two thousand, including many teachers, and the confidence she has inspired makes it possible for her to easily untie all the inevitable little tangles. Closely allied with this association is an alumnæ pension fund, whereby worn-out teachers may have financial support. This Annuity Society, as it is called, is made up of seven interested men and one thousand women.

Not only has Mrs. Kendrick been a distinctive leader in these considerable educational enterprises in her own city, but as corresponding secretary of the General Federation of Women's Clubs she is becoming widely known over the country. With all these club-woman interests she holds an indisputed social position, and has otherwise been spoken of as "one of the best-groomed club-women in the country," all of which proves a woman can be progressive and "perfectly lovely" at the same time.

❦

THERE are spots on the sun, you know, so it is not surprising that an occasional woman's club, high and mighty as it may be, marks itself as ridiculous. This frippery usually crops out in the form of resolutions which, like the semi-idiot of whom Dickens wrote, seem to be getting "fooler and fooler."

Club-women in an Illinois town, for instance, are responsible for a would-be reform whereby woman's face or figure shall not be used for advertising purposes. Evidently it is intended no woman's face shall be any man's fortune. At any rate they, the club-women, resoluted with a long list of whereases and sent their sentiments over the state preparatory to besieging the masculine lawmakers. These face and form reformers, however, were finally squelched by a broad smile.

Down in Georgia the club-women had a little reform farce of their own. They passed resolutions against the wearing of the silk petticoat at the feminine convention. The swish-swash of this apparel, it was claimed, seriously interrupted important proceedings. The fair ones who possessed not the solacing rustle of a silk petticoat were foremost in this crusade against more fortunate conventionites. Femininity won the day, after all, and the petticoat continues to rustle in the same old way.

In New York another absurd resolution emanated from a so-called home-improvement club which would "instruct married women in the art of making their homes comfortable and happy, to the end that they may be attractive to their husbands." This scheme might have seemed one degree less ridiculous if, on the other hand, the women had organized a department wherein their better halves could be taught to be agreeable at home.

Unless these resoluting sisters soon subside—samples only have been given—to the club litany should be added this fervent little prayer, "From the fool reformer, good Lord, deliver us."

❦

IF THE club president is wise she will remind herself ever so often that the drum-major isn't the whole procession.

If the "mere member" would reduce the ego bump the day she reads a paper she could wear the same size of bonnet the day after as the day before.

If the high-strung speaker would modulate her voice there would be fewer shivers down the spinal column.

If the club-woman who declares she hates to have her picture in the paper were taken at her word there would be a sudden drop in the temperature.

If the chronic objector were compelled to carry out her own corrections there would be less splitting of hairs.

If the fidgety platform parader could see herself as others see her she would look the other way most of the time.

❦

COMING as it does from Mrs. Ellen Henrotin, for four years the chief of American club-women, this recent utterance is significant: "The older I grow, and the more I see of the world, the more firmly I am convinced that it is inherent in the divine order of society that the highest intellect among women, the best she has to offer, should be given to the home."

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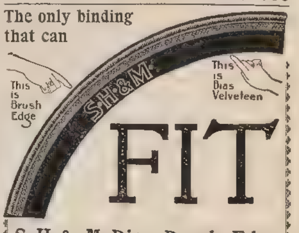

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A Glorious Autumn Flower

By Clarence Moores Weed

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

RED VICTORIAS

On the twelfth day of February, 1735, Peter Collinson, botanist royal to the British empire by appointment of King George II., wrote to John Bartram, botanist royal to the American wilderness by appointment of his own kingly soul: "In the little box that the insects came in are some seeds. The China aster is the noblest and finest plant thee ever saw of that tribe. It was sent per the Jesuits from China to France; from thence to us. It is an annual. Sow it in rich mould immediately, and when it has half a dozen leaves transplant it in the borders. It makes a glorious autumn flower. There is white and purple in the seeds."

Thus it is probable, as it is fitting, that the first of these noble blossoms to expand their beauty in the new world grew in the famous garden on the Schuylkill where the life-long labor of the first great flower lover of America wrought such excellent result.

These aster-seeds must thus have been sent to America within a very few years of their introduction into Europe, which took place about the year 1731, when a Jesuit missionary in China, R. P. D'Incarville, sent them to France.

WHITE BRANCHING ASTER

The asters that were first grown in Europe and America between 1730 and 1740 were very different from those which are being cultivated this year. For one thing, they were practically all single varieties, resembling somewhat in general appearance the ox-eye daisy. They had a large yellow center, composed of tubular florets, with about two or four rows of ray florets surrounding it. By the end of the century stripes of blue and white had made their appearance, and the aster was well started on the way toward the marvelous development which has since taken place.

PINK QUILLED ASTER

WHITE AND BLUE VICTORIAS

These asters are commonly called by two general names—the China asters because they originated in China, and the German asters because the modern development of the plant has largely been brought about through the efforts of German florists.

MARY SEMPLE ASTER

The Mary Semple Aster is one of the best varieties of American origin yet produced. It was developed by Mr. James Semple, of Pennsylvania, after many years' selection, having been first placed upon the market in 1892. The plants are strong and vigorous, branching freely, and commonly reach a height of two and one half feet. The flower-stems are long, frequently attaining a length of sixteen to eighteen inches. The flowers are large; the rays curve inward, and are generally twisted toward the middle, partially or wholly concealing the yellow florets in the center. The color is a delicate pink. On account of its large flowers, long stems and charming color the Mary Semple is a favorite aster for decorative purposes.

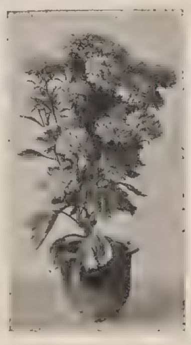
COMET ASTER

COCARDEAU ASTER

Semple's White Aster of some catalogues and the New White Branching aster of others are evidently different names for the same variety, as I find it impossible to distinguish between them in any way. It is a magnificent flower; the plants are about three feet high, bearing the blossoms upon very long stems that very often measure sixteen inches. The flowers are large, sometimes having a diameter of four inches, of a pure white, with the petals incurved and twisted in the middle. The long stems and perfect blossoms render this aster invaluable for decorative uses. It is only the best of the blossoms that show the perfect double form in which the yellow center is concealed by the twisted petals. This sort is late in blooming, coming on about the first of September in the North, remaining in blossom until killed by frost.

TRIUMPH ASTER

The Truffaut, or Peony-flower Perfection, is a handsome strain of asters having slightly incurved petals, each deeply concave as seen from above, and generally having a notch at the tip. The outer rows are straighter, and sometimes curve outward, in which case the petals as seen from above are convex. The flowers are of fair size, often having a diameter of two and one half inches, and appear in a variety of colors—brilliant rose, carmine, crimson, dark blood-red, deep mauve, light blue, pink, purple, snow-white and striped. The blossoms are borne on plants in pyramidal form, which is very well shown in the accompanying illustration of a plant covered with pink flowers.



PINK TRUFFAUT ASTER

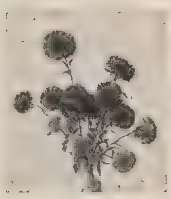
The Ball-flowered, or Jewel, Aster is a distinct type, having the petals curving strongly inward, thus giving a rounded appearance to the blossom. In large flowers the outer petals show this incurving very definitely. The Jewel asters grow in a variety of colors. One very pretty sort is a delicate rose-pink, while another is a clear magenta hue. The plants of the Jewel sorts are not so tall as those of the Semple variety. The former usually reach a height of about eighteen inches, with the blossoms borne at the top of the plant on the ends of rather long stems. They come into bloom moderately early, and continue blooming through several weeks. They are beautiful in vases or jars.

YELLOW ASTER

The Triumph Asters are perhaps the best of the dwarf sorts. The plants are less than a foot high, and bear blossoms so profusely that they form a mass of bloom which is particularly attractive when the plant is placed in a jardinière. The flowers are borne freely and openly, so that the plant as a whole is full of grace notwithstanding its diminutive size. Two varieties are commonly grown, a deep red, called by the catalogues Scarlet Triumph, and a scarlet edged with white.

RED AND LIGHT PINK
JEWEL ASTER

The Mignon is a very pretty type of aster, with the flowers wholly double in the best blooms. The rays are reflexed, although in the basal rows of petals they are only slightly so. The plant is of medium height, and the flowers are borne in a close mass. Its colors are bright blue, carmine, peach-blossom pink, snow-white, white and lilac, white and rose, violet mauve.



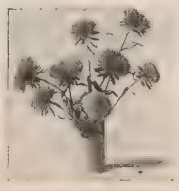
MIGNON ASTER

Victoria Asters belong to the flat or reflexed group. Among the solid colors found in them are white, purple, blue, scarlet, crimson and peach-blossom pink, while the following combinations in stripes are now available: Crimson, heliotrope or light blue, each edged with white, copper-red tipped with white, and white tinted with rose. In the illustration white and blue flowers are shown.

The Giant Emperor varieties contain some of the largest individual aster blossoms. Size, however, is attained at the expense of other qualities, each plant bearing but a few blossoms. The plants are strong and tall, and bloom late in the season.

The Cocardeau, or Pompon Crown, is a strikingly handsome strain of asters in which the central two thirds of the flower is of white or some solid color, while the surrounding portion is blue or pink or some other bright hue. These flowers are intermediate between the quilled and flat-rayed sections, the central part being quilled while the circumference is composed of concave petals notched at the tip. The Cocardeau plants are of medium height, averaging about fifteen inches. They blossom early and profusely.

The Quilled, or Needle, Asters, although formerly very popular, are now grown only to a limited extent. Betteridges Quilled and the Victoria Needle are the two types now in use. The latter is an oddity; as may be seen from the illustration, there are no ray flowers, the needles are quill-like, large and conspicuous.



VICTORIA NEEDLE ASTER

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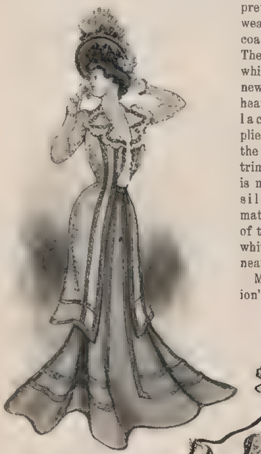
The Gowns to be Worn This Fall

By Mary Katharine Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

THERE is no longer a doubt concerning the success of the double skirt, which will appear on all sorts of gowns throughout the autumn and winter. Most of them hang straight and follow the close-fitting lines of the underskirt, and are so shaped at the bottom as to show the trimming on the underskirt. Those cut in pointed effect both back and front display trimming running high on the sides of the underskirt, and the lower edge of both back and front is made quite as long as the underskirt. They are often cut in Vandyke scallops or points, which may be either faced with silk or bound by hand with silk, velvet or the same material as the gown, and many are faced and finished with innumerable rows of machine-stitching. Some of the very dressy ones are finished at the bottom with wavy lace or silk embroidery bands, and the cloth is cut to fit the undulating trimming. Quite the newest trimming is a silk fringe which matches the gown in color, four inches being the most popular width.



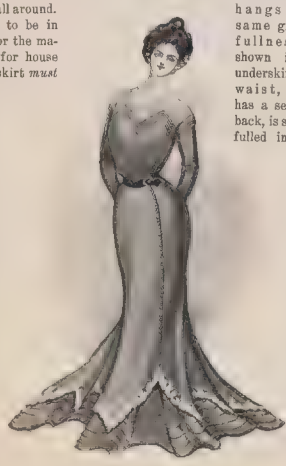
MODEL NO. 1

The alliance of the peplum and bolero is just now being most enthusiastically smiled upon, and the combination is indeed *chic*. It may be expressed in lace, cloth, velvet, in any materials, in fact, one chooses to affect.

Some reader has asked me to define the difference between the peplum and overdress. The former is always cut away in front to show the front width of the underskirt, though the back may be made any length or shape one may wish, while the latter is a regular skirt hung from the band all around, but made shorter than the underskirt. As yet very few overdresses are caught up in loops like the very old-time overskirts, which were nothing if not bouffant, and the word of advice is to keep to the straight, graceful lines.

As to autumn materials, ladies'-cloth still holds its own for street wear, while barége, voile, crêpe de chine, all the canvas weaves, and in fact all the clinging materials are much used for house and carriage wear. The ever-stylish black and white shepherd's-plaid skirt remains with us, and may be worn with either an all-black waist or a black waist trimmed boldly with white. These plaids, too, are worn in other shades, some being shades of a color while others are checked off with either black or white, in which case the waist is of poplin to match the leading tone of the skirt, and is invariably trimmed with heavy lace, applied flat and severe. To be quite up to date a bolero of the same check is worn with these skirts, and is cut in such a way as to show the front of the poplin waist and the waist-line all around.

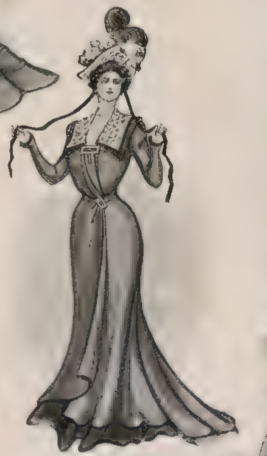
Fashion decrees that to be in the most correct form for the majority of gowns either for house or street the waist and skirt *must* be of the same color and material; that no wide or narrow belts of contrasting color, neither white nor black, must be worn, but an even line of color and material must be maintained at the waist-line. To do this take a straight piece of linen canvas an inch wide and fit it to the waist-line by means of a small dart just at the back or at any other point where it may be required. Then fit over this (without darts) the dress material, and stitch with seven rows of machine-stitching, using silk to match. Hook over in front invisibly. The idea is to call no attention to the belt, but keep the close plain fit of a princess gown at this point as well as over the hips.



MODEL NO. 4

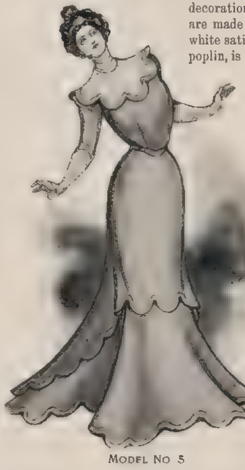
Model No. 1 on this page shows a stylish and most practical autumn street-gown. The skirt is of brown ladies'-cloth cut full at the bottom, and trimmed with flounce effect by means of bias bands of the same material stitched on either edge. The same bands are carried down either side of the front width, giving a peplum effect, which is very pretty for house wear when the coat is removed. The frock-coat, which is quite new, is made of heavy cream lace with applied bands of the cloth as a trimming, and is made over a silk lining to match the color of the cloth. A waist of cream-white Liberty satin is worn beneath the coat.

Model No. 2 shows one of fashion's happiest thoughts in cloth. The underskirt, which may be made in sham to the knees, is of dark green cloth, while the close-fitting overdress is a green some three shades lighter, but of the same tone. The lower edge is finished with several rows of stitching, and hangs in the same graceful fullness as shown in the underskirt. The waist, which has a seamless back, is slightly fulled in front, and is held in place at the waist-line with the band of the skirt, which is an inch wide and stitched with silk, being finished a little to the side of the front with a severe gold buckle. The chemisette effect is made with white lace over white satin. The top rever is of the same lace over the lighter cloth, while the under rever is of the dark cloth. A buckle of gold ornaments and holds together the fronts just beneath the revers. The sleeves are quite tight-fitting, having a flaring cuff made of dark cloth at the wrist, while the tops have a trimming let in of white lace over the light cloth.



MODEL NO. 2

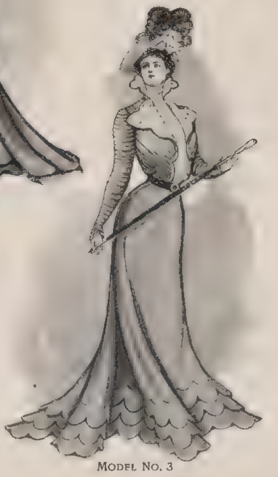
Model No. 3 is one of the very becoming gowns to tall women of fine proportions, and is made of heliotrope cloth in a medium shade. The skirt has a succession of ruffles cut in scallops, the edges of which are followed with bands of the same. The Eton coat, of the same material, is tucked and cut in scallops around the edges, and has bands to match the skirt as a decoration. The collar and revers are made of linen-colored lace over white satin. The waist, of heliotrope poplin, is held at the waist-line with a stitched band of the cloth. The flouncing on this gown may be made with good effect and much less work by having one shaped flounce, and applying several rows of the stitched scalloped bands instead of the several frills.



MODEL NO 5

Model No. 4 shows a stylish gown for either street or house wear, and is made of ladies'-cloth in one of the new autumn shades of blue. The underskirt is tucked to quite a depth in half-inch tucks with only a slight space between. The overdress fits closely, and is cut in sharp points clear around the bottom edge, being followed with bands of quite heavy cream-white lace. The left side of the overskirt overlaps, and is followed with a row of buttons, which may be fancy or made of the material used in the gown. The simple waist has a yoke of cream-white lace over white silk cut in points which are outlined with tucks applied in bands. Buttons match those on the skirt.

Model No. 5 shows a light tan cloth gown which seems designed only for the tall woman, but which may be worn by a short woman if the front of the overdress is made very long and pointed. The underskirt is scalloped at the bottom, and has applied bands of the same cloth, while the overskirt has the same popular garniture. The waist is slightly fulled in front, and fastens invisibly under the left arm. A deep round collar is made of creamy lace over white satin, and takes on the same scalloped effect with the bands of cloth, while a plain white satin ribbon collar finishes the neck. A deep cuff of lace over white satin trims the sleeve, while a stitched belt of the cloth fastens in front with a modest white enamel buckle.



MODEL NO. 3

When you ask what colors are to be worn throughout the autumn months one can safely answer, "Wear anything that is becoming from black to white, touching all the colors on the way." Heliotropes and violets are out in new shades, and when becoming are stylish and pretty. Gray is much worn, and has honestly won the name of "aristocratic" as coloring. The soft light grays are more worn than those of bluish tint, and are mostly made of solid color, and should be worn with an all-black hat trimmed in soft ostrich and tulle effect. For very dressy carriage or calling wear many women affect the all-white hat with the gray gown, and invariably the hat has a bird of paradise in white as a trimming. Many shades of blue are announced for autumn, but are mostly worn in the morning. The new tan shades run much lighter.

Boas of all sorts are used for neck-dressing, those of chiffon and tulle being most fashionable.

The stylish woman takes a two-yard length of soft double-faced satin ribbon about four inches wide, then starting from the front puts it twice about her neck, making either a knot or two very short loops directly beneath the chin, carries the long ends to the waist-line, and tucks them beneath her belt or fastens them with pearl pins.

White and neutral tints are the correct thing in gloves for the autumn.

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Opposite Palmer House 180 State St., Chicago

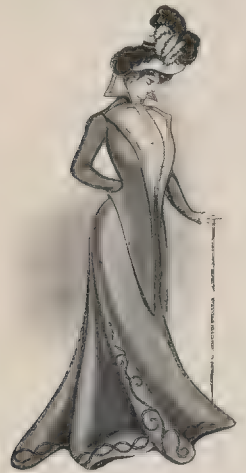
The New Autumn Wraps

By Mary Katharine Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY ABBY F. UNDERWOOD

With the coming of each season the hue and cry goes abroad that the cape is about to die a natural death, and that none but jacketed women can be called truly stylish. However, the cape is not dead, and it always serves a purpose that no other out-of-doors wrap can fill. For the theater and all crowded evening entertainments, as well as for dressy calling and carriage wear, the cape will always hold an important place in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman.

One is always safer in having a black coat or wrap than one of colors, though the prophecy for autumn styles has been very light tans and grays, which in some instances are kept solid in color and again have collars and revers made of velvet in a contrasting color. A coat of very delicate tan, almost bordering on the gray, has a brilliant red velvet turn-over collar and buttons double-breasted, with no other trimming than the strapped seams. Another, of very delicate tan, has a standing collar and quite long revers made of the same cloth pierced in round spots of generous size, showing a lining of bright red moire silk. Still another light tan has turn-over collar and revers of heavy Irish crochet-lace laid over brown moire silk, and buttons double-breasted, with three very large buttons in mother-of-pearl beautifully carved.


MODEL NO. 1

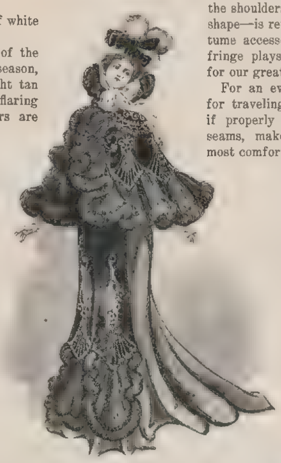
The high, flaring collars of last season are still worn, though the flat turn-over collar seems to be the new thing, and of course is much more severe and smacks loudly of the swell tailor. Black coats are much trimmed with white effects, and are made to throw back and show a dressy waist beneath.

A pretty autumn style is the jacket of silk or bengaline, which is made very short and jaunty, and may be in Eton style or a short, close-fitting effect running over the waist-line to a few inches below the hip. It is usually made quite severe, allowing all ornamentation to appear on the collar, cuffs and revers. Those of double-breasted cut are most popular, and may either button or fasten with black silk frogs. A very stylish black silk coat is made of heavy corded silk, and has a collar and revers of chinchilla fur. It buttons double-breasted with gray plush buttons, and has a lining of gray satin.

Fur does not appear on any of the autumn wraps and jackets to any marked extent, and where it is placed is only for ornamentation rather than warmth.

Model No. 1 is a coat suitable for any sort of wear and for any figure, being particularly good for a stout woman. The material is a light-weight melton, and is cut with a short, jaunty back that fits the figure very closely. The back may be made in Eton style with no middle seam. The long pointed revers are of tucked white corded silk followed with a fitted band of black satin on the outer edges. It has a flaring collar to match. The lining is of white satin.

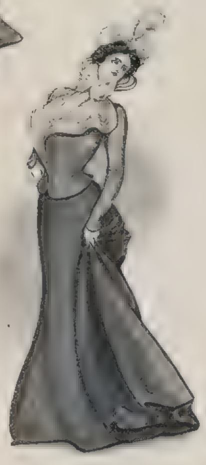
Model No. 2 shows one of the jauntiest coats of the season, and is made of very light tan covert-cloth. The high, flaring collar and rounded revers are made of tucked white satin and cream-white lace of heavy open design resembling silk embroidery. The trimming on the body of the jacket is a simple design cut from the cloth used in the coat, and is stitched on both edges. The close-fitting sleeve flares at the wrists and shows a white satin lining which runs throughout the garment.


MODEL NO. 4

Model No. 3 is a cape of pierced cloth in one of the new tan shades made over a lining of much darker tan silk. The front is short and rounded and shows the same accordion-plaited frill of silk which matches the lining. The full ruche at the neck is of the same silk, but may be of chiffon, either in white or tan, with a much softer effect.

Model No. 4 is a very dressy cape, and one much worn on both sides of the water. Black satin of heavy quality forms the base, and the voluminous frills are of accordion-plaited black chiffon headed with pointed motifs of cut jet. The stole ends, which have great favor this season, reach almost to the bottom of the dress-skirt, and are trimmed to match the cape proper. A high, full ruche finishes the neck, and the lining may be either black or white.

Model No. 5 is a stylish long coat suitable for traveling and street wear, and is quite of the princess cut. The cloth is tan in shade, and has a number of rows of machine-stitching at the bottom done in self-color. The high, flaring collar has a lining of tan satin, as have the big, loose-fitting revers, which are held just below the waist with one large fancy button. The severe sleeves show the same stitching on the flaring cuffs, which also expose the tan satin lining which is carried through the entire garment. The fronts round up and show the dress-skirt beneath.


MODEL NO 2

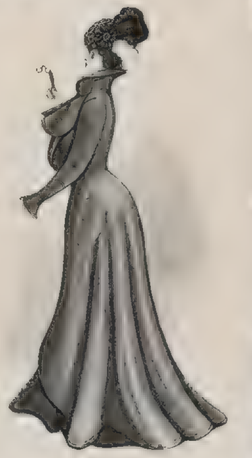
Stole effects are good for the autumn, and the very dressy capes all show them in lengths that reach almost to the bottom of the dress-skirt. In some instances they are made of lace or net, either plain or figured, and are trimmed all around with a full frill of the same that has been accordion-plaited. Often they start from the shoulders, sometimes from the back of the neck, and again they fall from the front on either side

Capes which in themselves are quite plain in front are made to look quite elaborate by means of a broad scarf of lace that ties in a bow under the chin and has long ends reaching well below the knees. Some of the severe tailor cloth capes have broad, soft satin ribbon applied in the same way, in which case the ribbon is double-faced.

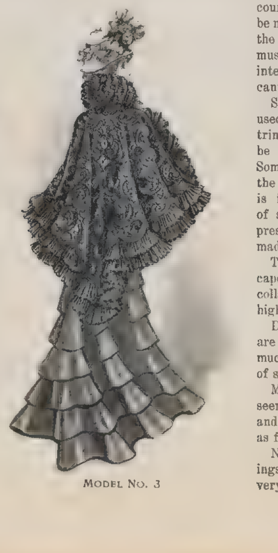
Vandyked and scalloped edges are good for cloth capes, and are usually stitched in several rows to give them firmness and finish. When stitching is used it should be done before the lining is applied, when it must be well stayed with linen canvas.

The very old-fashioned cape—which is really nothing more than a bertha reaching just below the shoulders and made quite round in shape—is revived for an autumn costume accessory, and here is where fringe plays the part for us it did for our great-grandmothers.

For an evening coat, or one used for traveling, this same boxy back, if properly filled in the under-arm seams, makes a really stylish and most comfortable coat. But to counteract the night-gown effect it should have a broad flounce at the bottom, running wide at the back and narrow in front. In these garments the effect is more pleasing if the fronts are rounded up quite a distance and the dress-skirt is allowed a fair showing.


MODEL NO. 5

Braiding will be used on both wraps and jackets this autumn, and will show both elaborate designs and severe rows running either around or up and down. Stitched bands of the same cloth trim all sorts of outdoor garments, and in many instances they form severe running patterns, like the wall of Troy, the shamrock, military curl and a sort of wavy design. Again we see set figures applied here and there in the form of disks, crescents, open rings, fleur-de-lis, but in each case they are stitched on both edges. Large disks stitched around and around over the entire surface, too, are used. These appliances are easily done by the home dressmaker, and lend the appearance of a master-hand having been at work; that is, if the stitching is accurately done. Of course, the additions must be made in all cases before the lining is applied, and must be stayed with an interlining of light-weight canvas.


MODEL NO. 3

Satin pipings, too, are used for wrap and jacket trimmings, but must always be made on a true bias. Some are stitched through the center, but the danger is in drawing them out of shape under the foot-presser, which makes hand-made ones more popular.

The newer jackets and capes show flat, turn-over collars, though many of the high, flaring ones are used.

Double-breasted coats are looked upon as being much smarter than those of single cut.

Many fancy buttons are seen on the autumn coats, and may be large or small, as fancy suggests.

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Helps for Housekeepers

By Ella Morris Kretschmar

STEWED AND BOILED MEATS

The one bar to our having the best cuisine to-day in the world is that we have too much to work with—a too-abundant supply of materials. Of course, we are gloriously fortunate in having such supply, and of course the time will come when we shall make the most of it, but we are just now at the stage where capricious indulgence and spendthrift wastefulness run riot in our domestic affairs.

If we had a compelling motive for our watchfulness, planning and devising—if necessity pushed or aroused our inventiveness—our national table might be made twice as satisfactory at half the outlay of supplies and money. This does not imply that we should imitate French cookery, where artifice so often stands for integrity of materials. It simply means that in our endeavor to have only the best we have not taken time to find out altogether what *is* the best; and in our further endeavor to escape labor or worries *through* our abundance we have not taken time to acquire that art which is, in a sense, the basis of our happiness, because the basis of our physical well-being.

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Wasted Opportunities

While the above general assertions apply to the use we make of our food supply as a whole, it is to the "wasted opportunities" in the matter of meats that it is here purposed to draw attention. No one could possibly gainsay the fact that game, fowl and the expensive parts of beef, mutton and veal make good eating. What could be better? But there are other meat possibilities of such excellence that one loses a great deal who does not enjoy them. This applies to all classes—to the rich who lose gastronomic pleasures, and to the poor who lose not only pleasures, but nutritive value equal to that of roast turkey or beef. Stews and boiled meats are either an unknown or a rare feature on the tables of well-to-do Americans. Why? Strange as it may seem, it is chiefly because such meats are cheap. If this statement be discredited, put this question: If the cuts required for stews and boils were the most expensive in the animal, would they not be eagerly sought for by people with long purses, and would they not fill places of honor on carefully considered menus? Under the head of "entrées" with high-sounding names these rejected cuts are praised, enjoyed and extravagantly paid for by that portion of society known as "high livers;" but this fact is unimportant to the general public, and has no bearing on the home table. Well-to-do Americans have a certain shamefacedness about buying cheap foods of any kind, and so miss many a luxury they might otherwise enjoy.

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The Science of Boiling

Stews there are in such variety that there is no palate, however fastidious, that could not be captivated by one or another of them. If some great food authority would make a lecture tour through the country proclaiming the nutritive value and general deliciousness of stewed meats, he would accomplish a distinct economic service for the American people. And, it may be added, he would advance our gastronomic education. For be it known that a stew properly prepared is a scientific dish, requiring both intelligence and care on the part of its maker. Meat in large or small pieces carelessly boiled cannot result in anything either delicious or scientific. The imperative rule for every form of stew is *slow cooking* and *long cooking*. No meat quickly and violently boiled *can* be tender, juicy or well flavored. It is because of the wide-spread ignorance or indifference on this point that so many people have acquired a prejudice against boiled meats and stews, and are unable to understand how they can be recommended as palatable and nutritious.

Recipes for special stews have been given in these columns, but the general subject of stewed and boiled meats has, considering its importance, been neglected.

Every housekeeper should know the essential points in preparing a stew as well as she knows the *points* in making tea or coffee. Without going into food chemistry she should know that hard boiling coagulates the albumen and fibrin of meat; and though it boil long enough for the fibers to separate, or fall apart—thus making it *seem* tender—the effort required for mastication develops the fact that such fibers are hard and dry. They will also be tasteless, because the soluble materials—among them the extractives or flavoring matters—will be dissolved out by the high temperature.

In stew-making it is the first step that counts that determines the final character of the meat for juiciness and flavor, or for dryness and tastelessness. This all-important step is *to seal up the outside pores of the meat, so that the juices within have no chance to escape.* To do this the meat must be plunged into boiling water, and kept at that temperature for ten minutes *only*, when the point desired will have been gained. The real cooking may then begin—a slow *simmering*, which will soften the fibers, while the juices remain sealed within.

If this invariable rule, of first sealing the pores of the meat, and then cooking slowly until done, is learned beyond possibility of forgetting by the mistress of a household, that household may enjoy the whole range of delicious stewed and boiled meats; as the variations which give such dishes their final character are details of minor importance, easily learned, prompted by inventive fancy or gleaned from cook-books. The family table which adds this feature (and frequently) to its menus will be vastly enriched, whether the providing purse be a millionaire's or an artisan's. Indeed, a fine stew might be called the "challenge" dish, since it alone combines the three qualities of highest nutrition, palate satisfaction and cheapness.

The caution necessary in boiling beef is to use as little water as possible. As the meat must be wholly immersed, the point then becomes to use as small a vessel as the process may be properly accomplished in. Of course, after the first ten minutes of hard boiling the "boiling" must be reduced to slow simmering.

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Points About Stews

The Cuts—The neck, shoulder and breast are in the order given the best stew cuts, the neck being the juiciest part of the animal, and probably the cheapest.

It may seem almost an affront to some to be assured that a royal meat dish for a family may be provided at a cost of twenty-five or thirty cents. But such is actually the case. For a brown stew (brown stews are either fricassees, pot-roasts or braizes if properly named) a cut from the round is best in beef, while for pot-roasts a thick cut from the face of the round is nearly always used.

Stew Accessories -The list of articles that may be used in various combinations in making stews includes onions, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, turnips, parsley, chives, celery, capers, barley, lemon (for veal only), the various herbs, such as marjoram, summer-savory, bay-leaf, thyme, sweet-basil, chervil, etc., spices (both whole and ground), curry, various catsups, etc.

Time for Cooking—The length of time required for cooking stews depends entirely upon the form of the meat. If it is in one large piece it must cook long enough to be almost ready to drop apart, but *not* quite. Four hours is not too long to slowly simmer meat cut in small pieces, say three inches square.

Stew-gravies—Stew-gravies must not be greasy. Therefore, it is well to cook the meat in time (such as have fat, as beef and mutton, not veal) to allow for pouring off the liquor to chill, that all grease may be removed, and the liquid returned for reheating, before it is thickened for gravy. If this precaution is not taken the liquid must still be poured off and skimmed (hot) until absolutely freed from grease. This is an operation requiring care. A spoon may be used until there is seemingly nothing left to skim, and then blotting-paper or brown straw-paper (such as butchers use) may be drawn over the surface to take up any remaining particles. When whole vegetables are to be a feature of the dish, do this skimming before they go in, heating the liquor before returning it to the meat.

While it is manifestly impossible to cover all the ground by giving separate recipes or combinations, a very clear idea of just how to proceed may be gained by dividing the whole subject under two heads—white stews and brown stews

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White Stews

If a light stew is desired, decide first whether it shall be a meat dish pure and simple, or a meat and vegetable dish in combination. If the former it may be perfectly plain, pepper and salt only being used as seasoning, or it may be very elaborate by reason of the sauce, and the flavor given the meat by vegetables and spices during the cooking.

To Prepare—Add when the meat is half done any combination preferred of chopped vegetables (a favorite one—onion, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes and a little turnip), some herbs, salt, peppercorns, a little ginger, nutmeg and three or four whole cloves. The seasoning is soon adjusted to the family palate. If the meat is in a large piece, as a shoulder or breast, remove it to a hot platter, rub the sauce or gravy through a soup-strainer, return it to the pot, add some chopped parsley, and some thickening if necessary, cook two or three minutes, and pour over the meat. If the pieces are small, return them to the strained sauce after it is reheated and thickened, that each piece may be well coated, then pour into a deep platter.

Light Stews with Vegetables—In making a meat and vegetable stew the meat should have two hours' simmering alone; then the carrots should be added, a half hour later the onions, and another half hour later the potatoes, the herb seasoning, salt and spices. Whole time allowed, four hours.

Lemon in Veal Stew —Veal stews are always improved by a "suggestion" of lemon—best obtained from a few small pieces of the very outside of the skin.

Plain Mutton Stew Variation—If to a plain mutton stew one half cupful of pearl barley be added in time for it to have two or even three hours of cooking the result is excellent. In serving either rub the barley through a soup-strainer or allow it to remain whole. This stew, aside from its palate-pleasing qualities, is especially nutritious and of easy digestion.

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Brown Stews

In brown stews the all-important point of *closing the pores* to seal up the juices is not effected by immersion in boiling water, but by quick *searing*. This is best accomplished by rolling the pieces in flour (always season it) and browning in butter or nice beef drippings. This method applies to pot-roasts, however large, which should be prepared as follows: Put the butter or drippings in the pot (flat-bottomed) in which the roast is to be cooked, and when it is hot enough to send up a thin smoke put in the meat (one of the large faces down); cook until brown, then turn the other side, and lastly brown the edges. It is well to fry some chopped onions, carrots and turnips, or onions alone, in the fat before putting in the meat, removing them while the meat is browning, then returning them. When the meat is browned pour in enough *boiling* water to half cover it, add the fried vegetables, cover tightly, and let the simmering begin. Turn the meat occasionally to insure even cooking. In serving strain the gravy (rubbing through the vegetables), thickening it if necessary. In ordinary brown stews the pieces of meat should be about an inch thick, cut in strips an inch or more wide, or in squares. Roll these pieces in flour, and brown, then cover with *boiling* water; simmer until perfectly tender. Rich vegetable flavor may be given the gravy by treating as given above for pot-roasts.

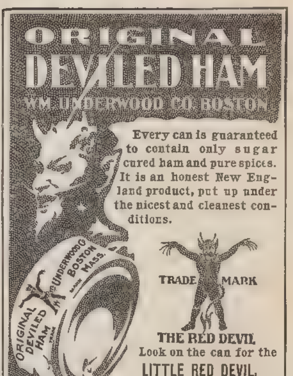
If whole vegetables are to be served with pot-roasts or brown stew, add them in the same manner as in making a light stew. They will be rich in both color and flavor.

Serving—The serving of a stew is an important point in the pleasure the dish affords. Piled on a platter like a hodgepodge it cannot appeal to the eye, and therefore must lose somewhat to the palate. Deftly arranged in attractive order, and garnished about the edges, it makes a specially handsome, appetizing appearance. Many a dish, otherwise unattractive, is made inviting by a little ingenuity in the method of serving.

◆

AUTUMN JELLIES

I have received so many inquiries regarding the making of autumn jellies that I have decided to answer them all briefly on this page. Without going into the subject as fully as has been done heretofore, I will merely cover the points about which special inquiry has been made. The three preferred autumn jellies are grape, quince and wild plum. The last-named is particularly fine for game. To obtain the juice from grapes, stem them and add one pint of water to each six quarts; heat slowly, mashing with a potato-masher. Allow the fruit to come to a boil, that all the juice may be freed. To obtain juice from quinces, just cover the parings and cores (it is supposed the other part will be preserved) with cold water and boil until soft; mash and strain: An equal weight of tart apples may be cooked with the parings; it makes the jelly a prettier color and the quince flavor more delicate. To obtain juice from plums, cover with cold water, bring slowly to a boil, cook to a soft mass, and strain. The method for making the jellies, the juice being obtained, is the same for all. Measure the juice and boil (not violently) for twenty minutes; then add one pint of granulated sugar, which has been warmed in the oven, for each pint of juice. As soon as the sugar has dissolved and the jelly just starts to boil, fill into tumblers, putting a silver spoon in each to prevent cracking. Jelly made in this way will *never* fail. Do not make more than one and one half pints at each boiling. It is wasteful to keep skimming throughout the cooking. Skim only once—just before filling into tumblers.



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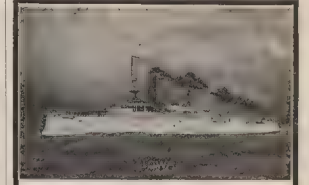

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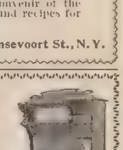

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Mrs Kretschmar's Answers to Queries

MRS. EDMUND S.—**Autumn Jellies**—You will find an answer to your query on the opposite page.

MRS. FANNY W.—**Canned Grapes**—Pulp the grapes out of their skins as you would stone cherries; cook pulps for ten minutes, and rub through a sieve. Let the skins cook slowly until soft, then add the strained pulp and sugar in the proportion of one part sugar to three or four parts fruit. Cook three or four minutes longer, fill into jars, and seal. **Grape Jam**—Use pound for pound of sugar and fruit, and cook one and one half hours.

MRS. LYDIA P.—**Baking-powder**—No proprietary articles can be mentioned in this column. If you will send your full address the name of the "best" powder, in the opinion of the writer, will be furnished you. **Imitation Coffee**—There are a number of simple methods for detecting frauds in coffee. In the whole berry the exact regularity in shape points to its being manufactured rather than grown. When ground, real coffee will float on water; the imitation, it is said, sinks. The first part of this latter proposition is here vouched for; the second part is given on hearsay.

MISS HART—**Charlotte Russe**—One and one half ounces of isinglass or one boxful of good gelatine dissolved in one half pint of tepid water. Make a custard of one pint of milk, four egg-yolks, one tablespoonful of butter, and flavoring. When cool add the gelatine strained, and a quart of sweetened cream whipped to a stiff froth. Line a mold with stale sponge-cake, pour in the charlotte mixture, and chill on ice. Whip, flavor and sweeten a little extra cream to heap on top. **Farewell Dinners**—It is not imperative, though certainly desirable, to give dinners to departing friends. If there is any bar to such pleasurable dinings, omissions of the compliment are sure to be excused by the sensible.

MRS. ALLYN R.—**Rusks**—One cupful of sweet milk, one half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one half cupful of yeast or one half cake of compressed yeast. Make a stiff batter by adding a little flour to above ingredients, stand in a warm place until light to rise (in winter over night); when very light work in enough flour to make a rather soft dough, and stand in a warm place to rise again. Mold into balls when light this time, and allow to rise to over twice their bulk; brush over the tops with sugar and milk, dust with cinnamon, and bake. As the milk and sugar hasten the browning, the rusk must be covered with thick brown paper when half done. Or they may be brushed when nearly done. **White Cake**—Whites of eight eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, three fourths of a cupful of butter, three and one half cupfuls of flour, one half cupful of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, flavoring. This is an excellent formula.

MISS DORIS S.—**Roux**—Roux is the basis of many sauces, and may be either white or brown. Properly made it has no suggestion of greasiness. To make, put one tablespoonful of butter into a spider and allow it to melt; add one tablespoonful of flour, and blend smoothly. Cook a couple of minutes without browning, and add one half pint of milk, stock or water; season, and cook two or three minutes longer. This is a white roux. To make a brown one, simply let the flour and butter cook until brown, not dark, before adding the water or milk. By cooking the butter and flour together the starch-cells quickly burst, absorbing the butter and forming an emulsion, a digestible combination. "Thickening" stirred into boiling water or milk makes only a flour paste unfit to eat. Meat gravies should always be made by blending flour with the fat in the roasting-pan, and when smooth and *browned* adding the water or stock. People versed in the proprieties of good living regard the flour-paste gravy or sauce as an insult to the palate.

"DUTIFUL"—**English Apple Pudding**—Chop fine enough suet to make one cupful, mix with one pint of flour in which one teaspoonful of ground ginger and one half teaspoonful of salt have been mixed. Moisten with enough ice-water to make a dough as soft as can be rolled out; roll thin, cover thickly with peeled and quartered apples, sprinkle thickly with sugar, dust lightly with allspice or nutmeg, roll up (pinching together the outer edges), lay in a well-floured cheese-cloth that has been wrung out of boiling water, and tie lightly to admit of swelling. Steam for a full hour, never allowing the water under the steamer to cease boiling for one minute. **"Sad" Dumplings**—Your dumplings for pot-pie are "sad" for the very same reason that your steamed puddings are failures, in all likelihood. Any steamed or boiled dough must cook at an *unchanging* temperature. In the case of pot-pie dumplings the lid must not be removed for twelve or fifteen minutes after the dumplings are put in—not even for the quickest peep. Some cooks prefer to cook dumplings twenty minutes, but it is not here advised.

MISS WHITE—**Terrapin**—There are no "inexpensive terrapin dishes" in this day. That is a thing of the past. The following is an old Maryland recipe for terrapin fricassee: Plunge the terrapin head first into boiling water; boil for fifteen minutes, or until the black outside skin of the shells will rub off and the claws pull out, all of which remove. Now put the terrapin into fresh boiling water, adding one tablespoonful of salt, and boil for forty minutes, or until the shells crack. Now open the shells (placing upside down over a bowl to save the liquor), first removing the under one. Take out the gall-bag with great care from the liver, remembering that if it should break the whole terrapin would be spoiled. Remove the sand-bag and intestines, and cut off the head. Now cut the meat into pieces, not too small, and place them in a saucepan with the liquor, liver and eggs, and bring to a boil; season generously with butter, add salt and cayenne, and serve. This simple dressing is preferred by terrapin lovers, but most cooks serve it with the following sauce: Melt one half cupful of butter in a double boiler, add one cupful of cream, four beaten egg-yolks, one salt-spoonful of salt, one fourth of a salt-spoonful of nutmeg, a pinch of cayenne, and when it has thickened three tablespoonfuls of Madeira. Pour this sauce over the terrapin, which should be in a hot tureen. It is customary to use the intestines with the meat, but this should only be done in winter, when the animal is torpid.

MRS. STEPHEN H.—**Meat Glaze**—Real meat glaze is made by boiling down meat stock to the consistency of cream or paste. A quickly made glaze may be obtained by beating together one egg-yolk, one teaspoonful of milk and one teaspoonful of sugar. Brush over any meat when nearly done, and it will give it a fine color.

CAROLINE K.—**Prune Soup**—Soak one pound of prunes for several hours in five pints of water, simmer slowly (tightly covered) until perfectly soft; the last half hour add one half pound of sugar, the juice and half the grated peel of a lemon; put through a soup-strainer (by rubbing), add a glassful of wine, return to the saucepan, boil up once more, and serve. Apricots treated as above and flavored with orange and Rhine wine make a pleasant soup. These soups may be slightly thickened if preferred, using corn-starch for the purpose. The wine may be omitted if considered objectionable.

PRUDENCE—**Silver-polish**—The following recipe gives a better result than anything known to me in the way of a silver-polish. It is called "silver soap," and should be applied by rubbing a little on a damp flannel cloth. It will remove all spots and tarnish from silver, giving it a fine polish. It is always well to give a final polish with chamois, whatever preparation is used. Ten pounds of soapstone-powder or whiting, one pound of castile or other good white soap, two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of olive-oil, one teaspoonful of alcohol. Melt the soap, add the other ingredients, mixing well, then add the whiting.

SARAH F. G.—**Mustard Pickles**—Two dozen cucumbers, one quart of small button-onions, two heads of cauliflower, six green peppers, two quarts of green tomatoes cut in pieces, one quart of young beans. Put in a mild brine over night, scald in the morning until tender, drain all day. Cover with the following: Three quarts of vinegar, four cupfuls of sugar, three fourths of a cupful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of celery-seed, one half pound of mustard, one half ounce of turmeric. Mix flour and mustard with cold vinegar, blending until smooth, add other ingredients, boil, and pour over vegetables.

EUGENIA M.—**Chafing-dish Dessert**—A pretty dessert to make before your guest, to cook while you are eating, is "Orange Whip." The ingredients required are whites of five eggs, five tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half salt-spoonful of salt, pulp of three oranges—no juice. Beat the eggs until stiff; mix the sugar, salt and cream of tartar, add these lightly to the eggs, adding then the orange-pulp. Grease the chafing-dish and cover with sweet butter, put in the pudding, and cook twenty minutes. When done, turn out on a platter, and serve with boiled custard sauce or whipped cream flavored with the orange-juice. **Chipped Beef**—Shave fine (thin as paper), cover with cold water, and bring to a scald; pour off the water, dry by stirring about in the pan; add one heaping tablespoonful of butter to one heaping cupful of meat, and stir until brown, then blend in one tablespoonful of flour, and lastly add one cupful of rich milk, or equal parts of milk and cream. Just before serving one teaspoonful of chopped parsley may be added.

MRS. KATHARINE K.—**Nut Mayonnaise**—Any nuts will do, but hickory-nuts seem best adapted to the purpose. Chop, then pound to a fine paste or powder; mix first with a small quantity of the mayonnaise (made after ordinary recipe), and then gradually incorporate the whole. The quantity of nuts depends upon individual taste. It is well to keep in mind their richness and the digestive question. **Rice**—It is as you say, almost impossible to wash some varieties of rice free "from that which makes it stick." If to this kind one teaspoonful of butter is added in the cooking the grains will keep separate. There are many ways of cooking rice, the most difficult of all vegetables to cook properly, but none is better than to drop it into rapidly boiling water slowly enough not to stop the boiling, where it must be kept fairly dancing until testing shows it is done. It must be watched, to catch it just at the right moment; otherwise the starch will be given off into the water. The moment the grain is soft throughout pour a little cold water into the pot to instantly arrest the boiling; then drain, and stand on the back part of the stove (over a pan to catch the drippings) to dry. Neither Japanese nor Chinese rice compares with our Carolina rice, both being meager in size, dark, and "sticky" when cooked.

MRS. VINCENT D.—**Cabbage and Onions**—Why do you call these splendid vegetables "gross and crude?" They are neither the one nor the other. They *can* be "daintily cooked and served," according to the best authorities. Summer cabbage is as "dainty" as asparagus, while the winter variety, properly cooked, is worthy a place on any table. To cook, wash thoroughly, cut in quarters, core and drain. Put the quarters into a good-sized pot of rapidly boiling water to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt and one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda; boil until tender, drain, put into a saucepan in which there is some melted butter; season with salt and pepper, cook two or three minutes, and serve. Or melt a generous tablespoonful of butter in the saucepan, put in the drained cabbage, season with salt and pepper, add one cupful of cream and half of a raw potato (medium size), grated. Cook for five minutes. Or parboil the cabbage ten minutes, then drain, put into a saucepan, nearly cover with stock, and cook until perfectly tender; season, thicken the stock (which should have boiled nearly away) with grated potato, cook five minutes more, and serve. There are many methods of cooking cabbage, of which the above will do for a beginning, if you really wish to be "converted." As to onions, whatever may be said of other vegetables, the onion is king. It is not only wholesome, but very medicinal, and its varied possibilities make it easily the most useful vegetable in our cuisine. Like cabbage, onions may be cooked in many ways, boiled, of course, being the most popular. If of the summer variety they should be put into boiling salted water, cooked until tender, drained, and dressed with butter, pepper and salt only. Winter onions need different treatment. They should be put on to cook in cold water, salted when half done, and dressed in white sauce. See answer to Miss Doris S.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton

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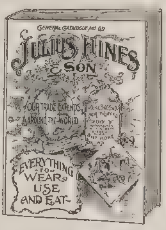
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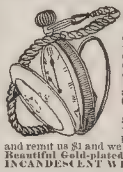

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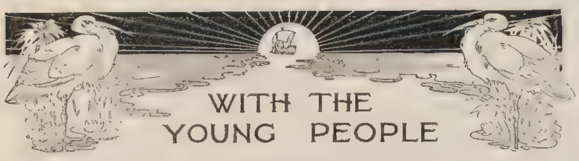


WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE

CECIL; A STUDY IN SURVIVALS

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY F. A. CARTER

IN THESE days when it seems to be a mooted point how much hard usage at foot-ball a growing lad can successfully withstand, the career of my young friend Cecil often arises before me as an illustration of the tough quality of the healthy male frame while in its formative period of strength. To relieve in advance the minds of my readers I may say that Cecil is now a settled, vigorous and very old person of a quarter of a century in age. But in infancy and childhood he was never mentioned by outsiders without a speculative reflection of this nature: "Well, and what has Cecil been doing lately to keep his friends' hearts in their mouths?" His tendency to accident, his persistence in hairbreadth escapes from peril, came to be regarded as an evidence of original sin, and always, if, as in the case of Mother Hubbard's dog, they "sent to the undertaker's to get him a coffin, when they came back the dog was a-laughin'!"

To go back to the beginning of Cecil's checkered career, while his efforts at walking were still varied by the simpler method of dropping on all fours to crawl, he made his début in danger by falling down a long flight of stairs, bumping on all the final steps, and landing in the marble hall below unhurt. Two days later he followed up this *coup* by eluding his nurse, climbing into a chair by an open third-story window, and taking an airy promenade on the outer base of the same. Detected by a man passing on the opposite side of the street, this good Samaritan, after frantically ringing the door-bell, dashed pale as a sheet upstairs past the maid-servant, who took him to be a lunatic, and creeping tiger-like in the rear of the little boy seized him by the legs and dragged him inside the room. Just why Cecil had not lost his balance and fallen into the street while this work of succor was going on is a mystery.

* * *

DURING the winter Cecil was the central figure of a runaway episode in a sleigh-ride, ending by his being deposited in a snow-bank beneath a hecatomb consisting of his mother, aunt, nurse and the negro coachman. From this predicament the boy came up rosy and smiling, with nothing in his appearance to indicate that he had become, like Tom Hood's baby upon whom his grandmamma sat down, "a spoiled child."

Shortly after, during one of the earliest attempts at a dinner-party given by his young father and mother, Cecil, consigned to seclusion in the nursery, decided to seek a more congenial atmosphere. Hiding himself in the lower part of a corner cupboard of the dining-room, and arising very suddenly to announce his presence, he brought down a shelf full of fine table-glass crashing in shivers upon him. Another more predestined baby would have emerged shrieking and dappled with his gore; but Cecil, shaking off the remnants, advanced boldly to his mamma, and motioned the servant to fetch his own high chair from its place against the wall, fully intending to make one of a pleasant and sympathetic company.

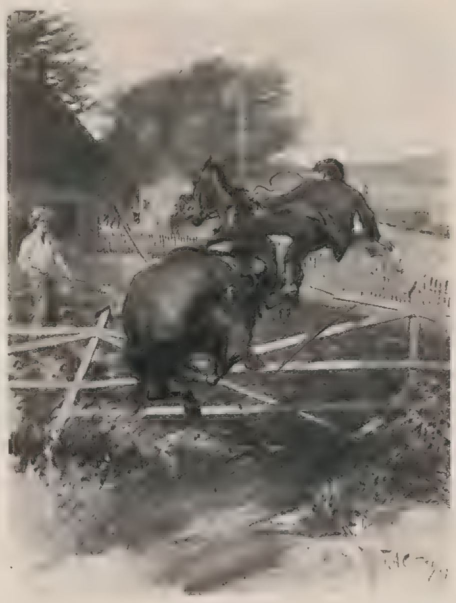
I will pass over numerous escapes from vigilance and dashes for freedom effected by Cecil in his days of petticoat government. His habit of disappearance from the precincts of authority was brought to a halt by the device of an ingenious cook, who, discovering his fear of lobsters, kept an empty shell of this alarming crustacean stationed on either side of the rear door of the flat whence he was fondest of making his escape. Omit we also numerous minor incidents of sturdy babyhood in which buttons, scissors, knives, all things knobby and all things sharp of edge, left their impression upon his india-rubber body. A visit with his parents to the country was made memorable by the disappearance from view of Cecil's head and shoulders into an open cask of water sunk into the lawn near the grapery for the gardener's use, his bare legs left wildly waving in the air above. The nurse being a lady of delicate sensibilities fainted away, but a gardener's boy flying to the rescue abstracted the boy from his watery pit, and restored him choking and gurgling, but unharmed, to the normal attitude of man afield.

* * *

UPON a later occasion Cecil, being taken by his parents for a private view of some baby lions in the menagerie of Central Park, pleaded for permission to "cuddle" in his own arms one of those lovely animated balls of fire and tawny fur in which the king of beasts makes his earliest appearance before the world. The lion-kitten, apparently too gentle and sleeping to be dangerous, lay for a moment in Cecil's embrace, then quick as light flashed out an angry paw at one side of the child's face, digging red channels with its claws within a hair's breadth of one of his eyes! "I must 'a' loved him too hard," said the little boy, apologizing for his assailant, that, snatched away by the keeper, was carried off to its basket in an adjoining room. The smart of the pain could not bring Cecil to speak otherwise than with admiring pride of his having "nursed a lion baby in his arms."

As our cherub passed into boyhood his habit of accidents kept pace with his rapid growth. "What is Cecil's last?" was the common inquiry among his parents' friends; or, "How has that youngster just missed killing himself now?" It was a matter of course that when dragged out from under the broken timbers in a bad railway wreck he should again appear without a scratch. A gentleman returning from a morning ride in the hill country testified to having reached a pond covered with lily-pads just in time to save by the hair of his head Cecil, who had been caught in the clinging undergrowth, and was vainly struggling to be free. When the story got abroad that Cecil had set his night-gown afire, and put it out himself without calling for help, and the very next day had fallen to earth from the topmost bough of a walnut-tree without breaking bones, people who heard the incidents, instead of exclaiming, "You don't say so! What a mercy for his poor dear mother and father!" and the like, calmly remarked, "Ah!" and went on reading books and newspapers or cutting bread and butter.

It was apparent, therefore, that Cecil must invent some new method of injury and sudden death in order to work upon the sympathies of his jaded acquaintances. While making up his mind what this should be he put in his time by coasting down hill on a high, old-fashioned bicycle, and colliding with the butcher's cart. The horse reared, the cart was smashed, the butcher thrown stunned to the roadside; but Cecil came on home with nothing to show for himself but a damaged wheel, and a rather rueful countenance when he was soundly lectured by his father for his carelessness. Sallying forth afoot the same afternoon he innocently and buoyantly mounted a friend's horse which he had been told he could not manage. The horse ran away down the village street, leaving behind him a comet's tail of appalled spectators; but Cecil stuck like a bur to the saddle until his steed turned with a crash into a fence-corner, and canted his rider over into a soft potato-patch. Nothing worse!



"Cecil stuck like a bur to the saddle until his steed turned with a crash into a fence"

* * *

HE WAS a delicate-featured, slender, soft-voiced child, whom few to look at him would have credited with his absolute unconsciousness of physical fear—for anything except a lobster. Visiting old ladies unaware of his record sometimes asked his mamma if she were not afraid to see her boy growing up so much quieter than other people's children. As a matter of fact, the day in which Cecil did not make that poor lady's heart thump with apprehension of his reckless exploits was a day incomplete.

At last, after a brief period of non-excitement, Cecil was announced to the public of the village where his family spent their summers as having been bitten by a dog suspected to be mad! He had been gamboling in the suburbs near a shoemaker's-shop, whence the dog had issued and savagely attacked him, leaving a bad gash in the boy's leg. A procession of sympathizers, including the druggist, the rector, and a weeping old female who thought she must see the dear boy safe home to his mother, escorted the sufferer to his domicile. Prompt care from a cool-headed surgeon, freedom from agitation, a close watch kept over the dog, and after a week or ten days of tremendous local expectancy this blackest of clouds melted again in the ether of health and happiness. The cur proving to be free from disease, and only vicious of temper toward disturbing youth, was banished from the village.

"But you tried yourself that time, Cecil," said his mother, drawing a deep breath of relief from the intolerable pain of terror.

An occasion like this was always the signal for penitence, tears, prayers for forgiveness for sorrow caused, kisses and promises of reform. When a whole year had passed during which nothing occurred worse than ivy-poisoning, the mumps and a few bad falls in the school gymnasium, Cecil's thirteenth birthday found him apparently on the highroad to a better life. The family returning to their summer home in June had, however, not many weeks to go before enjoying a new sensation at his hands.

* * *

IT WAS on the morning of the Fourth of July, when Cecil's mother beheld her sons set out to revel in the explosive joys of a grand combination of fire-crackers upon a neighbor's lawn.

"We shall make more noise than any other fellows in the place," observed Cecil, cheerfully. "Our stock, added to the Sargent boys', will 'bout last till lunch-time, I should think."

"I suppose I ought to thank my stars that it is Mrs. Sargent who will have the benefit of this noise, not I," said his mother. "But, my dear Cecil, do be—"

"Careful," supplemented Cecil, with a grin. "Now, mother, at my age—and yours—I should think you'd know there's no risk in fire-crackers."

"I despair of making you see risk in anything," said she, with a half sigh "But to-day remember I've trusted Tim to you, and Tim is only eight."

"I'm goin' on nine, mamma," put in Tim, with just pride. "I don't need any lookin' after."

"All the same, Cecil is responsible to me that you don't play any pranks with those abominations of fire-crackers. Cecil, do you hear?"

"I'll look out for Tim," answered Cecil, looking her square in the eyes. "And if it's any consolation to you to know it, General Sargent himself is going to superintend our show."

"And he's a real soldier, mother," added Tim, "with a bullet-hole in his body that he got at Gettysburg. Of course he can manage gunpowder."

After they had gone the mother settled down to a morning of work and reading upon her shady veranda. It was a sweet and peaceful hour.

* * *

THE fervor of patriotic youth in the village had apparently worn itself out. Since sunrise the popping of crackers and torpedoes had gone on, until now "silence like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound." In nature all was at rest, save for the song of birds, the hum of insects, the rustle of a clover-scented breeze.

"Dear old Cecil! He meant it when he accepted that charge of Tim," the mother thought, dropping her book. "I never saw such a man's expression in his eyes before."

A carriage drew up beyond the hedge around the garden. Through the opening at the gate came General Sargent leading a helpless, swaying figure, the upper part of the head and eyes swathed in a blackened bandage.

"I am sorry to say we have had an accident," said the General, very gently. "Your boy Cecil is hurt, but I hope not badly. He snatched a loaded cannon-cracker out of his little brother's hand, who had picked it up, seeing it was afire, but not knowing it was not spent."

"I saved Tim—he is all right, mother," the sufferer managed to say as her arms closed around him.

By the time the doctor came, and Cecil's torturing pain from burns covering his forehead, eyelids and forward scalp had been in some degree relieved, it became apparent that the physician's chief anxiety was for his patient's eyesight. For days and nights Cecil lay in blind misery; for days and nights his mother watched beside him, filled with sickening fear. The only bright spot in the boy's thoughts during this dreary imprisonment was Tim. At the sound of his little brother's voice or step, at any tale of his sayings or doings, Cecil's lips would strain into the semblance of a smile, his restless limbs would cease to twitch.

"I'm glad it's Tim that's well, mamma," he said often. "I don't think a little fellow could stand this as well as I can. If only I ever see again, mamma!"

At length the day came when the test of Cecil's eyesight was to be made. Cecil's mother thought every one in the room must be annoyed by the noise of her heart beating while the doctor removed the bandages.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed their friend, the doctor. "It's going to be plain sailing after this. He'll see as well as ever, and have brand-new eyelashes to boot!"

Cecil held himself in check till the others had left the room and he and his mother were alone. What passed between them then is known only to Him who giveth the good gift of sight.

* * *

THE sobering effect of this episode remained for a long time with Master Cecil. But as he was a real boy, and not a story-book boy, when he came out into the bright world again, and sniffed the fresh air, and basked in the glorious sunshine—presto! he was off, happy-go-lucky as before! Fate had not done toying with her victim yet.

At boarding-school, as captain of a foot-ball team, he got many hurts. Invariably he caught maladies that passed other fellows by. If it were possible for an ordinary attack of illness to take on some alarming phase (that never came to anything) Cecil's was sure to exhibit it. Adventures and accidents by flood and field continued to fall to his lot in quick succession through school and into college. Tim, surveying him with unfeigned admiration, used to declare there was not a square inch of his big brother's frame that had not been "through the mill." Cecil's scars, exhibited by Tim to other boys when they were all going in swimming together, were considered a most agreeable entertainment.

Just when the heedless daring of boyhood became transformed into the "sand" of young manhood was not exactly known. Imperceptibly the reports of Cecil's startling adventures became merged into tales of his quiet determination to conquer mishap by endurance and by intelligent recognition of the odds at stake. Without posing before the university world as a hero he had come to have many followers, and a long and hard service as slave of the oar had won for him a place of honor in the 'varsity crew.

One wintry day of spring while coaching a freshmen crew Cecil found himself far from shore in a sinking boat. The men, suddenly aware of the danger of their position, looked at him for the signal to jump overboard and swim ashore. But Cecil, calculating his distance, determined to take his crew home dry if possible. Without indication that he was aware of their plight he continued to give his orders, to exhort the weak, to commend the strong among the crew. His coolness dominated them at once; their strokes kept up like the click of a machine. The water came over their feet, rose to their ankles, to their seats. Still the oars moved together with splendid regularity. Then at a stone's throw from land he gave the command to abandon the shell. Like a set of eager sea-gods the crew plunged overboard into the icy waves and swam to safety. Reunited on the shore they gave a cheer for their coach, who, modestly disregarding their plaudits of his achievement, led them off at a dog-trot in single file to run into the town, where he dosed them all with quinine at the first druggist's shop they came to, with the result that no one of them was the worse physically for his drenching and exposure.

KNOTTY POINTS

EDITED BY RUTHVEN

Everything relating to this department must be sent to Edwin R. Briggs, West Bethel, Maine, and marked "For Knotty Points."

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES

No. 2,550.—A word hurts more than a wound.

No. 2,551.

```
          C
        W E B
      C A N E R
    C U T T L E S
  W A T E R A G E S
C E N T R O B A R I C
  B E L A B O R E D
    R E G A R D S
      S E R E S
        S I D
          C
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No. 2,552.

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F
B U R
N E G U S
B E T I D E D
F U G I T I V E S
  R U D I M E N T
    S E V E N T Y
      D E N T I L
        S T Y L E
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No. 2,553. Chatelaine.

No. 2,554.

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M U S T A N G
U M P I R E
S P A R E
T I R E
A R E
N E
G
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No. 2,555.

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        A
      A M O
    E M A L S
  A M I D I N E
A M A D A V A D E
  O L I V E R S
    S N A R E
      E D S
        E
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No. 2,556.—The rat-threat.

No. 2,557. Serpentine-stone, Christomathy.

No. 2,558. Horseshoes.

No. 2,559. -Not, ton

NEW PUZZLES

No. 2,570.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA

The whole, composed of 27 letters, is a well known maxim.

The 1, 25, 15, 6, 5, 9, is a near relative.
The 10, 27, 22, is a short poem.
The 16, 10, 4, 23, 7, is a covered entranceway.
The 1., 2, 12, 19, is a precious stone.
The 21, 18, 14, 11, 8, 13, is concealed.
The 24, 3, 26, 20, is to hesitate

Ennis, Texas. MIDGET.

No. 2,571.—TETRAGON

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          * * * *
          * * *
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1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. State of equality. 3. An imaginary female being. 4 Injuries. 5. Contracting in successive circles. (Anat.) 6. The inspissated juice of certain plants, used as a purgative. 8. A part of the human body. 9. A number. 10. Existing. 11. A letter. IVY

New Orleans, La.

No. 2,572.—INVERTED PYRAMID

Across.—1. A kind of parenthesis. 2. Substances. 3. Dimness of sight. (Unab.) 4. Not dry. 5. The sheer of a vessel. 6. A letter.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Obsolete imperfect of read. 4. An original form. 5. In the middle. (Greek form.) 6. Prunes. (Obs.) 7. Reeling. 8. A cockle. 9. Cautious. 10. A verb. 11. A letter. TIMON.

Lebanon, Ky.

No. 2,573.—CHARADE

Oh, I know a pretty girl,
She's as pure as any pearl,
But she sets my head awhirl.
  Oh, she's fine!
So to woo *one* I did try,
But I could do naught but sigh,
And for love I'd almost die
  At any time.

I bought my love a *two*,
But she said it would not do,
And my heart it broke in two,
  Oh, my heart!
Yes, my hopes then had a crash,
For she would not live on hash,
No, she would not be so rash,
  So we did part.

Or to live on WHOLE and bread
She would rather far be dead,
Yes, this is what she said
  Unto me;
So at me she did rail
With this gastronomic wail,
And my wooing all did fail,
  As you see.

Baders, Ill. ILLI NOIS.

No. 2,574—HALF SQUARE

1. Formerly. 2. Esteem due to worth. 3. Noting entrance. 4. A game at cards. 5. A connective. 6. A letter. HARRIET.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 2,575.—SQUARE

1. A piece of type-metal, very useful in printing. 2. Clumsy. 3. Monk's-hood or wolf's-bane. 4. A considerable province in Annam. 5. Destroyed. 6. To experience. 7. A newspaper of Philadelphia.

Cincinnati, Ohio. RED CLOVER.

No 2,576 ANAGRAM

A fancy chair, OR NICE TABLE,
  Is a pretty gift to bestow
At an anniversary *whole*,
  Where good cheer is aglow.
But if you are NOT ABLE,
  RICE is a sincere token,
Emblematic of good luck,
  And prosperity unbroken.

Utica, N. Y. OLDCASTLE.

No. 2,577.—LINKADE

A WHOLE said to *second* daughter,
"I saw a *first* in your trunk."

New Orleans, La. CLARCHEN.

No. 2,578.—ANAGRAM

TEN DEAR MEN are the beaux
  Of as many tender misses,
And when a-courting each one goes
  He tenders at least ten kisses.

Complete is lavishly used,
  Intended to heighten his chances
Of acceptance (how sad if refused)
  By his adorable Frances.

And later, when by her he is noosed,
  And the words of the priest spoken quick,
Like a bird from a cage when loosed,
  With joy he's as full as a tick.

Centralia, Ill. ASPIRO.

No. 2,579.—ENIGMA

Had you a score of *one to four*
You probably would wish for more,
Nor, barred with black, with brown and gray,
Such birds would all your care repay.

Should you prefer the *three to six*,
On it your whole attention fix,
This bird enjoys domestication,
And tries to merit approbation.

The TOTAL—I would not advise
A friend to own it, for it flies
Abroad at night, and might affright
A lady, should it meet her sight.

Denver, Col. MAUDE.

Answers in two months

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS

For the first correct answers to "Knotty Points" in this issue we offer five premium books as follows:

No. 2,573. "Universal Dictionary."
No. 2,575. "Standard Cook Book."
No. 2,576.—"Samantha at Saratoga."
No. 2,578 "New People's Atlas."
No. 2,579. "Photographic Panorama of Our New Possessions."

Solutions must reach us prior to September 20th to be acknowledged in the November number.

JULY SOLVERS

Maude E. Tyler, Timon, R. D. Eysaman, Mrs. C. D. Darby, Mrs. B. H. Thompson, Vinnie, Ida Neustrom, Mrs. C. J. Pratt, Mary R. Lyons, Red Clover, Sukey Sunflower, Ann Eliza, Mam, Birdie Lane, Mecboss, Mary N. Gates, Sallie E. Jones, Martha O'Hanlon, Marion Miller, Sally, R. E. Craig, Richard E., Tabitha Tansy, Sarah Gilles, Kate Seymour, B. F. Rowley, Rose E. Peabody, Katie Zahn, Clarchen, Birdie Browne, Lottie, Vyvyan, A. Mary Khan, Teddy, Ida May, Oldcastle, J. D. L., Mrs. E. P. Bowman, Undine, C. F. Storer, S. W., Geraldine, Deborah Doolittle, Sleepy Sam, O. G. H. and Minnie Jones.

PRIZE WINNERS

No. 2,551.—Mrs. C. D. Darby, Aspinwall, Pa.
No. 2,552.—R. D. Eysaman, Little Falls, N. Y.
No. 2,553.—Maude E. Tyler, Pawtucket, R. I.
No 2,556.—Mrs. B. H. Thompson, New Albany, Miss.
No. 2,557.—Timon, Lebanon, Ky.

CHAT WITH PUZZLERS

Illi Nois.—Thanks for contributions.

Mecboss.—Have again ordered prize sent.

Mrs. A. M. Babcock.—Thanks for kind letter. Come often.

W. H. Ewing.—All are accepted, and one will appear next month.

Vyvyan.—Glad you were so well pleased with the book won in June.

Eli Z. Abeth.—Original puzzles are always wanted, but we do not pay for contributions.

Red Clover and *W. F. Gordon* acknowledge receipt of prizes, with which they are much pleased.

Fannie Goodman.—We have not time to explain the different kinds of puzzles, but by examining the answers you may learn how to solve them. Let us hear from you again.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE TEETHING PERIOD

Is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book "Babies" free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

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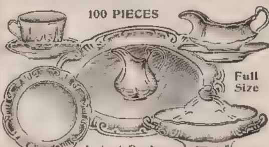
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGENTS, NEW YORK

LEA&PERRINS
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



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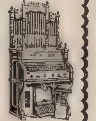

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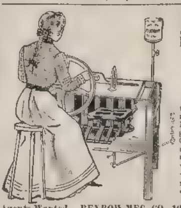

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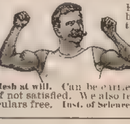

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CARE AND CULTURE OF FLOWERS

Edited by Robert R. McGregor

BULB NOTES

EARLY in September hundreds of thousands of Holland-grown bulbs, such as hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and crocus, were shipped to America. Many admirers of the great beds and borders of hyacinths, tulips and narcissus as displayed in the public gardens, parks and larger private places wish they were so situated as to afford the same display. They should remember that the owner of the large place is obliged to plant heavily to make a display to correspond with the landscape effects, which must be on a large scale. The owner of a moderate-size dooryard or lawn can produce a much prettier effect by doing away with large or conventional beds, and instead planting little clumps of bulbs here and there about the lawn, among the shrubbery and along the fences. Half the number of bulbs required for a bed if planted judiciously in little clumps will give more real pleasure than when massed together.

In narcissus one gets greater value for his money, I believe, than in any other bulbs, because they increase and spread so rapidly. Then, too, they bloom so freely. Especially good in these qualities are the Bulbocodiums, Poeticus and Incomparabilis. Plant them freely about the shrubbery in shaded locations and under trees where other flowers fail, and a portion in the sunshine to keep up a succession of bloom. Once planted they require no further attention for years, and the numbers of blooms will be much greater each season. The bulbs should not be planted closer than six or eight inches apart, and should be about four inches below the surface. Tenderer sorts require an inch deeper planting, and a mulch of leaves in the winter.

In making up hyacinth and tulip beds it is wise to round up the surface well to shed surface water, for there is danger of the bulbs rotting if water is allowed to stand on the bed. It is also beneficial to cover the hyacinths and tulips with about six or eight inches of forest leaves.

To force bulbs for blooming in the house during the winter pot them in a rich, porous soil, covering all but the tips of tulips, but allowing a third of hyacinths to remain above the surface of the soil. In potting it is unwise to press the bulbs down firmly, else when the roots start at the bottom and meet the hard soil below they will force the bulb up out of the soil. Lightly pressing the soil down about the bulb and settling it by tapping the pots smartly on the sides and on the bottom will be better than pressing the bulb down itself. Water heavily as soon as potted, to insure the moisture penetrating the entire soil; then bury the pots of bulbs outside in a bank of coal ashes at the base of a north wall, or any other cool, perfectly shaded location, or if more convenient in the cellar. Put a covering of six inches of ashes over the top of the pots if out of doors, and over the ashes a few inches of litter. In the cellar not so much covering will be required. The bulbs may remain as they are for six or eight weeks with an occasional examination to see that the soil is not drying out. If put in early in October, by the first of December the soil in the bottom of the pots will have become well filled with white roots, and the bulbs are then ready for removal in the pots to lighter and warmer quarters. If an abundance of roots are not made the flower will not come so well, so that sometimes it may be necessary to allow the pots to remain a little longer under cover.

In removing them to the light and air of the window it is well to accustom them to the change very gradually, removing the covering a little at a time for several days. Keep the bulbs in a cool temperature for the first few weeks, gradually increasing the temperature up to sixty-five or seventy just at the flowering-time. As soon as in flower if removed to a lower temperature again the season of blooming will be longer.

❦

FALL PLANTING OF LILIES

LILY-BULBS in various kinds are first placed on sale in September. Such bulbs should be planted as soon as possible after being dug.

It seems strange that more of the beautiful Japanese and other imported lilies, together with the best of our native sorts, are not planted in our gardens and borders, for once planted they require comparatively little care.

One of the most beautiful of all the popular sorts is the Candidum, or Anunciation lily, a good grower, and producing a wealth of snowy-white trumpets. If possible it is better to obtain a supply of this variety from a neighbor rather than from the dealer, unless he can supply them direct from the ground. They should be planted a little earlier than other sorts, in the latter part of July, August or early September, as they make a growth in the autumn upon which the flower the following June depends.

The Lilium Speciosum in its two favorite varieties, Rubrum and Album, is a charming species. The latter variety is pure white, while the former is rose spotted with red. A variety offered as Roseum often resembles the Rubrum.

The Lilium Auratum, or Golden-banded lily, is generally considered to be the finest of the Japanese sorts. The flowers are very large, white, with a yellow band down the center of the petals, which are also spotted with crimson. Besides this type there are several other beautiful varieties of the Auratum, among which might be mentioned Pictum, Vitatum Rubrum and Witteii. The immense size of the flowers and the great numbers produced on a single stalk make the Auratum a most popular sort.

In addition to the above a half dozen other very fine varieties may be recommended, such as Hansonii, yellow and orange spotted with maroon; Isabellinum, buff yellow; Krameri, deep rosy pink; Leichtlenii, canary-yellow spotted with red; Tenuifolium, scarlet; Brownii, whose white petals are tinged with chocolate, and Chalcedonicum, bearing a large scarlet flower.

The most important item in the outdoor cultivation of these lilies is in the selection of a location which is perfectly drained. They will not thrive if water stands about the bed.

The soil should be well loosened to a depth of about twenty inches, with a good layer of rotted manure at the bottom and a light, fairly rich loam above. The bulbs should be planted five or six inches deep; that is, from the top of the bulb to the surface of the soil. A small pocket of sand about the bulb will prove beneficial.

During the summer frequent mulchings of grass-clippings should be applied. During the winter it is necessary to protect the bed well. For this purpose nothing will answer better than forest leaves. Set foot-wide boards on edge about the bed, making a frame. Fill in with leaves to a depth of ten inches, and lay a few lath or a little brush over the top.

Lilies increase rapidly under favorable conditions, and the bulbs may be taken up in the early fall, say once in three or four years, and replanted. If planted where they will be protected from the hottest of the day's sunshine, as at one side of the house, at the base of shrubbery or beside latticework, lilies will do better than in full sunshine.

❦

SEPTEMBER ITEMS

AT THE North where frosts may occur at any time during this month use cloths or paper to cover coleus-beds, cannas, heliotropes and other very tender plants, which thus protected remain for display during the early fall.

Before severe frosts or freezes, however, cannas should be cut back to within six inches of the roots, dug and stored in dry earth for the winter. Tuberous-rooted begonias should also be dug early, the bulbs spread on a board with a little soil over them for a day in the sunshine, then transferred to shelves for the winter.

The buds of chrysanthemums will now be coming pretty well, and if large flowers are wanted have courage to pinch out some of the smaller ones. One or two buds to the stem, and only one or two stems to the plant, will produce rather large flowers, other conditions favorable, but one stem and one bud will make the extra large exhibition blooms. Keep down the black-aphis which trouble the chrysanthemum by fumigating with tobacco-smoke, and do not allow the plants to suffer for want of water.

Carnations if not already taken up from the border or garden and potted for winter flowers must be well protected from frost, for although almost hardy the winter-flowering qualities will be damaged by the cold if unprotected.

Save a number of the seeds from the old stalks of your cannas and sow them early in the spring. Some diversity from the original plants may be noticed in the seedlings, adding interest to the experiment. If the lawn has some thin, unsightly patches it is still not too late to sow some grass-seed. Later the little plants would be destroyed by the frost, while by sowing early in September they will become large enough to withstand the action of the frosts and thaws.

It is not a first-class idea to prune the shrubbery before February, after which there is little danger of killing back. It is then better to thin out here and there to induce a new growth than to crop the bushes, thereby destroying the bloom for a season.

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THE DERMA-ROYALE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

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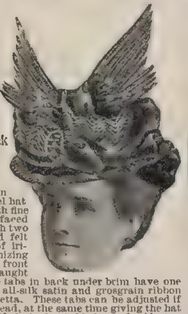

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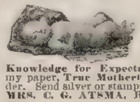

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LADIES I Make Big Wages At ..Home.. and will gladly tell you all about my work. It's very pleasant and will easily pay $18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. **MRS. A. H. WIGGINS, Box 24, Benton Harbor, Mich.**

PROBLEMS IN DRESSMAKING

PROBLEMS IN DRESSMAKING

By Mary Katharine Howard

Under this head all questions relating to home dressmaking will be cheerfully answered.

Miss L.—You must carry your shoulder-seams well toward the back to avoid the round look.

Effie B.—Wear your hair puffed if becoming. Your dresses should come well over the shoe-tops.

M. C. D.—Your collar is placed too high, which makes your waist push up in a ridge at the neck just where it meets the collar.

Carrie W.—After a sleeve has been properly fitted to the arm make all alterations for length at the wrist; *never* disturb the elbow-point.

Comfort—Watteau-plaited backs are always pretty and graceful, and though not new are seen in most of the tea-gowns and lounging-robes.

Barbara M.—You may use parasol as it is or trim with tiny chiffon ruches of black running straight around in several rows or up and down.

Mollie G.—Your questions would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, and my answers would wound your vanity. However, if you insist on a reply will answer by post.

Nell—For trimming underclothing nothing wears as well as hand-made linen Torchon lace, though point de Paris and Valenciennes are more used, and are by far more dainty.

Lou K.—You cannot apply whalebone to bodice seams by machine, even though the whalebone be first soaked in hot water. Nothing but featherbone can be applied in this manner.

Bride—Autumn brides may wear precisely the same wedding-gown as the June bride, but outside of white the same service will not be had for winter wear afterward for social functions.

Mattie Belle—You need not be afraid of using too much lace on your gown, as miles are used for decoration both in edgings and insertions, the latter being given the preference.

School-girl—Outside of plain colors or polka-dots I do not think India or foulard silks make pretty shirt-waists. If you want large patterns have taffeta or any other silk that has a body.

M. A. D.—A silk dust-ruffle does much toward saving the lining of a dress-skirt, and is much easier to replace than piecing down a worn lining. Pink the edges, and allow a scant half for fullness.

C. L. S.—Your question comes to me many times. *Always* gauge the length of a dress-skirt at the bottom after the top has been properly fitted and sewed into the band; *never* alter the length by disturbing the top.

Bazely—To my mind all figured foulards are more stylish when the design is bold. The small tame figures give the appearance of cotton points. Blue and white have been the decided favorites through the summer of '99.

G. M. P.—Being large in the abdomen and hips you will find narrow foot-trimmings on your dress-skirts will be more becoming than deep flounces. Also to apparently reduce the size wear your skirt as long as possible in front.

Florette—With your red hair be careful how you wear pink or any of the red tones. Soften and tone them down with black or white. Should think blue, green in dull shades, or black and white more suited to your style.

Rachel—In remodeling your gown you may lengthen the skirt by cutting the lower edge in scallops or Vandykes, and binding them with their own material. Then place a plaited ruffle of silk beneath to give the requisite length.

S. F. V.—You can freshen your white cloth gown by using dark fur as a trimming, or black silk open-wrought passementerie makes an effective trimming, giving the appearance of braiding. Black lace applied in bands or motifs makes a dressy ornamentation.

Mary S.—Red is always a good color for autumn gowns, whether intended for house or street wear. Many new weaves in wool crepons are shown, and hang gracefully in the close-fitting skirts. They may be kept solid in color or relieved with either ivory-white or black.

Shop-girl—Both for service and good style should advise a gown of black mohair with a silken luster. Use fancy black braid for trimming rather than frills, it being more in keeping with the material and the use of the gown. Made with a double-breasted bodice it would be stylish.

Georgia—Accordion-plaited chiffon waists are pretty for evening wear if they are carefully fitted and the figure is not too stout. For a very slender figure the uncrushable silk muslin, which is waved one way and plaited the other, makes a pretty and serviceable waist, as it always looks fresh.

Caroline W.—A turquoise taffeta mousseline is pretty, but should not advise green as a trimming. While the two colors are in good taste these violent contrasts are advisable only when a large wardrobe is possessed, and when the wearer has unbounded style. Use soft ivory-white lace and chiffon ruches on your gown.

Ida Millar—To shrink cheviot first fold carefully without wrinkles in lengths of two yards, then take a large sheet and wet thoroughly in cold water, wringing very loosely so as to be quite moist. Lay the folded cloth on one half of a wet sheet, covering over with the other half, and weight it down over night.

Dressmaker—Yes, all seams of a bodice should be boned, and if the figure is stout an extra bone should be placed between the back dart of the front and the under-arm seam. From my own experience featherbone is easier applied and better in every way than even the best whalebone, and will do duty for several dresses. Yes, a gown may be washed without removing featherbone from the seams.

R. T. L.—Greenaway dresses and coats are not a prevailing style among children, though they are always quaint and pretty, and I should not hesitate using them for your three-year-old tot. No, sailor hats are not consistent with this style, but feathers or nodding flowers on Leghorn hats with broad brims are just right. Make some of the gowns with adjustable guimpes, so they may be worn low or high neck.

Economy—White organdie will not launder satisfactorily, but cleans like new.

O. A. H.—Strapped seams will be used in autumn tailor-made costumes, though not to the exclusion of plain seams.

Fanny—Allow a fullness at the elbow on the upper portion of the sleeve, then the fit will be easy and the wear far more satisfactory.

Clara—In fitting seams of a bodice alterations must be made exactly the same on corresponding seams, else the waist will twist to one side.

Young Mother—Boys of four are now put into trousers, and though the fashion is not a pretty one for children under size the tots like it.

M. A. E.—There are a number of excellent journals published in New York devoted exclusively to fashions which can be found at the news-stands.

M. H. K.—The lace neck-scarfs are still worn, but the very newest ones are of chiffon and organdie, the latter being sprinkled over with tiny rosebuds in pink.

Severe—Should not advise a tailor gown with two darts on either side of the front of the bodice. Have the darts in the lining, and stretch the outside material over plain.

Amy S.—Bayadere stripes are still worn, but your figure is too stout for this style. Make either lengthwise or on the bias, bringing the stripes to V's both back and front in the waist.

Katharine—You can renovate your black lace by dipping it in vinegar and water, and pressing while damp. Place the lace between thin muslin, and never allow the hot iron to touch it.

Sarah O.—Do not advise yokes for the back of silk waists even though the front and sleeves take on a shirt-waist look. A continuous line from neck to waist gives a much better figure.

S. L. T.—All waist-seams should be sewed with silk, as they wear better and do not crack if the tension is not quite loose enough. Use braid for the finish at the bottom of your gown.

Ethel—Silk petticoats of contrasting color are worn, but gowns and skirts in close match or shades of a color are considered in much better taste. Silk petticoats without lace are more suitable for street wear.

L. S. M.—Very light street-gowns are worn, and are made either of solid color or with trimmings of contrasting color. Any of the grays and tans are good, or if violets are becoming, the light ones are quite fashionable.

Mrs. M. F. L.—Nothing is prettier for a bride than gray, except white, which may be of any material one can best afford, from a simple muslin to the finest satin. Yes, crepe de chine is quite suitable, and most serviceable.

Folly—Stick to your daintily trimmed underwear, using lace instead of embroidery. It is an acknowledged fact both at home and abroad that American women are the most dainty of all women about their undergarments.

Y. O. S.—There is but one way to lengthen the appearance of the front of the waist of a figure with a high and full stomach. Drop the belt as low as possible in a pointed effect. If a basque is worn make it short on the hips and pointed directly in front.

Jeanette—In making a lining and dress-skirt to hang separately, but from the same band, they must both be cut precisely alike or the dress never hangs well. They may be caught together in several places at the seams so that they can be raised without difficulty.

Estelle McC.—No intention of neglect, I assure you. Make your autumn gown quite close-fitting at the top of the skirt, using an overdress effect, those of pointed shape, both back and front, being the most graceful. A narrow foot-trimming with the overdress is indispensable.

Mrs. E. H. Clark—Use plush for collarette, and trim with a narrow band of fur or a full double box-plaited ruche of mousseline-de-soie or double-faced satin ribbon, the latter being more durable. Cut straight around, barely escaping the waist-line, and have high flaring collar.

Ophelia—Should not advise a velvet costume for the autumn unless you have a number of gowns with which to change. Should you decide on a black the newer trimming is some of the new and pretty laces rather than the jet of which you speak. Silk braids, too, are used, as are tiny ruches of chiffon applied in design.

Alice—You will find an Eton coat the most stylish for an autumn costume. It may be made in severe tailor style or may have fancy revers and collar. The ones cut up the back and rounded short in front, showing a pretty waist beneath, are much worn, and are flattering to a good figure, which should be the only one to dare an Eton.

Lydia W.—Being tall and slender of figure, with a clear and moderately dark skin with fair amount of coloring, should advise an evening-gown of yellow crepe de chine of very soft tint. Keep it all yellow, with tiny chiffon ruches or frills at the bottom of the skirt, using the same effect on the bodice. Wash in buttermilk to remove the dark ring about the neck caused by high collars.

Clara—You will find night-dresses of nainsook to wear just as well as cambric, and are far more dainty. The same applies to chemises, and, too, they take up less room beneath the dress-waist. For drawers long cloth will wear better for general use, but for very best either nainsook or Victoria lawn are popular. Lawn with tiny colored polka-dots is also used, as are plain lawns of dainty coloring.

Mrs. C. W. S.—You may wear any sort of black or colored skirt with black waist like sample inclosed. Line with soft-finish cambric. Use a seven-gore skirt-pattern. Yes, three tiny ruffles make a pretty trimming. Tan shoes are much worn, but tan gloves are not so much worn as white or gray. White veils are worn only when particularly becoming. Do not stitch velvet folds. Black sashes are worn.

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Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges river, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the diseased conditions.

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Mrs. Sarah Castle, Poestenkill, N. Y.

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TRADE MARK

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TWO CENTS WILL PROVE IT

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Has been in use 100 years. It is a carefully prepared Physician's prescription, and if directions are followed it will never fail.

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All physicians agree that the element of faith has a great deal to do in the cure of disease.

Firm belief and confidence in a family physician of the same confidence and faith in a patent medicine have produced remarkable cures in all ages.

This is especially true in nervous troubles, and no field offers so prolific a harvest for the quack and charlatan as the diseases arising from a weak or run-down nervous system.

Nevertheless, the most common of all diseases, indigestion and stomach troubles, which in turn cause nervous diseases, heart troubles, consumption and loss of flesh, requires something besides faith to cure.

Mere faith will not digest your food for you, will not give you an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart, but Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do these things, because they are composed of the elements of digestion, they contain the juices, acids and peptones necessary to the digestion and assimilation of all wholesome food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest food if placed in a jar or bottle in water heated to 98 degrees, and they will do it much more effectively when taken into the stomach after meals, whether you have faith that they will or not.

They invigorate the stomach, make pure blood and strong nerves in the only way that nature can do it, and that is from plenty of wholesome food, well digested. It is not what we eat, but what we digest that does us good.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package.

Little book on cause and cure of stomach troubles mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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AND

HAY-FEVER

The Kola Plant

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For Toilet and Bath

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GOSSIP WITH READERS

[Writers to the "Gossip With Readers" column are requested to give, in addition to the assumed name, their full name and address, inclosing a stamp that reply can be made by mail if necessary. Frequently correspondents ask for information in a certain issue, but their reply reaches us too late to answer in that number, or they ask for firm addresses, which cannot properly be given in this column. It is preferable to sign all queries by something else than A Reader or Subscriber, as it often becomes confusing when several write in to be answered under the same title. Simply the initials or the first name are all that is necessary, and will sufficiently conceal the inquirer's identity.]

JACQUELINE—Mrs. Southworth was a native of Washington, D. C., where she was living at the time of her death, June 30th. The initials of her name stood for Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte.

H. J. C.—In the following art schools you can obtain special instruction in illustrating: Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; The Holmes School of Illustrating, Chicago; Cooper Institute, New York City.

L. P.—Folding the card when calling, to indicate that the card was left in person or that the call was intended for every lady in the house, has become obsolete in this day when there is no excuse for a lady who does not pay her social visits in person. Such a custom was pardonable in colonial times, when the impassability of the roads made it necessary for ladies to make many of their social calls by proxy.

MRS. R. T.—Captain Charles D. Sigsbee is now in command of the Texas, of the North Atlantic fleet, which rendezvoused off the New England coast this summer. 2. Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson is commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic fleet. You can obtain full information of the whereabouts and movements of all commissioned vessels through the *Army and Navy Journal*, published at New York, which gives every week a full and revised list of all war-ships and other craft.

MRS. R. H. G.—Sensitive feet always cause more or less annoyance during hot weather, and if you are accustomed to walking on paved streets you should wear a thicker-soled shoe than the paper thickness of the ordinary summer shoe. Give the feet every day (at night-time is best) a Russian bath. This is done by immersing the feet for five minutes in a hot-water foot-bath, as hot as can be borne, followed by a dash of cold water to close the pores and harden the skin. The dryness and blistering of the soles can be overcome by rubbing the feet every morning with a little sweet-oil.

JENNIE B. AND ROSA LEE—A torso is a term used in sculpture to indicate the trunk of a statue considered independently of the head and limbs. 2. A gramme is equal to 15.432 Troy grains. 3. Pimpernel is commonly called garden-burnet, self-heal, red chickweed or John-go-to-bed-at-noon. Very probably you will recognize it by one of these homelier names. 4. The list of questions on English you will find answered in any good grammar. The rest of the queries cannot properly be answered in the columns of this paper. If you had observed the regulations stated at the head of this column we would have answered you by mail.

MRS. G. D. K.—A skin that is inclined to tan and sunburn will do so every time it is exposed to the sun despite all the preventive lotions used before starting out into the sun. A remedy that sometimes proves helpful in preventing the sun from burning severely is to wash in water made milky by a few drops of the tincture of benzoin; instead of using a towel allow this wash to dry on the face. An old French preparation used night and morning by the ladies of Marie Antoinette's court is quite simple, being made from a half pint of milk, the juice of a lemon and a spoonful of white brandy boiled together. This was strained, cooled and scented, and kept always ready on the toilet-table.

PUZZLED—It is certainly a courteous attention that you should pay to the people who helped make your summer vacation pleasant to write them a polite message of farewell, expressing the hope that the acquaintance so pleasantly begun may be renewed some time in your home. If you had not been called away so unexpectedly a farewell call would have sufficed to have expressed your appreciation of their kindness. 2. When you wish to meet a lady stopping at a hotel through a letter of introduction, go to the hotel and send up the letter with your visiting-card while you wait in the public parlor. The lady was justified in paying no attention to the card you sent up. Even if your mutual friend had not failed to inform her that you were coming with a letter of introduction, it was a social blunder to hold that letter until you could hand it to her in person.

GLADYS WATERS—A woman is never expected to respond to an extemporaneous toast in mixed assemblages unless notified beforehand with the subject assigned, and then it is a rare occurrence. In acknowledging a toast in your honor all you need to do is to bow pleasantly, as you would do upon receiving any other kind of compliment. Leave it to your husband to make the witty and brilliant responses for both at the banquet-table. 2. Since you are a stranger in the town it would be in better form to wait until some acquaintances have called upon you before urging them to visit you or attempting to entertain. 3. Club stationery is only intended for the regular business correspondence of the club, or to be used for letters between members. Women of good taste never intrude their official affairs upon their social acquaintances by using letters or envelopes stamped with the club address. 4. A late authority on good form claims that a woman when speaking of her husband to acquaintances should mention him as "My husband" rather than Mr. Brown, and she may with all propriety call him George or William to their nearest friends who know him very intimately, but the husband should observe the converse of this rule. The requirements of society are becoming far less formal and more simple in such matters, and any ostentation or pretension is decidedly vulgar. Thus it is always a safe rule of good usage to address a man socially by the simple term Mr. whatever his position in professional or civil life. For in society a man is supposed to rest all claim to recognition upon his standing as a gentleman, and not because of any professional, civil or military title he may possess. 5. A matinee jacket may be worn when informally receiving one's women friends, or at home in the morning, but never wear it except in the privacy of your own room when living at a hotel.

WOMAN'S BANE IS WEAK LUNGS

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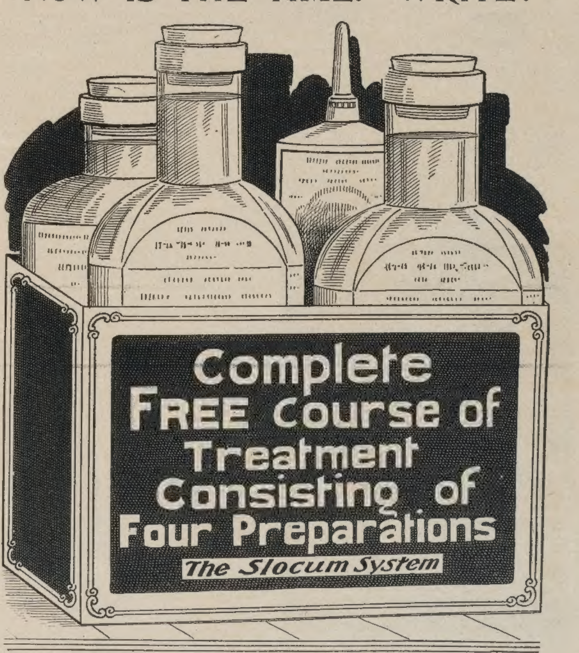

SPECIAL NOTE.—All readers of the Woman's Home Companion anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives or friends, can have Four Free Preparations —Doctor's New Discoveries—as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, by sending full address to Dr. Slocum, 98 Pine Street, New York City.

But a little longer and it may be too late for those with weak lungs or consumption to take advantage of the free offer of assistance so liberally tendered to them to-day by the eminent New York specialist, Dr. Slocum.

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Lung weakness not properly combatted degenerates into lung disease—a disease that sooner or later must end in death, if not treated by modern, scientific methods.

Why women especially should be so exceedingly subject to lung weakness and lung disease is a subject for thought and study.

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK CO.

NEW YORK CHICAGO

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

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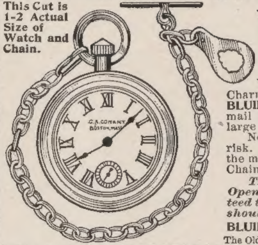

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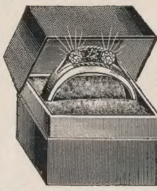

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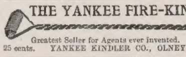

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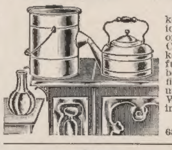

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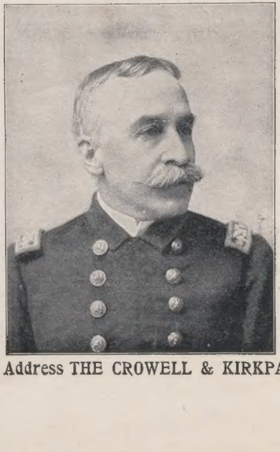

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Woman's Home Companion

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SOME SPECIALS FOR OCTOBER

The October number will fully sustain the high standard heretofore set by the COMPANION.

"WOMEN AS ASTRONOMERS," by Countess Montaigu
Illustrated from Photographs

"THE CONSERVATORY AT THE WHITE-HOUSE," by Waldon Fawcett
Illustrated from Photographs

LILIAN BELL will continue her sparkling narrative of travels.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS will detail further the droll doings of **"The Idiot at Home."**

"A SUNNY SOUTHERNER," the decidedly interesting novel by **Julia Magruder**, will be concluded in this number.

In addition to the longer articles there will be a series of **SHORT STORIES** by **Lewis E. MacBrayne, Will Allen Dromgoole, Albert Bigelow Pain,** and other favorites.

The **REGULAR DEPARTMENTS** will be of especial interest.

The **STAFF ARTISTS** will make the October number a most attractive one artistically.

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The COMPANION is edited to interest every member of the family circle, and stands alone as the most desirable family magazine in America.

We are making an exceptionally liberal offer to those who will present the merits of the COMPANION to their friends. Write us, asking for "Club-Raiser's Outfit," and we will tell you all about it. Address

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